

REDSKIN
INTERLUDE

CLARE
SHERIDAN

NICHOLSON
AND
WATSON



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REDSKIN INTERLUDE

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REDSKIN INTERLUDE

By

CLARE SHERIDAN

1938

NICHOLSON & WATSON
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DEDICATION

TO

My dear friends of the Blackfoot Nation
who honoured me with their friendship

P R E F A C E

I FEEL it is a great privilege to write a preface to this book, for Kokotosa is the first white person to live the life of an Indian on the Reservation.

She understood us and entered whole-heartedly into our life as one of our own people.

The great love and friendship she gave to us enabled her to learn a very great deal about us, unknown to most white people.

We appreciate the fact that one who has seen so much of the world should happen to come to us and learn of our simple life.

My Indian people will always remember how she enjoyed living in our tepees, and in my home at Bull Horn Coulée. We just think of her as one of our very own.

May God bless her graciously in her native land, and may her pen be ever active, for we need the great truths of which she writes.

ESTOCHOMACHI,
Wife of Tailfeathers.

Blood Indian Reserve,
Alberta.

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CHAPTER I

In the Beginning

I WILL begin at the beginning, to answer a question that has been put to me so many times: How did I get THERE? How did I know WHERE to go? In other words, WHAT made me ever think of doing it?

I had heard about a summer Art Colony encamped by a glacier lake somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. I knew they specialised in portraying what the story-books call *Red* Indians. A friend who had been there described it to me one evening over a cup of tea. She told me about the Indians, and she was an artist. My mind was made up at once. But whereas my friend had crossed the American continent by train, I decided to take my car.

Before the ship had docked, reporters were on my track. They said: "You haven't been to our country for a long time. What have you been doing?"

There were fifteen years to account for. I explained I had "wasted" ten living in the Sahara. The Sahara didn't register. I found that the Sahara never did register anywhere in America. Perhaps I should have added "desert" or "Arabs," but we Saharans . . . The next question, "What have you come for?" was easy.

"To find pre-white-man America."

Their faces expressed mixed disappointment and irritation. It was Coronation week. "Why aren't you there?" I said something about the whole of Australia

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being there, and Canada, and that there wasn't room. They thought that this was perhaps just an excuse, and that I was taking sides. In other words, they surmised I "knew" Mrs. Ernest Simpson, Duchess of Windsor. I did not, and so they turned on their heels without so much as "good day." I had no news value.

Happily, the success of my quest was not dependent on publicity. I had nothing to sell to America. I had come to fetch away something, to sell perhaps to England, what writers are pleased to describe as copy. But not only copy, for my intentions were, if anything, more sculptural than literary.

The Customs official who was concerned with me scratched his head and sighed deeply: "Why do you do it? We have plenty of Ford cars here that we could give you." He had no idea how to admit a foreign car into the U.S.

"Say! What about this little V. 8?" he consulted a fellow-official.

Little V. 8 indeed! and I had thought it was rather a big car. I had been told it wasn't a car for a woman to drive. In England it was regarded as a consumer of petrol, a speed-hog, a traffic obstruction—a hell of a car, in fact! and now suddenly it was just a "little V. 8."

None of the other officials knew any more what to do than the first. One of them said I could stay for ninety days without paying any tax or requiring any American licence-plate. Another said that if I stayed for six months no one would be any the wiser. Yet another: "If you were to stay here a year no one would know or care." Indeed, who knew or cared in the far-off Rockies which day I had landed in New York?

IN THE BEGINNING

And so I drove away, and because of the G.B. on my tail and my right-hand driving-wheel, all the other drivers of cars "rubber-necked" and were bent on overtaking me, to have a good look. It was a wonder there wasn't an accident on Riverside Drive as I sped towards Tuexedo Park in the trail of a cousin who gave the lead.

New Yorkers have since assured me (proudly and aggressively) that there are lots of foreign cars in the U.S. I was there seven months and never happened to meet another. Just before I left the West on my return journey, a New Yorker discussing this subject said:

"Why, I'm told there was an English car *here* all the summer."

"Mine," I answered.

If you want to do a trip across the Sahara, or China, there are heaps of people ready with information who have done it or know someone who has. If you want to go to the "Great North West," people shake their heads and look vague. I mean the sort of people one meets in one's daily life, the people, in fact, who know about China.

I consulted my father's¹ Autobiography in which he described his ranching days in Wyoming. That was about 1879 to 1885. He had seen the great buffalo herds, had known the Indians on the warpath, and met, actually met, Sitting-Bull. In those days there were no roads or railways, and most of the little towns that exist to-day were then non-existent. My father's book was interesting but of no practical value.

The cousins I stayed with on arrival had never been out West. They did not know anyone who had. I spent a day with William Seabrook, author of *Jungle Ways*.

¹ Moreton Frewen.

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He had specialised in wild places and should, I thought, be able to tell me something about it. He offered me letters to people in New Mexico, recommended me to visit those tribes whom D. H. Lawrence had written about. I should find Aldous Huxley there, he said.

But I had no mind to follow in Lawrence's and Huxley's footsteps. Besides, there was that drop of North American Indian blood (Algonquin, if tradition is true), through my mother that drew me like a magnet Northward. When Seabrook said that he knew nothing about the North-West, nor anyone who had been there, I began to feel that it was really worth while. The next thing was to contact the brothers Reiss: Winold was the painter and Hans the sculptor. They were German-born and well known in New York, where Winold's murals in various public places had brought him repute. In summer they organised the Art School in the Rockies that I had heard about. Both brothers specialised in portraying the American Indian. The wall space of the "Longchamps" restaurant was entirely decorated with scenes of Indian life—magnificent types dressed in their war bonnets and beaded buckskins (which probably explained why it was the most expensive restaurant in New York. Winold Reiss had to be paid!). The brothers collected their material in the West during the summer and adapted it to profitable use on their return to the East.

The unknown Englishwoman that I was walked in one afternoon to their studio in West 16th Street. Winold was busy painting a portrait of a little girl. Hans, the sculptor, received me: a very good-looking man with blue eyes, sharp-cut features, and rather long grey hair. I cannot remember what I asked, because it is so difficult

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to get back into the person one was before one knew the Indians! I find it almost impossible to see myself as I was then, asking all the questions that people have since asked me.

It is very hard to answer questions about Indians, because one explanation has to lead to another. There is no end to the explanations. Also it is impossible to generalise. (All this I learned as I talked with Hans.) One might as well generalise about Europe. The Indians consist of as many nations, each with its own language (unknown to the other), with national psychological and physical traits. Then again Indian conditions are quite different on the two sides of the border. Even though the same Confederation (*i.e.* nation) spreads across the border (Blackfoot on the U.S. side, Bloods and Piegiens on the Canadian side), the difference in the administration affects the tribe considerably.

Hans was discouraging. He warned me that it was difficult. The Indians dislike and distrust the Whites. Whether I would successfully get in touch with them depended chiefly on me, on my manner of approach, on my attitude towards them, the type of Indian I fell in with, and also on a certain amount of luck. So much depended, he said, on the interpreter. It was essential to get one who was liked and trusted by the tribe. They had to be well paid for their services. A good interpreter could manage the Indians, get them to pose, smooth out difficulties. And so on.

"But," said I, "how am I to find an interpreter, or know how to select one?"

Hans was evasive. It seemed to depend on chance. "The Indians are frightfully unapproachable and they don't like us——"

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"How about the Art School?" I gathered that at the Art School I could benefit by all the Reiss experience and the Reiss efforts. They collected the finest types (who were willing to be collected) and put them into camp, where they were at the disposal of the artists. But Hans was not trying to collect me! He was probably not sure what sort of an artist I was. I talked rather like a journalist in search of adventure. He opined that I *might* fall in with Indians long before I reached Montana. In South Dakota, for instance, were the Sioux. My road lay through South Dakota. If I liked the Sioux, or the Shoshones, or the Arapahos or the Crows, I might stop and camp with them and maybe never reach the Blackfoot Indians at all.

It was dreadfully vague and bewildering. Seeing my troubled face Hans said: "Some day we will both laugh heartily, looking back on this conversation!"

As it happened, we both started in our cars on the same date, and we should of course have done the journey in company, but I deviated to Washington to see John Collier the Indian Commissioner, and never caught up with Hans until I reached Cody, the other side of the Big Horn Mountains, eight days later.

As far as the route was concerned, all I had to do was to consult one of the nearest filling-stations. They map your road across the continent in less than six minutes and refuse a tip. The most important institution in the States is the filling-station. These cannot be overlooked, ignored, or belittled. Beyond the towns they fulfil the functions of a town. Life centres around them, not for gasoline only but food, shelter, information, news, warmth (when necessary), music, recreation, etc. Moreover, they press into their "service" the best type of

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individual: Nature's gentlemen, well-mannered, intelligent, and good-looking. If all the world could be run on the lines of the United States filling-stations, there would be universal harmony. One must not, of course, probe too deeply for the explanation. Be content to accept facts, and forget the word "competition." As you enter or leave a city (city means Chicago or any hamlet with a church) you can take your choice of stations and oil companies. How they manage to function in such quantities and so close to one another remains a mystery. Out in space you take whatever is at hand at the time you feel like stopping. The procedure is as follows:

The service man says "Hullo!" and you also say "Hullo!" because if you say "How do you do?" or "Good morning," you throw them off their stride. Of course I always upset the stride, the mere sight of my right-hand drive convulsed everyone on sight.

Had I thought of charging two cents to answer every question, I could easily have paid my way in gas (gasolene) across the continent. Always the same questions:

"Say! Aren't you on the *wrong* side?"

"I thought I was on the *right* side."

"What's this licence?"

"English."

"What does G.B. stand for?"

"Great Britain, of course."

"*Great* Britain——"

This always seemed to produce indigestion, and then:

"How much to ship it over?" "What is the tax in England? The price of gas over there?" "Has Ford

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got a factory on the other side?" "What do you pay for a V. 8?" "Do you have a new registration plate every year?" "Don't you find it awkward driving on the right?"

At first I would answer civilly:

"Oh no, I do not find it awkward at all. You see, we are used to driving on the right because when we go over to France we have to drive on the right. France is only two hours away——"

The idea of France "only two hours away" had a kind of momentary silencing effect.

Meanwhile, the tank had been filled and the wind-screen cleaned. One never had to *ask* for it to be cleaned, this happened automatically, and in that land of bugs it certainly is necessary. One has to fit a wire-netting, especially made for the purpose, over one's radiator, otherwise it gets clogged with bugs and then it heats. I needn't explain that bug is the American for butterfly or moth—not a bug in our unpleasant sense of the word.

The final amiable salutation as you get into gear to drive away is: "Hope you have a good journey, come again!"

At first I thought it awfully nice of them to ask me to come again, and I explained regretfully that I wasn't quite sure if I'd come back the same way. I soon realised it was the standard salutation, and that if Shell didn't say it you'd go on to Conoco, or vice versa, or to one of the many others. I happened by chance to adopt Conoco because they had so efficiently mapped my road. As I crossed from one State into another, Conoco (but any others did the same) pressed the States road map on me. Nothing to pay. That's "service," like cleaning your

IN THE BEGINNING

windscreen, supplying water or air. It seems silly to have so much to say about filling-stations, but on a lonely trip of 2600 miles their existence was impressed upon me. Their amiability was beyond belief, their efficiency tip-top.

CHAPTER II

The Start

I HAVE said that I deviated from my road to stop in Washington and see John Collier. I had even heard him talked about on the ship as being the first man in the Administration who wanted to give the Indians a fair deal. He was interested also in their art, religion, and customs. He considered the time had come to let them live their lives in their traditional way without petty interference; among other things, he was trying to revive the arts where they were lost, and a lot of other things too. It was a little late in the day, but perhaps not too late.

He was installed in the new Indian Department building, a magnificent place that looked more like a Parliament House. A strange man, with a quiet grave manner and dreamy eyes, who spoke with such earnestness that Indians might seem to be his vocation. He gave me a document recommending me to every Government Agent on every Reservation on my route across the Middle West to the North, and a bulky packet of typed reports which he deemed worth while for my enlightenment. (See last Chapter.) Washington was as hot as the Sahara in June. I gasped and tossed during one whole night, and having had my interview, got out as quickly as I could. The real part of my journey was now to begin. New York to Washington is only 234 miles, but 2429 stretched between me and the Rocky Mountains.

THE START

I was in a kind of way awed by my undertaking, and the loneliness of it. The loneliness was nothing short of appalling. I had no friends in the West, I hardly knew where I was going, my plans were quite vague. I was to join an Art Colony and find Red Indians! But supposing I fell in with Indians half-way who interested me as Hans Reiss suggested, would I abandon my further objective? I decided it was better to have no rigid plan but to drift—that is, accept the adventure as it presented itself. Much depended on the car. I know nothing whatever about her mechanism. All I can say is, that I've driven for fifteen years and never had an accident—but I'd hate anyone to think that means I drive slowly. Could I hope that I'd accomplish such a journey without incident? I had never changed a wheel, and I wondered as I sped along what sort of a place would be the scene of my first puncture. I didn't get very far that day because she boiled. I stopped in the suburbs at a Ford garage, where it was discovered I needed a new back spring. My diary records: "It cost 19 dollars, and took two hours. I got no further than Fredericks, slept in a Hotel called the Scott Key, after the man who wrote 'Star Spangled Banner'." That was June 5th.

Next day I left Fredericks at eight, but only managed to do 275 miles because she kept on boiling, especially in the Alleghany Mountains. The scenery was lovely, but it was very difficult to look at it and keep on the road at the same time. A policeman on a motor-cycle overtook me and gestured to me to stop. I asked rather anxiously if I had done anything wrong. He smiled reassuringly: "From England, aren't you? Well, say, how about this wedding?"

For at least ten minutes I had to try to give him the

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British point of view. All he wanted really was to be reassured that it wasn't just because "She" was American that we wouldn't have her for our Queen.

That night was my first experience of tourist cabins. They form the background to every filling-station in the open country. To own a station is quite a lucrative investment. You build plank or logwood cabins that look like summer-houses, supply food (of a sort) at the central cabin, and make back your capital during the first year. They vary, needless to say. Some even have cooking-stoves for those who have the energy to prepare a meal. In the case of large families trekking with small children this is preferable. There are even cabins with "showers" and hot water. These vary in price from 1 dollar a night to 2 or even $2\frac{1}{2}$ for a luxurious one, which should have a shelter alongside for your car. More usually you left your car in the open, close to your door.

My first experience was not encouraging. It was pouring with rain, I was tired and depressed, it was cold at night in the mountain, I was too cold to sleep. I listened to the rain pattering on the canvas hood of my poor V. 8 and pitied it. I must add that I love my car the way some people love a horse. My car was my friend, an old and proven friend. It reminded me of so much in the past, we were linked together by so many memories, that in moments of depression I would look at my car and feel that I was not alone, that I had a friend. I would talk to it and pat it, I believe I kissed it once, kissed the driving-wheel. That must have been a bad moment.

People were surprised at the places where I stopped at night, because I was a woman, alone, so far from home. It seemed difficult to explain. How could I say: "I'm

THE START

always alone, I chose to make my life that way?" They would either not believe me or think I was mad. Americans accept an explanation, but an explanation they must have. I said I was an artist (always peculiar people) going to join an artist colony—it was good enough and ended all further comment.

June 7th. I increased my day's mileage to 307. I was now on road 30 that heads for Chicago. I should have accomplished 400 miles at least, but the car boiled continually. At the filling-stations where I stopped, professional opinion opined that my English radiator was not suitable for the American summer. "But she's crossed the Sahara without trouble," I argued. Mention of the Sahara made no effect. Either they had never heard of it, or they didn't know where it was. I stopped at Jeromesville an hour while the mechanic emptied my radiator and washed it through. A mile further on she was boiling again. Whenever she boiled I had to slow down with the result that I only did 307 that day. I stopped earlier than I should, because I saw some cabins labelled "Sunset Camp," that had a meadow of sweet-scented peonies in front of them. Actually the sunset was lovely and I went for a walk. People in cars on the road slowed up wondering if I had had an accident and needed a lift. It is such an unusual thing to meet anyone on foot. When I got back to the camp for supper, the little daughter of the owner asked me:

"Do you often do that?"

"What?"

"Walk."

"Yes."

"Do people do it in England?"

"Of course, don't you?"

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"Oh no-o—never."

It was on June 8th that I did 390 miles, which carried me through the suburbs of Chicago known as "Chicago Heights" and beyond. I had carefully routed myself so as to avoid the city itself, which failed to arouse my curiosity. My hatred of big towns is intense. Besides, I knew no one, not even in Chicago.

A thunder-storm induced me to stop at a remote wayside gasoline station, where my lunch consisted of that classical Americanism called a "Hamburger," price 10 cents, and it is as much as you can eat at a meal. It is a species of hot sausage in a bun—excellent when it's fresh. The gasoline employee's wife was friendly, and her little girl, aged about five, had such a lovely head of curls I couldn't help remarking on them. Her mother said they were "perms," her third, and didn't I think she looked "cute," like Shirley Temple? I reflected on the small child having been induced to spend hours under the intricate "perm" machine and marvelled. She had seen the Coronation film, and nothing would make her believe it was not a fairy-tale. She liked it, said it was a *good* fairy-tale, surely Hollywood's best?

CHAPTER III

Breakdown

ON June 9th, the sixth day of my journey, I had a total breakdown. It was worth while, because it brought me in contact with American life.

It was a heavenly morning, and I sailed past all the other cars on the road with that wonderful smoothness and facility that one sometimes experiences when a car is running like an angel and it all feels as if it were a miracle or a dream.

I had just overtaken a solitary driver in a Ford car when suddenly my gear-box (I thought it was the gear-box) made a noise as if all the machinery were tearing apart. I stopped almost dead, and what happened reminded me of a movie, one of those movies where everything happens breathlessly and without a hitch, obviously pre-planned.

Well, the gentleman in the Ford behind me avoided bumping into me by a hair's-breadth, passed me and drew up a few yards ahead. On the door of his car was painted his name (so convenient) and the information that he was a Ford Agent. Could anything have been better organised? He didn't waste a moment on sympathy or trying to surmise what was the matter with the car; he simply raised his hat and said, "Get in," indicating his own car, "I will take you to the Ford branch at Stockton and they'll do the rest." So we drove away, leaving the poor V. 8 derelict and

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looking quite pathetic. "But I don't think she'll move," I said.

"They'll tow her." All this happened so quickly that I hardly had the sensation of having a breakdown. It seemed as if by some curious magic I was being driven instead of driving. We chatted exclusively about Ford cars for 30 miles. At the back of my mind was a pre-occupation concerning the cost of towing.

Arrived at Stockton (I cannot find it on the map), Mr. Ford's Agent was received most obsequiously, few words were exchanged, and almost immediately a lorry and a breakdown gang started back just as if it had been forewarned and was in readiness. At the same time, Mr. Ford's Agent proffered me his card and his hand, said, "I'd like to hear from you how you get on," and drove away. I was shown into the Ford waiting-room and settled myself in a comfortable chair in front of the huge plate-glass window as if I were part of the exhibits (horns, klaxons, foot-warmers, cigarette-lighters) and lit a cigarette (provided by Ford's). Seeing that the breakdown gang had to go 30 miles up the road and 30 miles back, I had lots of time. I had removed from my car my writing-case with that kind of seventh sense that comes to you in an emergency and makes you seize your mother's photograph when the house is on fire and leave your jewels. My car was loaded with luggage, but I took only my writing-case. It was a fortunate selection, for with pen, ink, and paper one can always occupy one's time. I settled down to write letters home—letters without any address, and also without date, for I had no idea then that it was the 9th of June. Not that the date had any significance, what difference did it make? I had, I remember, written several letters by

BREAKDOWN

the time the V. 8 was towed in. You couldn't miss her arrival because, as she was towed through the city (I said "city"), all the boys and men, who apparently were unemployed, followed, running as hard as they could to keep up and shouting at others to join them. It was quite a procession. I then stepped out of my waiting-room with a fictitious nonchalance and advanced towards the crowd, that I might share the attention my car was receiving. The crowd fell back a little, eyed me curiously, and listened to every word I exchanged with the head mechanic.

It was, of course, trouble in the gear-box. I had, as they observed, a fourth gear that had been adjusted in addition to the nominal three, a well-known device to enable one to go faster, but at the same time regulating the revolutions of the engine so that no extra strain was put upon it. At least, I believe I am right in describing this thing of which I understand nothing. It was so obvious that I didn't understand anything, although I tried hard to look as if I did, that the mechanic wondered why I had adopted the fourth gear. "My son's car," I explained, and that cleared up everything. Well, the additional gear had *not* proved a success according to Ford specialists. They had had plenty of trouble with it and did not recommend it. They suggested I should do away with it. I was quite willing, for the thing terrified me. Whenever I switched over that lever, which I understood must only be done when travelling over 50 miles an hour, I was always nervous and apprehensive, for there ensued some strange noise in the mechanism and she seemed to change rhythm if I can express it so.

Without getting into fourth gear she went fast enough.

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My speedometer had once registered 92, only I didn't believe it. I think the fourth gear disturbed the accuracy of the speedometer. It was difficult on those endlessly straight wide roads, that seemed to go on for ever, to get any speed sensation. But to return to Stockton: the mechanics judged the car would take some hours to repair, so I went to the restaurant, sat on a high stool before a counter and had lunch. I then walked twice round the town, people staring at me, although I swear I was dressed like everyone else. I then went back to my plate-glass window.

The afternoon was far advanced and I was mighty bored when a lady (*woman* is the word out West) walked in with a large placard under her arm. She smiled at me to see if I would respond, and then said her name was—well, why not say it was Kackley? For that was her name, Miss Kackley. She explained she had to do with the organisation of native talent. As I understand it, she had plays performed in all the small towns by the local talent. In this way she discovered genius, genius that had no opportunity. She gave it the opportunity. Already several famed performers had been discovered through her by this method and had jobs in "the East." What kind of audience attended these amateur theatricals I did not learn, but as it is generally amusing to see one's friends and acquaintances doing something that is quite outside their line, and as everyone in a small town knows the other, it was probably easy to get the town together to witness the genius test. Anyhow, Miss Kackley was a welcome interlude; moreover, she knew my name when she heard it, had read some book of mine, and went back to tell the garage.

The head mechanic had already told her there was

BREAKDOWN

“an interesting Englishwoman” in the waiting-room. Interesting because English.

A mechanical consultation resulted in a realisation of the fact that the car could not possibly be ready before five o'clock. It wasn't much use starting for anywhere at that hour, so Miss Kackley said she would take me back to her house where there was a spare room and I could stay the night.

The house proved not to be Miss Kackley's but a tourist “home.” It was owned by a recently bereaved widow who took in lodgers. A nice little house, with the usual stoep and rocking-chairs, comfortable inside, full of knick-knacks. The kitchen was all electric.

The owner was not at home, and Miss Kackley, who was almost a stranger, for she had been there only one night, treated the place as her own. The owner had begged her to do so.

My first surprise was because the front door was unlocked. Miss Kackley explained: “No one locks their doors out West.” As I was hungry, she rummaged about the kitchen and opened cupboards until she had found tea, milk, eggs, bacon, bread, butter, and between us we arranged a meal. I laid the table and Miss Kackley did the cooking.

At intervals I ejaculated a protest:

“What will the owner say? Won't she be furious? How can she leave it all open? How does she know that you——”

“We're like that in the West,” Miss Kackley said reassuringly.

I spent a wonderful evening with Miss Kackley. She was from Chicago and wrote articles in the *Western Farmer* or some such paper, she said it had the biggest

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circulation of any paper in the Middle West. "And I'm going to tell them," she said; "they're going to know how I found you—the whole of the Middle West is going to know——"

Whether the Middle West ever did know I hadn't the means of ascertaining, for the next morning I went on my way. But that evening is unforgettable, because I learned something about the theory of abstract service—Miss Kackley had dedicated herself to humanity, and she accomplished a lot in her sphere of activity. She was middle-aged and had no outstanding looks or personality until she began to talk—I mean, talk deep down from her heart, as she did in the stillness of that little house. She suddenly became a dual person, she talked about Shakespeare and recited long bits of plays with the elocution of a great actress.

The owner of the house returned later and was completely amiable. She made me talk a little about myself and England, and gave me what seemed to be the best bedroom. The next morning, after a grand breakfast, during which I was almost forced to eat a quantity of cereal and pancakes with syrup and other things typical of an American breakfast—"because you have such a long journey before you"—I asked how much I had to pay. The good lady said, "one dollar." I pointed out that I had also dined and breakfasted. "We call that hospitality," she informed me with a smile.

CHAPTER IV

Bad Lands and Black Hills

I GOT away early, feeling in trim for a really long day and expecting no trouble. Was I not straight out of the hands of Ford? The details of these motoring days are recorded briefly in my diary, but, however brief, serve to revive my memory, which would otherwise be a blurred impression.

There is nothing more exasperating than to drive a car that boils for no reason. I was not climbing mountains yet. . . . In the cool of the early morning she boiled half an hour after starting. I wasted a good deal of time at a filling-station where two men emptied and cleaned out the radiator with acids, and half an hour later she was boiling again. I was furious. I talked to my car, I said things, I called her names. I said, "You are no longer my friend," and I stopped at a "city" called Ackley, where there was, as usual, a Ford garage. A very efficient German called Hofmeister, whose name I retain because I made it my business to call down a blessing on his head, took her in hand. Hofmeister spoke with a German accent, so much so that the other garage hands seemed not to regard him as one of themselves. He certainly was on a higher level. He had that German thoroughness, and the quiet but determined manner of one who is sure of his capacity, which makes the German nation what it is.

I had of course poured out my heart to him in a mix-

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ture of piteous indignation and despair. He had to take notice of me, had to help, had to do his best. I was in the state where I might commit hari-kari on the threshold of the garage, and that would have been a poor advertisement for Ford. Well, having done things to her, Mr. Hofmeister tried her over a 4-mile run, and still she boiled! So after a consultation we decided to change the radiator. It took $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours and cost 28 dollars (the breakdown of the day before cost 60). But she never boiled again, and I always regret I did not send Mr. Hofmeister a postcard to thank him.

The country, I must add, was green, agricultural, flat, and, as on the previous days, quite uninteresting. It seemed a poor reward for the distance from home, the cost, and the effort. In a state of chronic depression I spent the night in a hotel at Sac City.

The next day, June 11th, I left Sac City earlier than ever, determined to catch up on my delays. The car ran like an angel. At Sioux City I found letters waiting for me at the Post Office, and sat in my car for an hour reading them in the street. People kept walking round and staring, and the more daring stuck a head in at the window and asked questions. But my answers must have been abrupt, for I was immersed in news from home, the first to reach me.

Ever since Chicago I had been travelling on road 20. I left it now and took 77 up to Sioux Falls, and there I joined 16, which took me all the way to Chamberlain.

I remember Chamberlain although I have forgotten Sac City and Sioux City, which were decidedly bigger. If anyone told me I had ever spent a night in Stockton I should deny it, I would even say I had never heard of it. Shown a photograph, I would assert I'd never seen

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it—it is merely a name in my diary. But somehow Chamberlain on the Mississippi remains vivid in my memory. I was tired when I got there at the end of a 300-and-odd-mile day. I stopped as usual at a cabin camp, and for the first time I was asked to pay in advance. In high dudgeon, feeling no doubt irritable from weariness, I told the lady proprietor that I was not the sort that pulls out before dawn without paying. While she was apologising I departed. But, looking back, I think I understand. Cabins on the outskirts of a town or within appreciable distance are popular for “necking parties” or couples who desire privacy. No doubt this sort depart during the night, and so it is advisable to make them pay in advance. It seemed unbelievable that I was a woman alone, was not my man probably having a drink at the bar in Main Street? Be that as it may, I voiced my complaint to one of the filling-stations. A young fellow was instantly sympathetic and helpful, he knew of a “home” where there was a tourist room and showed me how to get there. But after I had toured twice round the town and failed to locate it, he got into the car and directed me. To the lady who opened the door he said simply, “Here is a *woman* who wants to stay the night.”

The *woman* (I may as well be Western) who owned the house was German, and it stood back from the road on a platform of mown grass with a tree and a bush in front of it, like all the other houses in the row, and like all the other houses it had a verandah and a rocking-chair. Apparently I was the first visitor, and the house was quite new. The fact that I came from England was a matter of great interest, but what seemed to me of far more interest was the fact that this woman who passed

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for an American was so evidently German, pure type. She was so pleased when she discovered that I knew a little German, and knew Germany. She talked about the town that her parents came from, as though she were homesick. Her husband, who joined us, was tall and broad and aggressive. He had views. He too was German, and the traditional hatred of France was deeply imbedded. So bitter was he that I found him quite unpleasant and his wife got quite nervous. We left him and went across the road to call on some English people.

They were just as English as she was German, and just as un-American. (Truth to tell, I began to ask myself: what is an American?) Mr. and Mrs. Crisp (strange how some names remain imprinted) brought out garden chairs and placed them in line with the delphinium border at the back of the house. It was so English of them to have delphiniums, and peonies too. Mrs. Crisp asked me a lot about England and where did I come from? And Mr. Crisp, who was sucking his pipe, said: "Oh no—not from London? Why, my mother-in-law was from London and she dropped all her aitches. I don't believe you're from London." And then three lovely little girls ran across the grass and presented me with pencil and paper and shyly asked for my autograph, not that they knew my name, or that it would have conveyed anything to them, but because I came from London, England. To identify myself, I added: "Sculptor of Lenin and of Gandhi," thinking that perhaps those were my two more universally known models. But no one of the party had ever heard of either of them, and of course not the little girls. Then the very good-looking twelve-year-old son of the Crisps known as



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Junior who had been sitting at my feet gazing up at me, asked: "May I correspond with you?"

It is a very curious sensation to motor day after day alone, seeing things you cannot discuss, bottling up your feelings and wondering where you will spend the coming night. The roads were so straight, so straight and so long they seemed to lead to eternity. As there was nothing to arrest my eye, my thoughts wandered hopelessly, and at times I forgot where I was or that I was driving a car. Then something would bring me back to reality with a shock and I would wonder where I had been.

On June 12th I passed a side-track that led to Rosebud, an Indian Reservation to which I had an introduction, but as it was raining the road was impassable. I had the feeling, however, of Indians "in the air." They were nowhere to be seen, these real Americans (100 per centers), they were hidden away on vast Reservations and apparently had no part in the life of their own country. If the White man had been generous in allotting acreage, he had carefully selected its quality. I was soon to learn that, just as wild sheep are to be found in mountains, and elk in the forests, the Redskin Indian is in the desert—only not by his own choice. If the Reservation prairie-land looks more or less habitable, you may be sure it is in a climate where there is only one harvest in six years. It is land, in other words, that is not coveted by the Whites. And all the while I was driving my car, hour after hour across this vast expanse, I wondered why there wasn't room enough for both Whites and Reds—it seemed so sparsely inhabited, there were so few flocks, so little cattle, why did the White man push back the Red man if, having cleared him off

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the land, he did nothing with that land? The words of an old and sage Indian chief came to my mind. They were addressed to Lewis, the famous explorer of the North West, who had been made Governor of the newly-occupied regions:

“As the white man advances, life is extinguished. From our mountain heights I have observed that the forests disappear when you have invaded them. The buffalo and the deer fly before you, and we have retreated with them. There is still a vast space behind us. Where do you want us to go? If we cross the mountains (Rockies) we are not sure that the nations on the other side will welcome us. They say the great waters are over there in the far West. Is that the fate you plan for us? So that the last of our children, unable to go further and refusing to submit to your terms of servitude, have no other alternative choice, and no other hope, but annihilation?”

My thoughts were seething with problems and questions to which there was at the moment no possibility of finding an answer.

I found it difficult not to look upon the land in the light of a colony. Ten years in French North Africa had welded my viewpoint. In North Africa the Arab has his place in the life of the colony. But in Northern America the native has no part. The attitude of the white people when I asked, “Where are the Indians?” varied between surprise, indifference, contempt, and laughter.

At last I came to the famous “Bad lands.”

A detour off this main road took me through this strange country of soft rock corroded by rain and wind into fantastic shapes—hills crowned with imaginary

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castles and cathedrals. It is bleak and sinister, and there is no vegetation. It might be a dead-land, the craters of the moon. It was in this place that the Cheyennes, led by Dull-Knife, made such a heroic resistance in a starving condition, and still managed to evade General Miles with his overwhelmingly superior forces. Touristically it is much exploited, but it is not half as impressive as the same kind of phenomenon in North Africa, between the Sahara desert and the Atlas Mountains. The roads were bad owing to the rain, and as the V. 8 is a grand skidder I was thankful when I got back on to the main road that led to Rapid City. Like many other "cities" in the West, this one consisted of a bunch of shacks and a brick-built Bank dumped on the mud. The long straight flat road, however, lay behind me, the Black Hills before me. I deviated to see the heads that Gutzon Borglum is carving out of the mountain. It is to be a National Memorial. Although George Washington's nose is 21 feet long, his mouth 18 feet wide, and his whole head from chin to crown measures 60 feet, it looks small. It would have been worth while to have left out the other heads (Lincoln, Jefferson, and Roosevelt) and to have made Washington four times bigger. However, there they are, and will remain for ever, and ever, and ever, and ever——

I meandered on through the Black Hills, seemingly getting nowhere. At seven o'clock in the evening I was too tired to be a responsible driver. I longed to stop, it was pouring with rain. I was nearly in tears from weariness and loneliness, and wondered if I would have to sleep in the car by the roadside, when suddenly I came upon a chalet in a clearing with a board which proclaimed, "State Game Lodge, refreshment and

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rooms." It was a kind of miracle! In the big hall there was a roaring fire in a huge open chimney. I was greeted as though by the host of a private house.

That night I was sitting at a little table in the dining-room when the waiter brought me a message from a couple at another table inviting me to join them. They were from Chicago on a fishing holiday. Said the man: "It is all right to travel alone, but a little lonely to eat alone——?"

CHAPTER V

Into Wyoming

THE next day, June 13th, I reached Buffalo. If I record this journey day by day, it is with a hope of conveying an idea of the distance that separates East from West. It would be so much simpler to say "I landed in New York and drove to Montana . . ." but that "drive to Montana" was a gradual, very gradual, initiation into the Indian world. I was thinking and acquiring much along the way. For one thing, I was following in the tracks of the pioneers. Barely fifty years ago this West towards which I was heading was unknown except to a few missionaries and French trappers, and historically fifty years is a very short time. My father describes in his Memoirs how he came to this same country, and so when I discovered I had left South Dakota and had crossed over into the State of Wyoming, I began to experience my first thrills. From infancy I had heard my father's fantastic tales about his ranch on Powder River. He was financially a ruined man for the rest of his life, but I always had the impression that he considered it was worth while to be ruined for the experience of those years. Many people are ruined who have not such rich memories to cherish in after-life.

Although it was pouring with rain I felt the charm of Wyoming, of its wide undulating plains and distant hills, but my reveries were disturbed now and then by big puddles in the road, which, going through at a goodly

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speed, splashed the whole car and covered my wind-screen with trickling mud—the rain-wiper, instead of cleaning the glass, merely spread an opaque mess. To avoid a recurrence of this disagreeable incident, when I saw the next puddle I put my brake on, and, never slackening speed, the car spun a complete circle and went over the edge of the road. Brakes and steering-gear were helpless to hold her. The road was built up high and I went right over into a gully. For a second she hesitated on two wheels, I was certain she was going to overturn, and as I switched off the contact I wondered if she'd burn—but instead she settled down quite gently into the mud, her nose pointing straight up at the road. I felt a fool and lots of other things, but also a great thankfulness that worse had not befallen. Pretty soon a car came along and gave me a lift to Moorhead, about 5 miles away. There, at the filling-station, I told my tale. "Conoco" sent me back immediately in a huge petrol-cylinder truck with a driver who was young, hatchet-faced and wearing a wide sombrero like a Cowboy. He was the typical classless species, with more apparent breeding, a better physique, and not less education than the "gentleman" from the East—with the added distinction that an outdoor life gives to a man. From now on this type was prevalent, with its weather-beaten tanned skin, deep searching fearless eyes, and the courteous rather shy manner of a man who sees few women. When we reached the V. 8 there were three cars parked by the roadside, their occupants in earnest contemplation. Needless to say, every one of them lent a hand, and she was hitched by a chain to the cylinder and cautiously drawn to the surface. Everyone congratulated me on my miraculous escape. The sal-

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vaging operation cost two dollars, the rugged cylinder driver asking timidly if I would not consider that too much? I may add that I never skidded again. To this day I manage to avoid the necessity of putting on the brake on a wet road. Such is the lesson that experience teaches one.

It was a great day, that first day in Wyoming. My father's ranch was somewhere between Powder River and Crazy Woman Creek. Pictures of his logwood lodge had made it familiar to me, or maybe I only imagined that I had seen it. Wyoming was pre-natally in my veins, my father had brought my mother here from the Paris of Napoleon III for her honeymoon.

When I came to a bridge labelled "Powder River" I stopped and looked about me. It was maddening being alone and having no one upon whom to unload my ruminations.

Ghosts—Ghosts! The past flooded my subconscious. My father had decided to build his home 200 miles from the nearest railway point. He writes:

"I thought we should be left alone, and permitted to increase and multiply our herds for a decade or two. Half a mile away across the flat there was a seam of excellent coal quite seven feet thick sticking out of the hillside forty feet above the prairie level, an endless supply of fuel that only needed quarrying. One morning, a big buffalo bull with two arrows deep in his shoulder, and also bleeding from three or four bullet wounds, came so nearly into camp that he stampeded our mules. I killed the poor brute with a shot from the Express, and ten minutes later a single Indian rode in on the trail—a friendly Shoshone. He explained by sign language that his tribe was getting their winter rations, and had

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formed a good many scattered camps to the North and West of us. I looked our visitor's gun over: a wretched old army Springfield rifle, the rifling all worn smooth with thirty years of wear; the stock all tied up with buckskin. The Redskin went to work without delay on the dead bull. The following day at noon he came again with half a dozen more of the tribe, and after much preliminary 'How-how,' asked whether one of us would kill a few buffaloes for them out of a large herd they had located some five miles away? They were short of cartridges, and really with the rifles they had, even helped out with bows and arrows, it was surprising that they could kill such big beasts at all. The next day the herd appeared in three or four long lines converging. . . . The Indians were moving the herd very gently; no noise, but just showing themselves in the distance down wind, driving them as a dozen boys might drive partridges to the guns. As the herd kept moving across, I killed eight or ten in as many shots, and in almost half an hour. The Shoshone 'drive,' a mile wide behind me, bunched up the herd—I suppose there may have been two or three thousand—and they went clambering off in a north-easterly direction. The Red men were now, of course, my best friends. I had killed winter rations for twenty lodges, and they went into camp on the spot to strip the slain.

"The following summer on this same narrow canyon trail I had a 'recontre' with a herd of buffalo which should go on record, for it was this year 1879 which witnessed the practical extinction of the Northern buffalo as a herd; a few very small scattered bands survived into 1881 and even 1882, but history will mark 1879 as the year of the passing of the buffalo. Now in 1879 when I was busy building our 'Home Ranch' on Powder River and had a good many 'hands' to feed, I was in the



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habit of going into the mountains with a single packer to bring down six or eight deer carcasses. Once, returning heavily laden, and when in the narrowest part of the canyon trail, I saw a buffalo coming to meet me round a turn in the trail ahead, and then another and another; evidently a herd of some size in Indian file was travelling up from the prairies below.

"Most fortunately the lie of the land allowed me to see them nearly half a mile ahead winding around the perpendicular cliff. We at once took in the situation: if we continued for five minutes on the trail the leaders of the herd would see us, would turn in their tracks and stampede, and in that narrow defile there must result a buffalo horror resembling that described in a previous chapter where the Comanches stampeded thousands over the cliffs of the Palo Duro canyon. So, not without some difficulty, we turned our pack animals round, upon the narrow rocky ledge, and filed back whence we had come. After retreating perhaps a mile we found an open space into which we were able to drive or pack train and thus get back from the trail a full hundred yards. The long line of buffalo came stringing along by us at a foot pace, nose to tail, and were passing us for quite a quarter of an hour. It was a beautiful sight;—the mountains, the narrow canyon trail, the long line of the great beasts so very near, and I was much rejoiced that there was no untoward incident to mar an episode so memorable."

To think that he had seen this wonderful thing, the end of so famous a chapter! And that I, his daughter, should be crossing the same country in what the Indians first described as a "Thunder Wagon" (a motor-car) and no Indian yet had appeared upon the scene. The only buffalo were those with which the region was peopled by my imagination.

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I was filled with elation because of the past that once had been so beautiful, and a great sadness because there is left a blank that never need have been. Was anything left of the wreckage? Had I any reason to hope that my quest would be rewarded in any way? Powder River! Magic name that makes my childhood revive so vividly: ("Tell us another buffalo story, Papa!—tell us another Indian story—tell us about Sitting-Bull—how many white men did he scalp?—tell us about the Grizzly Bear you shot in the River—tell us more—more, Papa!")

At four o'clock in the afternoon I arrived at Buffalo in radiant sunlight. The clouds had cleared.

In my father's day it was no more than a camp on Clear Creek. To-day it is the only attractive, well-laid-out little town I saw in the far West.

At the filling-station I was advised most emphatically not to push on further that day.

Across the river the Big Horn Mountains reared their jagged crests majestically, and the range had to be crossed in order to reach Cody. It was too late, they said, to start going through the mountain. I do not know what instinct forced me to go on, and I was right: a few miles of superb winding road through the fir forest brought me to the South Fork Inn, a huge logwood building in a clearing. Such sophisticated Rockies my father would not have recognised. But it was a wild spot and I was the only guest. It was the lodge that a traveller dreams of. Within, a roaring fire of tree-trunks and comfortable chairs and sofas. The walls were hung with trophies of the chase. Sleeping-quarters were in individual logwood cabins scattered among the fir trees. The one allotted to me was on a high bank above a rushing torrent. It was so beautiful, so wild, and so

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typical of all one had ever conjured up as Rocky Mountain scenery. If there were no Redskins to be seen, their ghosts lurked among the trees and I fancied I caught a fleeting glimpse now and then of dark figures and a flashing feather dodging up-stream. There remained enough of the day to go exploring. The joy of it! After long hours at the wheel, the wilderness and mountain air gave one new life. I found myself climbing up the steepest slopes, leaping from rock to rock, elated and happy (I dare to say the word) for the first time since the start from New York. New York! How ridiculous that sounds, how absurd to think that such a place exists upon the earth. . . . I climbed, and still I climbed, until the trees were a mere belt surrounding a grassy summit.

The ground was a mosaic of wild flowers, and there stood a great red deer, as surprised to see me as I was to see him, and so surprised were we both that we stood motionless and surveyed one another. Then suddenly he threw up his beautiful crowned head and bounded away, all four feet off the ground, and disappeared into the forest. . . . I was alone, and the stillness was uncanny. Snow-covered peaks towered above me.

CHAPTER VI

Dude Ranch

I WAS very cold during the night, after the wood fire in my stove had gone out, but it was wonderful to awake to the sound of that rushing stream in the middle of the fir forest, and hard to decide to start. I'm sure if I'd had a companion I would have stayed several days. After the lone monotony of the Middle West this was reward indeed. If I were American, the East would never see me again. Here at last was the real America!

This day there was no monotony. The road was beautiful, precipitous, and dangerous. For miles and miles it followed "Ten Sleep Creek," serpentine and twisting back and forth. Wherever the road took a sharp bend there was generally an overturned rusty ruin of a car lying at the foot of the cliff, a grim recurring reminder. I had several narrow escapes, for I so wanted to look about me, especially in the snow. At one point the road followed the shore of the lake, which owing to recent rains had overflowed; the result is indescribable. Every car stuck in the mud, but one is not without help, not even in the wilds of the Big Horn Mountains. A band of supermen (for so they appeared) belonging to the Road Construction Department were at hand to haul each one out with a lorry. "We've done nothing else for three days," said one as he settled himself at my driving-wheel, telling me I must learn how to drive through mud. His face was weathered and hard, his

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eyes lustrous blue and far-seeing. He had a grand manner. Does the grandeur of the country impose itself upon human nature, or does it attract a superior race of man?

It was a short day's run. I had started early, and when the mountains were passed and I got down again to the prairie level, the road from Greybull to Cody was superb, and the car positively bounded over the road with the cadence of a galloping horse. I touched 75 and 80 and reached Cody early in the afternoon.

Cody is a little town that has mountains as a background. It is growing; that is to say, off its main streets there are side-tracks that are a snare to the unwary motorist and that lead to private dwellings, dumped down on the prairie.

I went straight to the Buffalo Bill Museum (Buffalo Bill's name was Cody), where Mary Jester Allen, a niece of Buffalo Bill, was Curator. I had known her in New York as far back as 1920. A very sweet woman, whose whole existence centred around the memory of her uncle.

I found also Hans Reiss, who had got there the day before. He was busily arranging an exhibition of his brother's Indian portraits and his own sculpture. As we shook hands his keen eyes and his keener intuition took me in at a glance.

"The worst is over," he said reassuringly; "from now on you will never be alone again."

He felt a little contrite at not having done the journey with me. Laughingly, he described my face to me afterwards: "You looked as if you would turn right back and go to England!"

But it was worse than that. I felt I never *would* get back to England because I never could face that return

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journey! Between me and "home" that Middle West was a kind of Chinese Wall. I was not in a frame of mind for loneliness, and it certainly had been lonely. Moreover, I was cumulatively weary. But forty-eight hours' rest and the kindness of my friends restored me. Hans was staying with a friend who owned a hot spring and had converted it into a public swimming-pool. It was clear as crystal, the colour of aquamarine, and every movement in the water sent up bubbles like champagne. It had the same effect upon one as champagne. It was exhilarating and made one's heart beat. I bathed there every day.

I was at last among people who were sympathetic about my Indian quest. Mary Jester admired the Indians and was anxious that I should come in touch with them. Her friends too were eager to help. There were Indian Reservations (Shoshone and Arapaho) only a few miles away, but the by-roads were still impracticable owing to the recent rain. One had to be patient. Meanwhile, it seemed to me strange that there should be Indians all around and none in sight! How did they manage to hide themselves? No wild animals of the mountain on the plain were quite as shy. Or had they simply been exiled in the desert in order that the white people should not be constantly reminded that they had usurped the American continent?

I still retained the sense of living in a colony, from long association with French North Africa. It would have seemed more normal if the Redskins, like the Arabs, had been associated with the White man's daily life.

The French Colonials said of the Arab (most unjustly) that he was dirty, a liar, a thief and a murderer. More

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one could hardly say, and yet the Arab had an equal share in the life of the colony, was in fact *the* life, that could not be eliminated. I never heard a United Stater say anything worse about the Redskins than that they were dirty (which of course means nothing at all, for there are dirty White people and clean Redskins), and yet they were bent on excluding the race from the communal life. One has but to put oneself for a second in the Red man's skin to feel all that one would feel if one were Red.

Imagine, for instance, that the Japanese overran Europe and found England pleasant and profitable to settle in—and because we found ourselves unable to assimilate the Yellow man's civilisation, his habits, his methods of thought, his conception of justice, his religion and his language, we were relegated to shacks on the Yorkshire and Highland moors and told we were to be neither seen nor heard, and the Yellow men administered our land under our very noses! Like the Redskins, I think we should feel there was only one thing for us and that was to die out.

If I were writing a guide-book there is quite a lot I could tell about Cody and its surroundings. If one lived in Cody for any length of time it could serve a perfect purpose as the background of a movie or the subject of a novel. Half-wild, half-built, half-developed, with smart "dude" ranches a very few miles away to the south, Yellowstone National Park a few miles to the east, Indian Reservations to the north, prairie, mountains, river, lake, it is a perfect centre. I spent some days in Cody, housed as a P.G. in the house of one of the "*best*" families! I was very comfortable, but when I

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discovered the daughter of the house made my bed I made it for myself. Everyone, in fact, did everything for themselves. We washed our clothes and hung them out to dry on a line in the barren waste behind the house.

There were two daughters and they were both very beautiful, tall, slim, and blonde. They looked like movie stars. The prevalent English idea of a beautiful American girl is of someone very spoilt. In the West they are not spoilt. I could not help thinking of the success those sisters would have been in London or Paris. They would obviously get more and more spoilt every day, and it would be such fun to spoil them. The eldest had some artistic ability and wanted to study, but she had had no opportunities and was quite at sea as to what to do. The younger one, who had a boy's figure, wore navy-blue slacks and walked about with her hands in her pockets and the wind blowing through her golden curls. She was rather shy at first, but after a while she summoned courage to ask me questions about Europe. Her dream was to travel. Meanwhile, she was uncomplainingly helping her mother to make the P.Gs. beds!

Hans said it was essential that I should experience a "Dude" Ranch while I was on the American continent. At first I demurred, for I had come for Indians, and was metaphorically in blinkers. I would not see anything that was not Indian. "But Cowboys," Hans argued, "are part of the West, you must see Cowboys!" I didn't want to see Cowboys, but Hans accepted a dinner for me at a Dude Ranch fifty miles away.

Fifty miles is nothing in the West, and indeed it is nothing if the roads are dry. Our dining out happened to coincide with one of the mightiest storms I've ever

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witnessed—thunder that shook the earth and made one suspect the end of the world.

When we came to Greybull River, we found that a flood had carried away a great piece of the bank, and that the bridge and the high road leading to it were threatened. The population of the village of Mitzili on the opposite side were working frenziedly to save the bridge. A lorry was collecting all the derelict motor-cars in the neighbourhood and flinging them into the river to break the current at the bend. A most entertaining sight. The truck unloaded them on the river-brink and then charged them! Literally took a "running hit" at them broadside, and toppled them over. They would not go at first, but just swayed and rocked; then a harder broadside sent them over with a grand splash. The flood-water swirled about them, opened the doors and shook them uncannily.

We stood in the rain watching for quite a while. Had we remained an hour longer we should have witnessed one of those dramas for which the Wild West is famed: a Cowboy shot and killed outright a fellow who had run off with his wife nine years before, and then shot himself. It all happened in the middle of the village street. For nine years that Cowboy had harboured his fierce hatred, but he had never chanced to come face to face with his wife's lover. On this day, however, by a decree of Fate, it happened that they were all "in town." The Cowboy saw his wife and his children with this man in a car before the Store, and the children didn't appear to know their own father. Something flamed up in the Cowboy. Without a second's hesitation he fired through the windscreen, shot the man dead and then put the revolver to his mouth and shot himself. The details are

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grim. He was arrested, still alive and with his face shot to pulp. The story was told of how, unable to speak, he gestured to an onlooker to light a cigarette and put it in his mouth. He died on the way to prison.

At Mitizi we left the main road and had to go over 25 miles of what Americans call "dirt track," and it is well named. How we skidded, and how we stuck, baffles description. We would never have reached our destination if a lorry that had chains on its wheels had not taken us in tow. Even so, the V. 8 swerved all over the road in the most reckless fashion.

The Beldons, who had invited us, owned two ranches: one which served their own personal use, and the other a few miles away that was organised for Dudes. I don't know which to describe first, the Beldons or the Dudes!

Charlie Beldon raised antelope for the Zoos of the world. The previous year, he had sent fifteen antelope to Berlin on board the Zeppelin! He had just received another order from Germany for ten buffalo, these were going to be "crated." He wrote articles in *Time* and in *Vogue*, and was, besides, a great amateur photographer. *Vogue* has from time to time published facetious articles (not from the pen of Charlie Beldon) about Dude Ranchers. I could remember having laughed a good deal over the descriptions of millionaire playboys and heiress cowgirls, and their end-of-a-strenuous-day cocktail parties. The word *dude* would seem to describe something that is a sham, a make-believe, a masquerader. Someone who wants to appear Western, and has no experience. A softie, in fact, as opposed to a tough. We met three car-loads of these at a cross-roads 7 miles from the Beldons'. They had been invited to come over from

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the Dude Ranch to meet us (distinguished foreigners) at dinner. At that cross-roads our four cars stuck fast. There was no need of introductions; long before we reached the Beldons we were calling one another by our Christian names.

If those were dudes (in evening-dress) they put up a brave show. Women in satin slippers slithered about in the mud, and the men worked like heroes. . . . It was nice that the Beldons had cocktails ready for us, and a good dinner, and, of course, we stayed the night.

The next morning the sun was shining brightly, and we were able to motor over hardened ruts to visit the Dude Ranch.

The dudes were waiting for us. Such nice dudes! A millionaire from New York was wringing out his shirt which he'd washed in the stream. A rich widow in old discoloured dungarees showed us her "quarters." She had a logwood cabin with a verandah. There were two very young, very good-looking sunburnt school-teachers (male) and various other types. Each dude had a cabin, and met in the communal hunting-lodge for meals.

We watched them choose their favourite horse from the coral. A grand cavalcade with Cowboy escort started up the mountain-slope. Mrs. Beldon, in shapps and a waistcoat of piebald cow, rode the most fiery, the most truculent of all the horses. It reared and bucked, but could not unseat her. She headed the party with the utmost composure. A good show, no affectation, no nonsense, very real, very simple, fine dudes!

Ranching is all the rage for Easterners. They come from New York and such-like places, the rich and the spoilt, to spend a summer living the simple life. It is an awfully healthy fashion. The result is, however, that

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many a lovely heiress falls for a blue-eyed Cowboy; they marry and set up a ranch of their own. I have already said that these Western men are very fine types, and absolutely classless. Impossible to put them into any category other than Nature's Gentlemen. Some of them have literary aspirations, for prairie life is apt to make poets of sensitive men. The contrast between these outdoor men and the office type is too obvious to be insisted upon. How these marriages turn out in the end, how children come to be educated in the wilds, I have not heard. Life is so full of problems, and I don't suppose those Cowboy marriages turn out any worse than some of the others.

CHAPTER VII

Bears, Geysers, and Indians

WHEN Hans Reiss had finished hanging his brothers' pictures in the Museum, the weather being absolutely perfect, he offered to be my guide around Yellowstone Park. We planned a day's expedition, but returned to Cody after an absence of four days. In the West, if one is invited to dine one probably stays the night. If one starts off on a picnic there is no knowing when one will return. It is prudent to keep a suitcase in the back of the car with all one's night requirements, and a pair of "hiking shoes" (as they are called in America), some tinned (I should say *canned*) foods, a pillow, and a blanket. Ready, in fact, for all emergencies.

Every car that enters Yellowstone Park is registered, pays a fee, and receives a badge. This badge enables one to come and go through the Park during the summer season. There are spots set aside for camping-parties, where people with trailers, or tents, camp during their entire summer holiday.

It is just as wild as any of the remoter parts of the country, and it has a delightful sheltered feeling. These National Parks, which vary in size, are in fact gigantic sanctuaries where no hunting is allowed.

Generally speaking, the White man has played havoc with the West: cut down the forest, killed the game, overgrazed the prairie, and so on; but these Parks preserve intact the original fact of the West.

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A curious feature of the forests are the trees that strew the ground or lean against the standing ones. Everything is on such a huge scale that the human eye has difficulty at first in adjusting itself to Nature's proportions. The fallen trees look like matches or straws strewn about pell-mell. I once asked a Park Warden why the State did not tidy up the forests and clear away the dead trees. He laughed and asked if I realised the size of the forest. The public generally are satisfied with driving through the Parks, stopping at various points where a view is officially indicated. Therefore, if one leaves the car and takes to one's feet one is quite certain of never meeting another soul, and of treading on ground where no White man except perhaps a forester has trod.

Bears are to be found in quantities all along the roads waiting for cars which always stop and always give them food. Bears have uncertain moods, maybe they feel the same thing about humans, of whom there are a great variety. Two hundred or more tourists, it is officially stated, are taken to hospital every year from Yellowstone Park suffering from bear bites or clawings. These folk belong to the category that Americans would call "dumb." For everyone knows, or should know, that when a bear has little ones, one has to be careful, and

- (A) not try to catch the baby;
- (B) not put a human baby alongside the bear baby in order to photograph them together;
- (C) not offer a bear a pebble instead of bread, a chip of wood, or a piece of paper that smells of Hamburger.

I witnessed a scene that was even stupider: a man in a car stopped in front of a bear who had two small baby

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bears, opened the door and let out two hunting-dogs. Mother bear went berserk, she flung herself wildly at the dogs, spitting and snarling, her hair standing on end, while the babies, squealing loudly, climbed a tree. What saved the dogs was that they separated, so that Mrs. Bear hardly knew which to go for. She pursued one and then broke away to go after the other. She sprawled about on the slippery road, but so did the dogs, who seemed to be in a panic. The car-owner, seeing what he'd provoked, drove on, and his dogs followed. Then Mrs. Bear, panting loudly, for it was a hot day and she was extremely angry, returned to her babies. The danger was for the next people who chanced to come along with their sweet smiles and their ciné-Kodaks to photograph an animal that was not in a mood to be approached!

Young bears, a few months old, were extremely friendly. They would eat out of one's hand, and one stood up and put his paws against my chest, straining towards the piece of bread I held aloft. There were little bears that had the effrontery to climb on to the running-boards of cars and even on to the bonnet. The grown-ups were uncertain, but I was able to get several snapshots of mothers and babies. Before a bear runs at you she gives a kind of snorting sneeze, so that while you are looking into the finder trying to adjust your picture, if you hear that sneeze you just run for it. They do not pursue, and so long as you can dodge round a car you are perfectly safe.

Hans Reiss said he had never seen anyone move as quickly as I did on one occasion when I heard a sneeze.

At first the bears were such a thrill that we stopped for every bear by the roadside, and could not drag myself

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away. In time we got blasé, and did not stop unless both bear and background ensured a worth-while photograph. Elk were less accommodating, although once I came upon a solitary stag by the road and got up quite close, but I was so excited I couldn't aim my Kodak, and the occasion never recurred. We did, however, espy a herd in the distance, and Hans asked if I was "game" for a few hours' stalking. In that clear air I had not realised how far away the animals really were. We parked the car by the roadside, crossed a foot-bridge, and were instantly in virgin forest. Hans, who is a mountaineer and really quite an uncivilised man, although a great sculptor, set the pace. Not a word was spoken, not even in a whisper, nor did he ever look back to see if I were following. He walked as if he were keeping time to a drum-beat. He never slowed up even for a fallen tree. I followed close, stepping in his footsteps and keeping step so that whatever noise we made sounded like one person and not two. In this curiously mechanical way we covered many miles of forest and bogland, making a big detour which eventually brought us to the clearing where the herd were peacefully grazing. It was a wonderful sight, but of short duration. The big male with his magnificent crown of horns raised his head slowly and surveyed us. For a few seconds we were face to face, staring into one another's eyes; then he gave the alarm but did not move. It was a signal to the others to clear out, and quick. The hinds bounded away. Not until he was satisfied that they were out of sight did he also depart, but unhurried, with great dignity, head high and an air of mingled defiance and disdain.

This American forest was full of the strangest noises, so strange that they were uncanny. The reason was

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really quite simple. Uprooted trees that had not room to fall leaned against their neighbours, and when the slightest wind swayed the living tree the dead one squeaked and groaned, stem against stem.

When at last we got back to the car we were so ravenous that we consumed a large packet of dry bread and bacon that we intended for roadside bears.

There are other things in Yellowstone Park that cannot be overlooked—a whole district that is volcanic, and where mud bubbles up hot and there are acres of steaming ground and boiling sulphurous springs. But the effect is neutralised because of the quantities of tourists who mar the scene. "Old Faithful," however, is a grand phenomenon. "Old Faithful" is the name given to a boiling-water geyser that spits up from the earth at regular intervals of fifty minutes. The prelude is a hissing and steaming, a little low jet of water arises like a hot fountain, and then of a sudden this small jet is transformed into a gigantic steaming column that lasts three minutes and then dies down.

One can imagine the surprise of the first pioneers who discovered it. Never does it vary, never has it failed. Faithfully every fifty minutes the miracle happens. Crowds (all things are comparative—I imagine there were twenty or thirty people the day I was there) sit round on felled tree-trunks arranged for the purpose, and the waiting crowd is noisy and facetious as crowds always are. But for some seconds afterwards the people sit glued to their seats in silent awe and wonder. No one knows for what aeons of time this clockwork phenomenon has been happening, but I am inclined to think that as it was in the beginning it is now, and ever will be.

In this wanderer's land of delight a hot sun countered

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the clear crisp air. Wonderful roads introduced one to mountain and forest, river and plain; snow-bordered glacier lakes on the heights, hot-water bathing-pools in the valleys; wild animals by the roadside; eagles and hawks on fence-posts or tree-stumps. The wild flowers were chiefly those varieties that are cultivated in English herbaceous borders. In a few minutes, if one left the road, or trail, it was possible to be completely lost. I could have gone on wandering indefinitely, our expedition to Yellowstone had considerably overstepped the National Park boundary. It was necessary, however, to return to Cody for the opening of the Reiss exhibition. Consulting a map, Hans chose a circuitous route to Fort Washaki, situated in what seemed to be a desert. If there is a really desolate tract of land, flat and treeless, it is surely an Indian Reservation, land in fact that can serve no White man's purpose. Fort Washaki is the centre of two Reservations, the Shoshones and the Arapahos. My letters of introduction included one to a Mr. Stone, an Indian Agent whose good administration had made him conspicuous. I was sorry he was away.

A Squaw-man (*i.e.* a White man married to an Indian woman) at the Missionary store informed us that the Shoshones were massing a couple of miles away, to rehearse their Sun Dance music. It was the end of the day, but we followed the few antiquated motor-cars that bumped, rattled, and swerved over a prairie track. There were horsemen, too, and a few horse-drawn carts loaded with Indians, converging on one point. I was in a state of suppressed excitement. Indians at last! Indians, that I had crossed an ocean and a continent to find, on this barren spot at sunset on this day! Hans was anxious, he knew what it meant to me, and wondered

how it would plan out. Wondered, that is to say, how I would "make good." He knew the Indians and loved them with his whole soul of an artist. But supposing I were disappointed and it turned out a great failure——?

The last slanting sun-rays lit up the vivid scene. Two groups of women were seated on the ground. Near by and apart sat a group of men. The women wore bright coloured handkerchiefs over their heads, knotted under the chin, and fringed shawls like Russian peasants. Their Mongolian features (slanting eyes and high cheekbones) transported one in thought to the Russian steppes.

One group in a double row were playing a game, the circle was gossiping. I smiled at them, but they took no notice of me.

We joined the men's group, our Squaw-man introducing them by name, and telling them that we had come a long way to see them. Their faces did not change, nor did they answer.

I sat on the ground among them and was temporarily too absorbed by faces and types to feel any concern about unresponsivity. If the women looked Russian the men looked like no other race on earth. Their exaggerated rock-hewn features would have been grotesque if they had not been so imbued with tragic dignity. Their talk was richly illustrated by hand gestures, their voices were soft and deep. The quietude was disturbed only by the children's play. The hats would have satisfied the most unreasonable Mustapha Kemal. Even the Western Cowboy hat was not comparable with the species worn by the Indian, with its immense brim and high sugar-cone crown. This was worn on top of a coloured silk handkerchief tied like the women's under the chin, and

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from beneath this handkerchief emerged two long hair-braids. A buckskin-fringed coat or something less decorative covered a bright-coloured open-necked shirt. White-man trousers and beaded moccasins completed the outfit. The general effect was colourful, decorative, unique.

Hans pointed out this type and that, with enthusiastic admiration. They seemed to have been created for the joy of artists. Hans, who knew a few words of their language, amplified these with improvised sign language, and succeeded in raising a wan smile from one or two. He worked very hard and his efforts were quite unrewarded. I thought he was too hearty, that he treated them too familiarly, too much like children. But my ingratiating smiles and respectful admiration fared no better. In vain did the Squaw-man interpret for us and try to arouse their interest; it was quite clear that we were of no account.

"They hate us!" I said to Hans. He laughed. "They're always like that at first."

We joined the women who were playing the bone game. They sat opposite one another in a long row, and one side had to guess in whose hands on the opposite side the bones were hidden. This is a species of hunt-the-slipper game, accompanied by chanting, the rhythmic rocking of bodies and fantastic hand gestures. It is a great gambling game, the men are liable to stake their last head of horse on the final guess.

The women were not unfriendly but merely indifferent. If one cannot talk the language of a people it is difficult to make friends with them. I was over-conscious of belonging to the race that has persecuted them, for whom they have a deep passive resentment.





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After a while we joined in a general raid of the Store; that is to say, we bought sardines at a shack, and some rough brown bread.

Night fell. A drum throbbed somewhere in the direction of a camp fire. We stumbled over the rough uneven ground and made our way towards it.

Eight men were sitting round a great drum. Presently they were ten, finally they were twelve. It is impossible to convey the music of those voices, the alternating rhythm, slow at first, restrained, growing louder and faster—working up to a great crescendo. Indians on horseback stood motionless, black silhouettes against the sky. Hans sat on a boulder, and I, huddled in my burnous, sat in the grass close by. The women came one by one and squatted all round us, they too sang and waved green branches in time to the drum-beats. These branches were part of the rite, emblems of spring. One woman leaned towards me and in English asked: "Do you like the Indians?" I explained I had come from England to see them. She repeated: "England—England," slowly, as if trying to remember, and then—"Ah—over the seas—the land of the King——" Clearly the Declaration of Independence had escaped her! She broke off a piece of her branch and gave it to me, saying: "you sing too——" She had learnt English in a Mission school.

Against a white canvas awning stood the Medicine-man; his bare naked legs were painted saffron, he wore a short shift, his hair hung loose, his face was painted in a strange terrifying way. He kept a bone whistle in his mouth and shrilly punctuated the drum-beats.

For two hours or more we remained there, and but for Hans I could have stayed the whole night through. At

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intervals men threw more logs upon the fire and the flames leapt up, revealing the players' features.

I felt as though I were doped and dreaming, as if everything were slipping away, growing small and distant and unreal; then suddenly the rhythm changed, one was stirred into a desire for action, one's heart-beat was savagely accelerated—only to be lulled back into a deep, soothing melancholy. The moon rose full and golden, and the faces of the old men, and the young men, with their heads thrown back, shouting their war-like praise to the Great Spirit, were outlined with light.

CHAPTER VIII

A Ranch in the Rockies

THE first contact had been neither success nor failure. I may have been disappointed by the Indian's blank response, but I was deeply impressed by their dramatic quality. Hans was relieved that I had reacted in the way I had, the fact that I had been capable of appreciation in spite of a personal disappointment was a not unhopeful sign.

When he had finished his business in Cody, I decided to follow him up to Glacier National Park. The temptation to push on further West and further North into a still more remote land was irresistible.

My friends at Cody had offered to facilitate conditions for me, offering me places to stay if I cared to try my luck with Shoshones or Araphos, and it was pretty certain that the Agent, Mr. Stone, would help me. But those blank unresponsive faces had fairly discouraged me. The Art School, from all accounts, was the best means of approach. Hans, although he would not advise me, approved my final decision, and once more we took to the road.

Picnics and sun-bathing punctuated our days. An occasional deviation up a mountain-track generally culminated in a lake. With brilliant sun overhead and snow under our feet, we bathed in still waters that reflected fir trees.

Hans knew the country, and without any warning he

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would suddenly leave the road, cross the most difficult ditches and banks, and come to a halt on a sloping sunny ground, fragrant with the scent of sage bruised by the passage of our cars. For a while we would rest and ruminate, and people the landscape with buffalo and Indians of our imagination. Hans would day-dream and tell what he would do if he were rich. We both suffered from the same psychological conflict: the vocation of sculptor with an intense love of the wild places. Hans was a born mountaineer, he would stare at a rock and follow a trail in his mind's eye.

"Would you take it by the left and up that scraggy bit?" I would ask him.

"By the left, yes, but not that scraggy bit; do you see a cleft just by that upright cliff—I could get up that way, especially if I had my axe——"

The mountains were as surely his as if he had the title-deeds, and he did not require riches to realise his dream of a "little hut half-way up," even for all the little huts, all the half-ways-up—but he needed a certain amount of money to realise his project of a huge ranch, on which he would breed buffalo and settle some Indian families to live according to the past. It would be the duty of those Indians, by modern necessity, to round up the buffalo so that by no manner of chance would they stray on to the White men's ranching land. To try to fence them in would be hopeless. I reminded him that the buffalo must trek from the winter quarters to summer grazing. Hans, so rich in dreams, would be rich enough to buy an area of land in which the buffalo would trek. The project grew so that we seemed to have already elicited the sympathy of a host of people who contributed generously, and the interest of a Government

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who lent ready aid to the experiment. So vivid was our imagining.

One evening, according to his habit, Hans left the main road and I followed him along a dusty track for twelve miles or more, wondering where on earth he was leading—for the shadows were growing long and we were still far, very far, from Fort Browning, which was our night's objective.

The dusty track wound in and out and around, bringing us ever nearer to the mountains. I was choked with the dust that trailed behind him; our cars were open, and however great a distance I kept between us, the dust hung in the still evening air. I was tired, too, for we had driven 400 miles that day.

Suddenly, round a bend we came to a wood, and to rocky cliffs, a welcome change of scene after the monotony of the prairie. We were in fact running straight into the Rocky Mountains, nor did my pilot stop until we came to a camp, where he greeted an Indian and was hailed as a friend. This was the surprise that Hans had planned for me, a visit to the ranch of his trapper friend de Fontenay. The Indian informed us, however, that de Fontenay was away, had gone to the town (a day's journey) to visit his wife who was sick in hospital. To turn back at sunset was impossible; besides, in the West nobody worries about the absence of a host, nor has the word invitation any sense. Your friend's house is your own. In this case it was a big two-storied log-wood cabin, beautifully situated above the steep bank of a valley, and against a background of precipitous rock: one of the most enchanting wild and remote spots I have ever seen. The world could never trail the human who came here to "earth," one could be lost to sight for ever,

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so I thought, and while I was thus reflecting, Hans and the Indian broke into the house. It wasn't very difficult. The Indian succeeded in scaling up to the balcony of a top room where the window was open. We then (or rather Hans, for I frankly did nothing) lit a fire in the big open grate, hunted round for oil to fill the lamp, and set about searching for food. The house was in great disorder, it was obvious the man had been left to fend for himself. The plates were unwashed, the beds unmade, bed-clothes piled pell-mell on the floor. The hall was a real hunter's room. Skins of animals hung upon the walls. While Hans was still wrestling with the darkness of the kitchen there was the sound of a motor; in another moment Hans was welcoming a tall heavily built handsome man, to his home!

De Fontenay expressed neither surprise nor concern at finding us. He was completely phlegmatic, as if he were used to visitors breaking into his house. He soon set everything in order, laid the table, and cooked a meal. We were a congenial if weary company who sat round the log-fire in the hunting-hall. De Fontenay (descended from a French trapper) talked about local conditions, the new state laws, the trouble between the sheep men and the cattle men, the condition of the game (starving, because sheep have overgrazed the land), his own personal troubles, etc., and long before he had finished telling all he had to tell my eyes closed. I shook myself awake and made off to bed.

The next morning, Hans and I explored the canyon while an eagle hovered above us, and he told me that his friend had decided to sell his ranch, would, in fact, accept almost any price to be free of it. Hans thought he would like to own it, but he also thought that if I

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owned it he would have as much pleasure out of it as when it was Fontenay's! In his heart he knew it was just a dream that could not be realised. We both knew we would have to go back to the world, because sculptors cannot live without the world.

CHAPTER IX

The Louisiana Purchase

IT was interesting to reflect, as one travelled for days and days across this continent, that it was all part of what is known as the "Louisiana purchase."

Louisiana—which commemorates King Louis XIV of France better than any monument—is actually but a small region on the Gulf of Mexico, but the Louisiana "*Purchase*" includes a territory greater than Great Britain, Germany, France, Spain, Italy, and Portugal combined. It actually consists of about 1,000,000 square miles. Such a purchase is probably unique in the world. People who are not indigenous to the land they inhabit have, generally, either conquered it by force of arms or annexed it by peaceful penetration. But the U.S. Government bought half the United States from Napoleon I for 80,000,000 francs, the equivalent (at that time) of \$16,000,000. The value to-day is said to be 441 times the purchase-money.

There is a good historical summing up in a nutshell by Professor McMaster:

"Louis XIV farmed Louisiana to Crozat a 'merchant monopolist.' Crozat, unable to make use of it, made it over in 1717 to John Law, Director General of the Mississippi Co., which surrendered it in 1731 to Louis XV, who gave it in 1762 to the King of Spain, who made it over to Napoleon, who sold it to the U.S."

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But Napoleon sold it when it actually was not his to sell.

France had continually been trying to get Louisiana (and all that is comprised by the name) back from Spain.

The French Revolution put an end to the plottings of Genet, sent for the purpose to the United States as Ambassador in 1793. Then Talleyrand, who had great plans for French colonial expansion, made a proposition in 1798 whereby Spain would exchange Louisiana for the Duchy of Parma.

As first Consul, Napoleon again made an effort on behalf of France to regain Louisiana. Subsequent events led him to change his mind, however: Jefferson through his two Ambassadors Monroe and Livingston (the one official and the other unofficial) warned him there would be a rupture with the United States if France attempted to hold the mouth of the Mississippi.

Monroe was first entrusted with the mission of buying New Orleans and the Floridas for \$2,000,000, and Livingston was sent to back the project. Napoleon took a sudden overnight decision and astounded the envoys by offering them *the whole* of the Louisiana territory.

To Marbois, his Minister of the Treasury, he exclaimed dramatically; "I renounce Louisiana! It is not only New Orleans that I cede, it is the whole colony without reserve. I know the price of what I abandon. I renounce it with the greatest regret; to attempt obstinately to retain it would be folly. I direct you to negotiate the affair. Have an interview this very day with Mr. Livingston——" but until the matter was settled, great secrecy had to be maintained for fear of opposition from Spain. He hardly reckoned with trouble from his own brothers.

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Napoleon, at the Tuileries, was in his bath when Lucien and Joseph called. Having asked their opinion on the project, Lucien replied sourly:

"I flatter myself that the Chamber will not give its consent."

The first Consul, who hated opposition or criticism, retorted irritably that it should go through without their consent. Thereupon Joseph said he would head the opposition in the Chamber. He foretold that "such a betrayal of the country" would rouse the wrath of the people. At this Napoleon started up in a rage: "You are insolent," he shouted, and plunging back into the bath sent the water splashing in their faces. A servant who was present fell on the floor in a faint.

Left alone together, Lucien tried to prevail with arguments, but Napoleon in a temper flung a snuff-box across the floor, declaring he would break Lucien like the snuff-box if he dared to oppose him.

There was much haggling between the Ambassadors as to the price to be paid, but there was no haggling over the boundaries. It was understood that the eastern boundary was the Mississippi from its source to the parallel of 31° , but no one knew the whereabouts of that source. The western boundary was supposed to be the Rocky Mountains, but no one had as yet explored them. The northern boundary was the unmapped frontier of British Canada. Within these vague limits were thousands of souls, those real Americans to whom the land belonged by race and heritage, who were to be handed over with the land to a people whose main effort would henceforth consist in trying to wipe them out for ever.

On November 30, 1803, a ceremony was performed in New Orleans, at the "Cabildo" (City Hall). Spain

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formally delivered to France that which France had already sold! It was the occasion for Spaniards to be absolved from their allegiance, the keys of New Orleans were handed over, the Spanish flag was lowered and the French flag (as a matter of form) hoisted in its place. The formal cession to the United States followed a little later. President Jefferson was bitterly attacked by the opposition for expending the nation's millions on acquiring a wilderness, and Napoleon spent the millions in preparations for an invasion of England.

CHAPTER X

St. Mary's Chalets and Turtle

I HAD planned that St. Mary's Lakes, in Glacier National Park, would be my headquarters for what remained of June, the whole of July and August, and possibly part of September; therefore I was extremely interested to see it, and not a little anxious. It was rather like taking root in a place.

From Fontenay's ranch our road took us through Fort Browning, the centre of the Blackfoot Reservation. It was one of those young Western townships whose streets, once you have left the main road, are liable to break your back axle unless you're forewarned. Shacks and logwood houses are dumped down on what looks like ploughed prairie, and if it rains you have to reach the front door over duckboards. There are many filling-stations, garages seem to be the main trade, and drug-stores with soda-fountains. The chief feature is its Indians of the Blackfoot tribe. Indians everywhere, young Indians, old Indians, full-blood, half-breed, and a glut of half-breed girls, rather good-looking, abominably dressed and extremely emancipated, for whom the permanent wave is a permanent preoccupation. The United Staters of the West when they talk about Indians ask you if you have seen the Indians of Browning. They ask it in that disparaging tone that leaves you in no doubt of their opinion. To the average United Stater Browning is just a hole . . . where the Indian shows

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himself in his true colours. That is to say, he lounges about in the sun, gossiping at the street corner, propping up the doorpost of Mr. Sherburne's Store, as though he were an Italian of Naples, a Spaniard of Grenada, an Arab in an oasis, or even a Frenchman of Paris, for if anyone had ever thought of putting out chairs and tables on the side-walk and serving soft drinks (it is a criminal offence to sell liquor to an Indian) there is no doubt the Indian would spend as many hours as the Frenchman does in a café under an awning. The unforgivable crime in United States eyes is that they are a people who, being poor, do not work, do not aspire to standardised clothes, do not yearn for a radio (or at least for a gramophone) or an automobile, who are content to smoke when they can buy tobacco, and to go without when they can't, who appear never to be in a hurry, who waste time in fact, time which, according to the White American, is money.

But this is rather a long parenthesis, and I must return to the day when, coming from Fontenay's ranch, we skirted the fringe of Browning. I noticed a big enclosure and much activity, there were a few tents and some tepees, that typical Indian species that is stretched around a skeleton of hop poles which converge in a bunch at the top. Hans, however, did not stop, did not even slow down, and I had to follow. Forty miles beyond, we came to the mountains and serpentine amid fir trees, round and up, and round and down, and up again and finally down, until we came in sight of a vast shimmering lake. Jagged mountains rose straight up from the water to sharp snow-capped summits. We had arrived at St. Mary's Lakes.

The reason these two great twin lakes have not an

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Indian name is because the first White man who stumbled on them was a missionary, and he called them Upper St. Mary and Lower St. Mary: a fanciful name for a region as grandiosely pagan as the background of Wagner's *Walkyrie*.

I was extremely thrilled at this point, it was all so superlatively beautiful, and I rejoiced that my summer was to be lived in such a place. At the entrance to Glacier National Park we received a pass to stick on our windcreens, to enable us to come and go without further entrance fees. A quarter of a mile brought us to a big central chalet and a variety of small chalets distributed about the hill-side. They were built appropriately in the logwood fashion of the West. This hotel (for although it was an Art School, or Colony, it was an hotel as well, the artists not being in sufficient numbers to exclude the tourists) belonged to the Great Northern who had a monopoly of all the hotels in these Rockies. Having selected a one-roomed chalet with a balcony on which I proposed to work, I was told that it was strictly against the Great Northern rules to let any single individual occupy a single-roomed chalet, and that I was liable to have one or two people put in with me. I pointed out that I was not a tourist passing by for a night, but a whole-summer lodger. My protests and my appeal met a blank. There were curious rules in this place: the electric light was switched off at the main at eleven o'clock. Breakfast was served up to 8.30 and lunch up to 2 p.m., but anyone arriving even five minutes later had to go without. Bathrooms, showers, and lavatories were in separate chalets, distance depending on the chalet which you happened to inhabit.

I only resent discomfort when it is expensive. For the

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equivalent of a pound a day I thought it was inadequate. Hans joined his protest to mine, begged for preferential treatment for "a distinguished guest from England," but an unyielding manageress gave us to understand that she could not interfere with Great Northern institutions. I could, in fact, take it or leave it.

I left it, strange as it may seem, the very next day. Circumstances ordained that I should not take up my abode at St. Mary's chalets for many weeks.

The Blackfeet were preparing their Sun Dance festival, and Hans suggested that it would be a good thing to go to Browning and see what was happening. So far, only one student had arrived, Betty Gomery from New York, a blonde and beautiful girl with considerable talent. She had been some time at St. Mary's waiting for the Reisses to arrive. The school was advertised to open on the first of June. Betty, who was desperately in earnest, had been painting still lifes to fill up the time. The very next day after our arrival, we took her with us to Browning. The Indian camping-ground was close to the high road (much too close), but Hans first of all took us to call on his friend James Willard Schultz.

I had read Schultz's book *My Life as an Indian*. In the West he was a famous "landmark," more generally known by his Indian name of Aperconi, which means Far-Off-White-Robe. He was now an old man, with the prestige of romance which he had turned to good account: one of the early traders, he had as a young man married a girl of the Blackfoot tribe; she had been long dead, like the past to which she belonged, but had left him with a son to add to the great company of "belong-no-wheres," whose name was appropriately Lone-Wolf. Mr. and Mrs. Schultz (his present white wife) received us hospitably.

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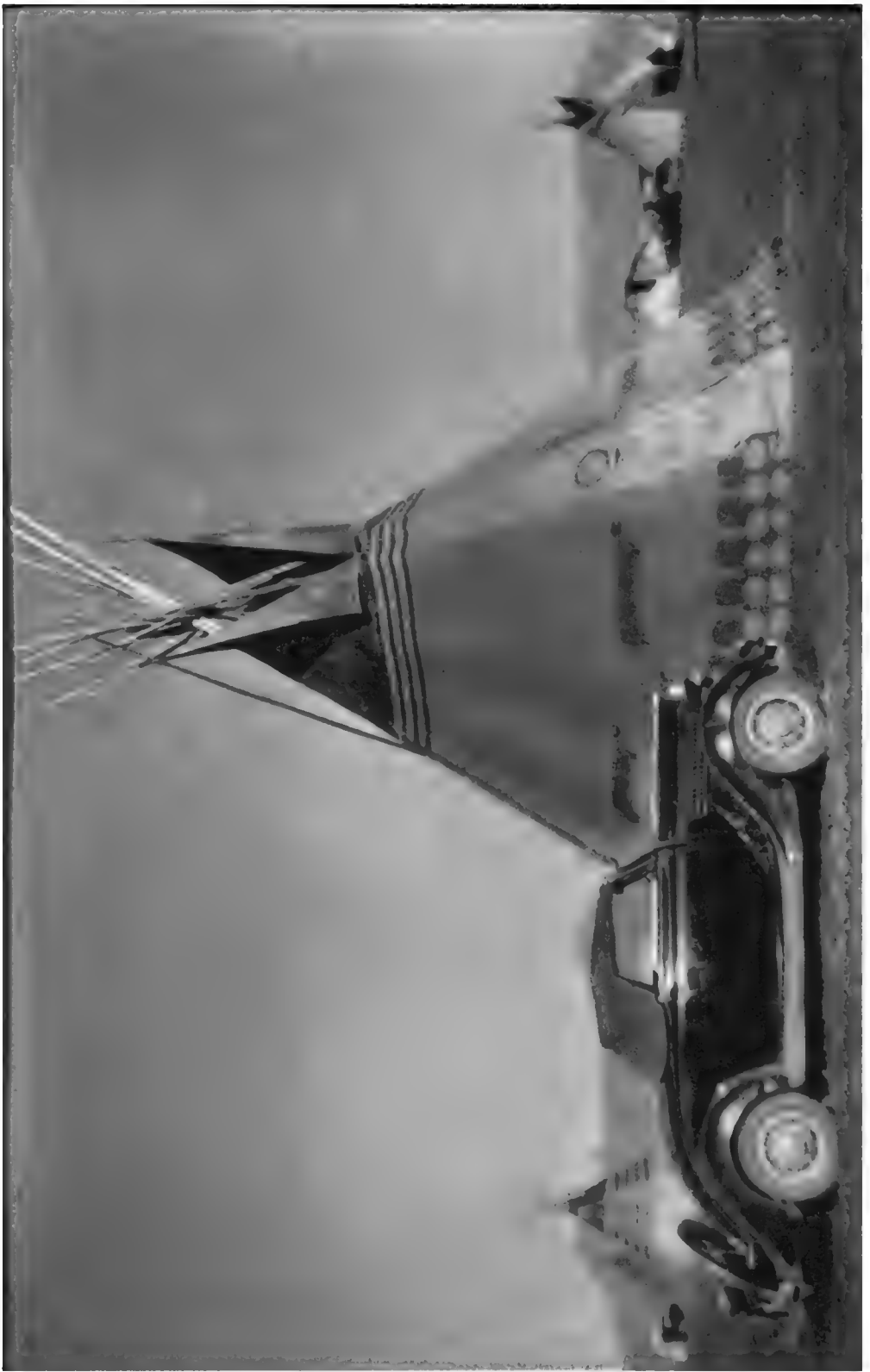
ably in a charming little house belonging to the Indian Agency. Mrs. Schultz was actively engaged in the Indian Service, organising Art Craft shops to revive Indian Arts and afford some livelihood to Indian women.

By casually calling on the Schultzes my fortunes underwent a sudden change: Jessie Schultz had read a book of mine, I was therefore no stranger. When she heard that I was interested in the Indians and their Sun Dance she disappeared mysteriously from the room, and was away some little time. She returned with the offer from Mr. Graves, the Government Agent, of a house for the duration of the festival. Quick work! And no "Would you like—if I can arrange—I will go and see—back in a minute" sort of stuff. Nor did I hesitate to accept. The house was just across the road from the Schultzes, and equipped with bathroom and electric automatic heating system! Such luxury was unhopèd for. The Schultzes invited me to the daily meals, including breakfast.

That evening Hans and Betty returned to St. Mary's without me.

It is amusing to look back and remember the lost soul that I was when first I found myself alone in that Sun Dance camp! Hans did not return for several days, Jessie Schultz was anchored to her craft shop, Aperconi was suffering from asthma, and Lone-Wolf was more elusive, silent, and unapproachable than any hundred-per-cent. Indian! Through Hans I had made a few acquaintances, but their attitude was just as blank as that of the Shoshones on that memorable night. Naturally shy, I was intimidated by these people's aloofness.

Before he left, Hans said: "You *must* make your own way." They had shown themselves quite friendly to





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him, but then he was well known. Actually he was still on the lookout for suitable models who would consent to be transported to St. Mary's. Many of them were glad of this chance to earn. They received fifty cents an hour for posing, brought their families, and were encamped in tepees provided for them, and well fed during the period of their sojourn. Others again were difficult to persuade, generally the ones that were most wanted.

By spending all day and every day at the camp, not only did I begin to know faces, but the Indians began to recognise in me a familiar figure. Anyone who spent so much time among them could not be regarded as a mere tourist. Tourists never stayed long, just long enough to do some Kodaking or to watch a dance. But I had evidently come to stay.

The first time that I received a salutation, I felt I had really begun to make an impression. There were two or three tepees close together whose owners invited me inside and made me welcome. They were Chief Turtle, Bull-Plume, and Fish.

No one who went to the camp could fail to notice Turtle. He was a monumental Indian, more like the gnarled root of a tree. His hands were big and powerful, he was powerfully built, of no recognisable age, and endowed with unusual strength. It was well known that he had wrestled with a grizzly and won. He wore the bear's claws as a necklace, with a big turquoise-blue bead in between each, his most treasured possession. Mrs. Turtle could speak a little English and acted as our interpreter. I was fascinated by Turtle. Especially did I want to model his head. I set my heart on modelling him, I *must* do Turtle if I never did anybody else! Hans meant to get him to St. Mary's, but I could not wait—

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besides, could one be sure he'd go? I meant not to miss this chance. I asked him if he would pose for me. Turtle had a way of jerking his head back and looking at one down his great nose through half-closed heavy lids. He wouldn't speak for some time, but just stared, and one couldn't guess what he was thinking. Finally he asked: "How much?" And then ensued a discussion through an interpreter. Turtle's face was completely enigmatic, his speech curt. It was clear he thought me a great nuisance, for he was extremely busy, one of the chief men of the tribe, upon whom fell many and varied duties. Also he was that extremely rare species, a Red Indian who couldn't keep still, a most restless man. But here was I, a stranger with a car from "over the seas, the land of the King," obviously rich (!) and very insistent. I might be worth money, and he needed money.

He refused to pose for the usual fifty cents, but consented for two dollars an hour. But where? I suggested his tepee. The light that streamed down from the opening at the top made a tepee rather a good kind of a studio. Turtle demurred, and through a bad interpreter it was very difficult to know why. Finally we came to an arrangement—he had next to his tepee a big tent, the whole front of it open and quite light. He consented to rent me the tent for another two dollars a day. I hauled out my paraphernalia from the V. 8 (which comprised a folding turn-table), and with great difficulty set up a model stand for Turtle. He was so big that every movement threatened a catastrophe. A small chair on a big cube box was quite inadequate. Turtle was dreadfully uncomfortable. He grunted and sighed, surveyed me quizzically. I bought cigarettes for him—how many packets!—and still I felt he was

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not pleased. I so wanted him to like me, to like being modelled by me. . . . Turtle's head was big and I always see things bigger, and so an overlife-sized Turtle stood uncertainly on a rather frail folding tripod. The tent served as a sleeping-place for a whole family overflow, and Mrs. Turtle suggested that before I left camp at night I should transfer the head to the tepee, where under her watchful eyes it would be safer. The thing was already so heavy I could hardly lift it, but I had somehow to carry it through the low narrow opening of the tepee, bent almost double. This painful procedure, which nearly broke my back muscles, was repeated every morning. I worked generally with a crowd behind me, which I tried vainly to disperse with pathetic appeals for space, air, and quiet. It wasn't easy.

Hans was sure I could not succeed and added to my general discouragement. Then one day Turtle was elusive, and while I was hunting for him in among the tents—which was rather like hunting an elk in the forest—one of his grandchildren left alone in the tent squashed Turtle's nose flat. I nearly cried. It was very hot in the tent, it was full of flies and a smell of dried meat.

When Turtle turned up he asked when I was going to pay him. I knew that if I paid him up to date he would never pose again, for an Indian only wants *some* money, he doesn't care about more than his immediate needs. If I owed him money, he'd go on posing until he was paid. I told him I would pay when it was finished. He shook his great head and went away. I then appealed to Mrs. Turtle, and my method of approach was through presents. Hans had told me in New York that the way to win the women was to give

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them bright cotton dress materials, but above all, beads, those little tiny beads they use for embroidery. I did not know I could get them out West, so I spent a small fortune on beads in New York. Hoping this would do the magic trick, I emptied half my store of beads into Mrs. Turtle's lap, adding a bright yellow length of linen.

Could I have foreseen the many friends I was to have ultimately, their appreciation of beads, the work that was going to be done for me and the great quantity of beads that I was going to be obliged to buy in Browning, I would not have been quite so generous. Mrs. Turtle was not much of a worker and my gift made little appeal, but Turtle asked me for *the loan* of five dollars for friends of his who had come from afar to attend the festival and had no "gas" left. I knew the money would disappear into the bottomless well of Indian necessity, but I hoped it would help me with the Turtle friendship.

It did *not* induce him to pose again, but one night when I was invited to dance round a fire in the tent of a chief, Turtle with a perfectly serious face chucked me under the chin. I knew then that he was my friend! Familiarity on the part of an Indian, especially of Turtle, was extremely surprising.

Needless to say, Hans was right and the head I began in the tent remained unfinished until much later, when Turtle and I came to St. Mary's.

CHAPTER XI

Some Others

NEXT to Turtle's tepee was the tepee of his brother-in-law, Fish. He was one of those who had been hopelessly contaminated by the Whites. Dressed always in a red shirt, he still retained his braids and wore a ten-gallon hat with an eagle plume attached to the beaded riband. Whatever Fish could lay hands on he sold. He was a tall, broad, hearty Indian, always hard up, always cheerful. He offered to sell me an eagle plume, but it was at his house in the town and he could not drive his own car. This duty devolved on his son, but his son was nowhere to be found. Hans offered to drive him to his house. It was a wonderful car, an advertisement of what a car can do when everything is missing. Arrived at his house, Fish found the door locked. He got flustered, he wanted to sell that eagle plume. He was quite angry when he found he could not get in. Eventually the key was produced, from a neighbour, and Hans went inside with him. The room was completely bare, but in a small cardboard box he found the eagle plume.

It is difficult to understand why it was necessary to lock up the house.

I cannot remember how I got into conversation with Little-Plume. He was not in the least prepossessing, rather the contrary, small and sallow; his clothes were of the sordid standardised kind so unbecoming to Indians.

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No one introduced him, but we scraped acquaintance. The moment he spoke I was impressed by the clear concise intelligence of what he had to say. He had plenty to say, and I was a ready listener. He told me all the things I wanted to hear, about the Indian Grievance with a capital G. He could not have said it to any United Stater. We just seated ourselves on the ground and talked and talked. He was not bitter, he was simply objective. I asked him finally where he had learnt to speak such fluent English, he smiled evasively and invited me to visit his farm. He drew a map with Medicine River serpentine across the Reservation and marked the spot where he lived. Afterwards I learned he had just served a twenty-year term in a Federal prison. He must have been young indeed when, in a frenzy of drunkenness, he settled a family feud by shooting dead seven of the family on the same night.

Had they been Whites he would doubtlessly have been electrocuted, but as they were Indians he had been allowed to survive.

I discussed him after that with some of my Indian friends. Not one of them had a bad word for him. All agreed that he was a good little fellow. It was a pity that he had done the shooting, he never would have done it if he had not been drunk.

I began to understand why selling liquor to an Indian ranked as a criminal offence.

Through Aperconi (Schultz) I was solemnly introduced to the Chief of the Brave Dogs Society. Generally he was called Louis Champagne, which was ridiculous. His real name was Last-Rider, but White people called him by the name of the French trader who for some reason or other had adopted him and brought him up.

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He was Aperconi's brother-in-law, the brother of his Indian wife, and therefore the uncle of Lone-Wolf.

Last-Rider's wife was a sweet gentle woman called Sings-in-the-Water. They had a very big tepee, painted with a border of beavers.

On some occasions we were a party of twenty or more sitting around the fire, dancing, or listening to the drums and the singing. Lone-Wolf was nearly always with his uncle. He seemed happier in the company of Indians than in the company of White people. Altogether, Lone-Wolf was a strange creature, a being apart. He made one realise the tragedy of being neither Red nor White, a mixture of both and belonging to neither. He resented his White blood like nearly every half-breed that I met. Some of the White people who had a dash of Indian blood (as I had myself) were justly proud, but I never met an Indian who did not resent his drop of White.

When Lone-Wolf was not sitting silently in his uncle's lodge he rode about the camp on horseback, an onlooker. He was extremely picturesque in his Cowboy boots, big hat, and fringed buckskin coat. He was tall and well built, dark-eyed and dark-complexioned. He had achieved a certain reputation as an artist. Like so many Indians, he knew all there was to know about a horse, especially the species that bucks, and like most Indians, even as children, he could draw them quite dramatically. His modelling was better than his painting. I had seen some small bronzes of his—Indians on incredible bucking horses. His childhood had been truly Indian. He had grown up in the tepee tent with his mother, and until a mature age could not even speak English.

It was from Lone-Wolf that I learned what *not* to do when I entered a tepee. For instance, inside a lodge one

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has to take in at a glance the presence of the Medicine-bundle. Usually it hangs above the owner's head, and the owner's official place is opposite the entrance—centre back, if one can so describe it.

A Medicine-bundle is to an Indian what his rosary is to a devout Catholic. It is the Ikon of the Orthodox, it is the Indian's household god, concerning which he is desperately superstitious.

A visitor entering the lodge may walk round the fire to greet his host, and having greeted him must on no account pass in front of him, for he must not cross the Medicine-bundle, nor is it courteous to pass between a man who is smoking and the fire. If the visitor, having passed left of the fire, is invited to sit in the place of honour, which is on the host's left, he must make his way back round the fire from left to right.

Primitive people are so intent on conserving the formality of their customs, whilst White people are so hurriedly discarding theirs.

At first I moved warily for fear of doing the wrong thing. A few words soon helped me to make friends.

O.K., pronounced OKÉ as if it were French, seemed to be used in a variety of senses. At the lodge entrance, "Oké" shouted in a tone of interrogation signified "May I come in?" From within, "Oké" would generally come back in a tone of assent. It was also a term of salutation, "Oké?"—"Oké!" and of course accompanied invariably by what is regarded to-day as the Fascist salute, but which is really one of the oldest forms of salutation, especially among people who cannot speak one another's language.

But the word *sacap* was indispensable. *Sacap* is the *karasho* of the Russian! It means "good" or "all right"

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or "pretty" or "beautiful." To express oneself superlatively one adds to the word so that it becomes *ex acap*, with tremendous emphasis on the first syllable; this means that it is good indeed!

Poksapo means "Come here": indispensable word for an artist. Also the word *sakopi*, which means "rest."

A cigarette is *amonima*, perhaps the most generally used word of all.

Ach-si-coco means "Good night," and always made me laugh; it made them laugh too when I said it.

The sun is *nataos* and a star is *kokotos*. These words were used more frequently in a religious sense.

Lone-Wolf was not only a good teacher, he was the best interpreter I could wish for between his uncle and myself. Last-Rider understood the White man's language, but would not admit that he could speak it. He told me to use his tepee as my own. Lone-Wolf took me there one night when the Society of Brave Dogs were to assemble.

Three or four singers with drums sat in the place of honour on the buffalo robe that was spread on the ground. At a signal the whole party, including the singers, would get up and dance round the fire. As they danced they all sang and beat rattles in tune to the drums. These rattles were the prerogative of the Brave Dogs. Each one had to have a rattle, it was of dried skin enclosing pebbles, and was decorated with painted designs (all with a meaning) and the inevitable bunches of eagle-tail feathers. The dance of the Brave Dog consisted of a short shuffling step. It was quite easily acquired. One went heavy on the left foot, and the result was more like a limp. They did not like it if one did not join in, and would wave a rattle in one's face so that one had to get

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up and dance. Last-Rider handed me his rattle every time, which was a gesture of amiability. I began to feel at last a general attitude of friendliness—and it was about time, I thought.

The Sun Dance festival was now at its height. The Indians were dressed in their gala clothes. War bonnets came forth and beaded buckskin suits, coloured blankets, Hudson Bay coats—in fact, one was transported back to the colourful past, and the change in their clothes was accompanied by a change in their whole beings.

The drab, resigned remnants of a once great people suddenly assumed their old place in the sun. They held their heads high, were proud warriors, lords of the land, conscious of their dignity and their grandeur, for they were grand, in their feathered head-dresses. Their eyes blazed forth their mystic savagery as they danced and sang. Turtle, half-naked, with his legs and thighs painted in strange stripes, and his face covered with brick-red ochre, stamped his moccasined feet, bent and contorted his body like an animal that is about to spring. His nostrils quivered, his fists clenched menacingly. He brandished the baton that should have carried a scalp, jerked his great head, and turned in circles as he danced round the fire, his face lit up by the glowing flame. The heat was almost asphyxiating, one's heart beat a double measure through lack of air, but also with the madness of it, the beauty, the colour, the music and the voices, the rhythm of the drums, the cadence of the dance which stirred the savage that is in us all. But there was something else: a religious revival, a mighty mysticism, a fervour of belief and remembrance.

A few Bloods from Canada were guests of the Black-feet, and they set up their tepees in a group to the north

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of the camp. The Bloods, the Piegans (Pecunnies), and the Blackfeet are one people, that is to say, three tribes of the Blackfoot nation. They speak the same language. I did not meet any Bloods, but I gathered they were regarded as rather distinguished guests, reputed proud and aloof. In Canada White people are not allowed on to the Indian Reservations without a permit from the Agency, nor is it obtainable without a good reason. Tourists are not admitted to the Bloods' Sun Dance, and their presence at Browning caused the Bloods to be even more aloof than they were by nature. Two personalities attracted my attention even though I did not then know them. One was an old man in a vivid-patterned blanket coat, who had strange tortured eyes; his name was Heavy-Head. The other was even older and had a jocular manner, untidy hair, and a huge hat. His name impressed itself on my mind, he was Crazy-Crow. In time they were to become my especial friends.

The presence of Whites who treat the sacred Sun Dance as a peep-show did much to explain the resentful and reserved attitude of the Indians.

Unless one understands even a little of what the festival represents, the various rites and ceremonies may seem grotesque to the onlooker.

The painted faces, the stripes and blots and dots, all have a meaning, every feather is a symbol, nothing is abstract decoration. But if one comes to the camp in a mocking mood, if the Indians are just so many painted "guys" beating drums and shaking rattles, if their music is simply a noise, their dancing a pantomime, their tepees the homes of savages, and their Medicine-bundles just so many dried weasel-skins, and if the onlooker's face registers that opinion, it is hardly surprising that the

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Indians adopt blank expressions and are unresponsive. It is indeed a great pity that the U.S. Government does not exclude Whites as the authorities do in Canada.

On the great festival day tourists drove their cars right into the camp and parked in every direction, so that there was hardly room for the Ceremonial of the raising of the Medicine-lodge.

That Sun Dance camp became essentially part of my life; faces grew so familiar that I no longer felt a stranger, indeed I was no longer treated as a stranger: Last-Rider invited me to stay in his tepee. I was allotted the couch of honour, and Sings-in-the-Water collected all the skins and blankets she could spare and spread them under the buffalo robe. I brought my own blanket and a white reindeer skin that was very thick and soft. Before supper I asked if my car (with a certain amount of belongings) would be safe left out in the open. Last-Rider smiled: "Quite safe. There are no White people about the camp at night."

I "turned in" before any of the others. A group of Indians were still sitting round the fire. I wrapped myself in my Arab burnous, kicked off my shoes, and turned my face to the wall.

Those soft voices talking in low tones soon lulled me to sleep.

I was awakened in the middle of the night by the sound of drums and of singing outside. In the tepee all was still, not even the sound of heavy breathing. Last-Rider and his wife lying side by side were a mountain of blankets and skins. I fell asleep only to be waked again when all the dogs of the camp (as it seemed) joined forces and went hunting, yelping madly. The moonlight

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was filtering through the opening in the top and I lay looking up at the stars, conscious of all the vertical poles that converged on that opening.

A tepee has what is called ears. The canvas end is attached to a pole which enables one to fold it back or, in case of rain, to close the opening. These ears flapped softly in the wind, making a soothing sound like the sails of a ship.

Again the light woke me at five, but as my hosts were still asleep I did not like to get up.

About six o'clock they began to talk together in a low whisper. I realised that each of us was being careful not to wake the other, and sat up to show them I was awake. Sings-in-the-Water pulled on her moccasins. Like me, she was in her dress of the day before.

I rolled up my bedclothes and then went over to her, careful to walk round from right to the centre and not to pass before the Medicine-bundle. I took her hand in both mine in a silent gesture of thanks. Last-Rider looked up and said sleepily: "Come again."

The camp was not yet astir, the air divinely fresh, and birds singing like spring. I started up the car and drove to the Schultzes for breakfast. Henceforth my home in the camp was no longer Turtle's tent but that of Last-Rider. I could go in and out of it as I liked, and eat with them if I ever hit off the time when they had their meal.

In contrast to Turtle and Fish, who only wanted money and presents, were Last-Rider and his wife, who made me so welcome and showered presents on me.

When I returned to them that morning, Sings-in-the-Water without a word buckled a beaded belt round my waist, it was one she had worked herself. While I was

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still trying to thank her she fastened a purse to it, also beaded, which I used during all the rest of my stay in America. Last-Rider watched his wife and I saw him gesture to her in sign language; without a second's hesitation she unhooked a lovely beaded bag and handed it to me. It was of buckskin, half the size of a pillow, a work of art both in colouring and design. My words of thanks were interrupted by Last-Rider, who, when there was no interpreter available, could express himself quite adequately in English.

He told me that it had been decided to take me into the tribe and give me an Indian name. It was to happen that very day, he was sending out the official camp crier to convoke the Society of Brave Dogs (commonly called Crazy Dogs) to come and assist at the ceremony. He then affixed an eagle plume to my hat, it had been dyed with red earth, which is their war-paint. He explained it had once belonged to a warrior, that it was a plume much prized, that it should protect me in danger and bring me safely through as it had the warrior who had formerly worn it on his war-paths. My name was to be Kokotos-aki, which means Star-woman. Lone-Wolf advised me what I should do, and together we went off to the "city" Store and bought provisions, sufficient to feed the whole Society of Crazy Dogs. Sings-in-the-Water collected three or four women and all their cooking-pots to help her, and the women brought their children. By midday the lodge was full of ravenous people. I counted twenty-seven without the children, and while we ate, some men took turns to drum and sing. The Indians are meat-eaters and they like it so hard that you cannot cut it, you have to hold it in your fist and tear at it with your teeth. After the meal was

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over, our host ordered the men off to their lodges to don their regalia. Meanwhile he stood up before all the people and changed from a workman's shirt and overalls into a beaded buckskined chieftain! How he managed this in perfect decency can only be ascribed to legerdemain, the fact remains that he did so.

I watched him make up, holding a piece of broken mirror in one hand. He drew red lines across his face with great dexterity, and the red was not paint but lipstick. Such is the modern Redskin warrior.

It must have been four o'clock in the afternoon before everyone was ready—I rather suspect that some of them indulged in a siesta, for the day was hot, the tepee had been breathless, and they had eaten their fill. The crier had to go several times round the camp calling them to the dance circle.

A good many tourists had been attracted by the drumming, and it was an intimidating moment when, garmented in my white burnous (it serves all purposes), I stepped out of the painted lodge, led by my feathered sponsor, whose white-gauntleted hand held mine as if he were leading his partner to a minuet.

In the absence of the traditional camp fire, the drummers assumed the central position on the dance ground. A single big drum, and several drummers who sang lustily, beat time to our measure. There was first of all a good deal of dancing, chiefly by the "grass dancers." Only the men take part, but the warriors and the chieftains in their war-bonnets join, each dancing his own individual way. It is a grand *mêlée*, in which the rhythm is the only unity. Turtle adapted his frenzied war dance to this metre; nothing would change Turtle, he stamped and pirouetted according to his wont.

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Last-Rider and some of the others like Bull-Plume presented a quiet dignity and faces like masks, and only their feet moved. But the grass dancers, half-naked, fantastically painted, with weird head-dresses and bells round their ankles, seemed hardly to touch the ground. They were worthy of the best Russian ballet.

I made notes of their painted faces, with the intention of trying to reproduce masks in painted wood.

Some of the faces were saffron-yellow with broad bands across the eyes and the mouth. The head-dress was like the crest of a bird, but made of hair instead of feathers. Others had bunches of feathers over their ears, arranged like stars and kept in place by a Greek band round the head. When the grass dance was over, Last-Rider came forward and invited me to dance the Owl Dance. This is not unlike the barn dance of our grandparents, but it is less hearty; it is in fact not hearty at all, for although the man puts one arm round his partner's waist and holds her right hand in his left in a grandly ceremonious attitude, the only thing that happens is a rhythmic shuffle. One's feet hardly leave the ground. It is more like a procession than a dance, for each couple follows close behind the other in a circle round the drum (or fire). On this occasion Last-Rider and I led the dance. I would have been happier if there had been no tourists looking on. Whenever I ventured to glance sideways I realised how an Indian feels who has to perform his ceremonies and rites under the eyes of mocking Whites. However, it was no use being self-conscious, so I assumed a seriousness as if I were on my way to the Abbey to be crowned.

When this was ended I had to stand alone while a speech in Blackfoot language explained to all present

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who I was and where I had come from. This was translated into English by Lone-Wolf for the benefit of the Whites. Then Last-Rider advanced and said in Indian: "We throw away her English name, she is our friend and henceforth shall be known to us as Kokotos-aki——"

Thereupon someone gave me a powerful shove in the back which sent me forward several paces, and meant that I had "gone forward into the tribe." I was rather bewildered and remember only loud drumming and shouts. Then, with Last-Rider on one side and Bull-Plume on the other, I had to walk three times round the big circle. After that an old man whose name I did not know made a little speech in a loud voice. He said that I was now a member of the Blackfoot tribe and that they were in great need of White friends. He hoped that on my return journey I would call at Washington and intercede for them that they might receive the money that was owed to them by the Government. "For we are very poor and we need that money. You will tell them how poor we are, how great is our need——"

Were I an American citizen I would certainly have promised, but being an alien from "across water" I could only stammer sympathetically.

The ceremony was over, and as I sat on a bright-coloured carpet (having refused a proffered kitchen chair) all kinds of Indians came and shook my hand. They seemed to find it so much easier to talk to me now that I was Kokotosa.

CHAPTER XII

Raising the Medicine-lodge and the Sun Dance Torture

WHAT is the Sun Dance?

This is the question that I kept asking and to which I got no explicit answer.

Two Indians set about telling me a long mythological story but differed considerably one from the other. The Sun Dance is concerned with a *Nataos* bundle. What is the *Nataos* bundles? *Nataos* means Sun, and a bundle of course is "medicine."

The religious ceremonies of the American Indian are unbelievably intricate and complicated, saturated with mysticism and not necessarily understood by all of them.

I suppose not every Roman Catholic—unless he was a priest—could explain the meaning of the various rituals in the Catholic Mass. Why, for instance, the Holy Book is lifted from one side of the altar and carried to the other. Why the priest puts an embroidered piece round his neck and one vestment on top of the other. Why he takes off his "beret" and puts it on again.

Although I was educated in a convent I never learned the meaning and the wherefore of these rites. I took them for granted. One has to take a good deal for granted in the Redskin ritual.

The American Museum of Natural History have published pamphlets relative to the Sun Dance, which are full of informative description for those who have

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never seen it, but I wanted an explanation of that which I had seen.

The Museum publication asserts that a Sun Dance cannot take place unless there is a Medicine-lodge, but this is not quite accurate, for I attended the Sun Dance festival of the Bloods, and it took place without any Medicine-lodge.

The lodge is the result of a woman's vow. Only a woman can offer it.

If some member of her family is in danger, through illness or otherwise, she will make a vow to the Sun to offer a Medicine-lodge at the coming festival; or the vow may be a form of gratitude, an appeal, or in fulfillment of a prayer. No woman can make this offering to the Sun unless she is an absolutely virtuous woman, that is, she must be a virgin, or a wife who has been true to her marriage vows.

If the prayers are not granted, it is presumed that the woman has lied and has provoked the wrath of the Sun.

A Medicine-lodge represents a sacrifice. It practically ruins the family who gives it, on account of the gifts that it necessitates. As Indians are almost uniformly poor, there is hardly one family who can afford it more than another. Incidentally, the vow puts the woman under the obligation of purchasing a *Nataos* bundle, which is worth several heads of horse. Few people are initiated into the contents of the *Nataos* bundle, but with some variations it is assumed to consist of the following items: the sacred head-dress for the Sun Dance woman, a badger skin, a bag in which to keep the head-dress, a shawl for covering the bundle, bladder bags for the feather bunches of the head-dress, a bundle within the bundle containing a dried weasel (ermine)

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skin, a squirrel skin, a gopher skin, etc. Added to these are a collection of accessories such as bags of red paint, yellow paint and black paint, tallow for mixing the paint, besides seven rattles of rawhide, a bag for the seven rattles, and a sheet of rawhide upon which to beat the rattles; various sticks, pointed, two-pronged, and three-pronged; a tripod on which to hang the bundle; and finally, a specially decorated robe of elk skin. The head-dress, which is the important thing, is made of buffalo rawhide. This (which is painted half red and half blue) is hung with strips of white weasel (ermine) and has a pouch containing tobacco seeds, a weasel stuffed with human hair (*i.e.* a scalp), and hanging down the back is the tail of a wild cat and sometimes a small dried bird, besides plumes and tufts of eagle feathers.

Every detail of this head-dress has a meaning and an origin in far-back mythology connected with the "Elk-Woman" and the "Woman-who-married-a-Star." But if I began to dig up mythology this book would never end!

Whatever went on in the Medicine-woman's tent, none of us was allowed to know. One heard the praying and the drumming from afar, and no one dared approach.

Everyone talked about the day when the Medicine-lodge would be "raised," and all the days preceding were in the nature of a preparation.

In the middle of the camp four trunks of trees represented the foundation of what was to be.

The day before the great day, White-Cap, the Medicine-man, and Last-Rider, dressed in their war bonnets and mounted on their horses decorated with beaded harness, rode round the camp calling for helpers to cut trees for the Medicine-lodge. Most of the young men





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answered the call. A few hours later a picturesque procession rode into camp: the two chiefs on horseback preceded the seven or eight Indian wagons, drawn by teams and piled high with cotton-wood trees in full leaf. They had been a good many miles to collect these, for there was not a tree in sight.

What happened the next day is confused in my memory, and even my diary is rather erratic in its notes. The day was so full of dances and processions that I was quite bewildered. Not even Lone-Wolf was able to give me an explanation of all that was happening. The ceremony of the raising of the Medicine-lodge had to coincide with the sinking sun. This was preceded by processions from tent to tent of the Medicine-men and women. The Medicine-men were painted black with white streaks across their faces, and a single big eagle feather tangled up in their matted hair. They appeared to be covered only with a black blanket decorated with white circles and signs, a sinister sight. Behind them tottered the bent old woman in the *Nataos* head-dress, looking more like a witch. This procession, followed by all the camp, made towards the central poles. At the same moment one became aware of men's voices, chanting from four directions. Actually, they were advancing from North, South, East, and West on horseback, eight abreast, carrying forked poles crowned with leaves. It was an impressive scene, this leafy cavalcade chanting in deep cadence. The horsemen dismounted and took up their positions at the four corners. A circle of cotton-wood trees were lying in positions ready to be hoisted at a signal. Interest centred round the big tree that lay across the middle of the ground.

On the western side, facing the setting sun, the

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Medicine-men were hidden under an awning of black blankets, performing some rite. One heard only a murmur of prayers. The waiting crowds were tense and silent. Suddenly from beneath the blankets came shrill little whistles. This was the long-awaited signal. Instantly the men with their forked poles began to push and prop the big central tree, others pulled it with ropes until, slowly, precariously, but steadily, it was raised into place, in the hole prepared for it. Everything was so well organised it seemed to happen as if by magic. In the space of a few minutes the side poles too were in place and the skeleton covered with green branches. The Medicine-lodge had been "raised." In an arbour of green branches facing east the Medicine-men in turn presided over the dances that proceeded during half the nights and all the remaining days.

One of them, an old man with sagging flesh and bony legs, was painted yellow. His hair too was dyed yellow and stood out stiffly. His face was streaked with lines. He wore a kind of tabard, and marked time by stamping his feet and blowing his bone whistle.

Fluttering from the top of the central pole were a variety of calico strips and ribbons, representing "sacrifices," prayers and appeals for blessings.

Such was the Sun Dance that I witnessed, and which lasted eight full days. Although it has somewhat modified in ceremonial since the advent of the White people, it has even to-day preserved much of its symbolism. The younger generation proudly tries to fit in, the old ones try to initiate them, but the worship of The Great Spirit has been dimmed by Missionary teaching. For the young, the Sun Dance is not so much a religious festival as a gauntlet flung in the White man's face. In

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a few years it will fade out, disappear in fact with the old generation.

Everyone who writes about the American Indian of the North West refers to him as a person of the past. Modern writers tell us that it is all over—there is no more American Indian life—even Catlin in 1832 says “they are fast travelling to the shades of their fathers, towards the setting sun,” and that “the traveller, who would see these people in their native simplicity and beauty, must needs be hastily on his way to the prairies and Rocky Mountains. . . .” One hundred and five years later, I was more hastily on my way to the prairies and Rocky Mountains than Mr. Catlin ever could have foreseen, and I found the Blackfoot nation, whose numbers have been more than halved since Catlin’s day.

Naturally one cannot expect to see a world such as Catlin describes. Even my father’s world has ceased to be, but it is wrong to assume either that the Redskin is finished or that he has nothing in common with his ancestor. For one who has not known the past, and who hardly expects to find anything at all, there are many surprises in store. The spirit of the past still lingers, and that spirit is kept alive by the old people. Until a generation has passed away (those who are over seventy years of age) there will still be much of beauty and interest. When they are all dead it will be very different. It is still possible to meet Indians who are not Christianised, who have faith in the Great Spirit, for whom the Sun Dance is a sacred festival, who believe in the Sacred Pipe, who reverently treasure their Medicine-bundles, for whom their scalps still represent deeds of valour, and who recall their youth as a period of mighty initiation of endurance.

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With the passing of that generation it will be no longer possible to contact the great tradition at first hand.

There are still a few living men who have been through the Sun Dance torture, and I met two of them, members of the Blood tribe. Heavy-Head, a conspicuous guest at the Blackfoot festival, was one of these. Heavy-Head is the Chief of the Horns, a kind of masonic society, as secret and powerful as any in Ancient Egypt. Until a few years ago, the torture was a main feature of the Sun Dance ritual, but now it is forbidden by the U.S. as well as the Canadian Governments. Before writing about this torture I would like to give some idea of Redskin ideology which led up to this endurance.

From earliest age, the male dreamed of distinguishing himself. When I use the word "dreamed" I mean literally that their lives were dominated by dreams. It was absolutely necessary that each individual should "dream" his destiny, his Medicine-bundle, his name in fact. This took place as soon as the adolescent touched manhood. It was the equivalent of the medieval knights' vigil. The young man left the camp and went up into a high lonely place. He communed with Nature, invoked the Great Spirit, and through severe fasting succeeded in having what was termed a dream, but which is the equivalent of a vision such as the monks of old experienced, also through fasting and abstinence. If, having dreamed, the young man could not understand his dream, he confided it to a warrior, to his father, or to the Medicine-man of the tribe. A meeting would be convened, the dream discussed, and the Medicine-man would give out his interpretation. Through this dream the youth received instructions as to a Medicine-bundle

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that would protect him during his life and bring him safely through his war-paths. There are records of these visions.

In the case of Plenty-Coups, the famous Crow warrior who dictated his biography to Frank Lindemann, we get an intimate account of this exceedingly important event in a young man's life. Plenty-Coups was only twelve years old, but advanced for his age and impatient. He could not wait for his adolescence, he wanted to dream his dream and be ready before his time to share the perils of the war-path. Accordingly he withdrew to a far mountain height, fasted and waited. He endured hunger, thirst, and exposure, but no dream came to him. He invoked the Sun at its rising and its setting, he prayed to the Great Spirit, he grew weaker and weaker, but still no dream was vouchsafed him. In despair he cut off a finger, trusting that the loss of blood would so weaken him that he would receive the vision, but no blood flowed. Exposure to the cold at that height seemed to have stopped the normal circulation. He wept and prayed and continued to mutilate himself. At last he got his dream. His friends who came in search gathered up the unconscious body and carried him back to camp. As soon as he had recovered, the warriors and the old men assembled to listen to the dream of this remarkable boy. After a long meditative silence, the Medicine-man pronounced the interpretation, which prophesied an end of the buffalo and the coming of the White men—and was to influence the actions of Plenty-Coups when in later years he became the Chief of the Crows.

This deviation from the Sun Dance may throw some light on the psychology of the young men of the past, some of whom are the old men of to-day. The vow to

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go through the torture test was prompted by a desire to qualify for manhood, or by a dream. To go through with it successfully ensured luck in future enterprises, a special blessing from above, and a high place in the tribe. A man who could willingly go through the torture could endure even to be scalped alive.

Perhaps the only White witness of the torture, who has "made many and faithful drawings—and full notes of everything," is Catlin, whose love of the Indians prompted him to leave a wife and family and live among the tribes of the North West, at a time (1832-1839) when they were known only to a few trappers and traders.

His zeal is greater than his art, but he is a valuable recorder. The privilege of being present at this ceremony was due to his having painted a pleasing portrait of the Medicine-man. Portrait-painting was unknown to the Indians, they regarded it as great "Medicine." Catlin received the title of "White Medicine-painter."

He prefaces his description by "Oh! *horrible visu—et mirabile dictu!* Thank God it is over——" But Catlin had accustomed himself to drawing horrors. In a previous chapter he described how he wounded a buffalo and "rode around him and sketched him in numerous attitudes—his eyes bloodshot—his mouth open—his horrid rage hissing in streams of smoke and blood from his mouth and through his nostrils—" and adds that it was "sublime for a picture"! Doubtless the torture scene was going to be equally sublime for several pictures!

He describes the young men, fifty in number, who formed up in front of the Sacred Lodge. They were naked, covered with clay of different colours, some red, others yellow, and some covered with white clay. Each

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carried a shield of buffalo hide, a bow in the left hand and the precious Medicine-bundle in the right. When they had entered the lodge they threw themselves down in reclining attitudes around its sides, "presenting one of the most wild and picturesque scenes imaginable"—for the space of four days and nights they were not allowed to eat, to drink, or to sleep. On the fourth day the "pohk-hong" or "cutting scene" was performed in the presence of the chiefs, dressed in their robes and head-dresses, to the accompaniment of music. The two Medicine-men, painted red, with black hands and black heads, took up their positions near the middle of the lodge—one with a scalping-knife and the other with a bunch of wooden skewers. One by one the young men, who were already emaciated from fasting and want of sleep, came forward and "placed themselves as best suited for the performing of the operation" as described by Catlin: "An inch or more of the flesh on each shoulder, and each breast, was taken up between the thumb and finger by the man who held the knife which had been ground sharp on both edges, and then hacked and notched to make it produce as much pain as possible. This was forced through the flesh below the fingers, and being withdrawn, a splint, or skewer, was inserted by the other man. Then two cords lowered from the top of the lodge (by men who were placed outside for the purpose) were fastened to these skewers, and they instantly began to haul him up, until his body was just suspended from the ground; similarly, the knife and skewers were passed through the flesh on each arm below the shoulder, below the elbow, on the thighs, and below the knees.

"The unflinching fortitude with which every one of

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them bore this part of the torture surpassed belief; each one as the knife was passed through his flesh sustained an unchangeable countenance; and several of them seeing me making sketches, beckoned me to look at their faces, which I watched, without being able to detect anything but the pleasantest smiles—while I could hear the knife rip through the flesh.

“While the blood was streaming down their limbs, the bystanders hung upon the splints each man’s appropriate shield, bow, and quiver, etc. In many instances the skull of a buffalo with the horns on it was attached to each lower arm and each lower leg. When these things were all well adjusted each one was raised higher by the cords until these weights all swung clear from the ground.

“Each one in turn passed into the charge of others, who commenced turning him around with a pole. This is done in a gentle manner at first, but gradually increased, when the brave fellow, whose proud spirit can control its agony no longer, bursts out in the most heartrending cries that the human voice is capable of producing, crying forth a prayer to the Great Spirit to support and protect him; in this condition he is continued to be turned, faster and faster, until (in about ten or fifteen minutes) his voice falters and he hangs, apparently, a still and lifeless corpse, his tongue distended from his mouth; his medicine-bag, which he has affectionately and superstitiously clung to with his left hand has dropped to the ground: the signal is given to the men at the top of the lodge, and they very carefully lower him to the ground.

“In this helpless condition he lies like a loathsome corpse to look at, though in the keeping of the Great





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Spirit whom he trusts will enable him to get up and walk away; one of the bystanders advances and pulls out the two skewers from the breasts and shoulders, thereby disengaging him from the cords; but leaving all the others with their weights, etc., hanging to his flesh. In this condition he lies for six or eight minutes.

“As soon as he has strength enough he drags his body around the lodge to where another Indian awaits him, with a hatchet in his hand and a dried buffalo skull before him; holding up the little finger of his left hand to the Great Spirit, the victim offers it as a sacrifice, lays it on the buffalo skull, and the other chops it off near the hand: I saw several immediately afterwards (and apparently with very little concern) extend in the same way the forefinger, leaving on the left hand only the two middle fingers and the thumb, which they deem essential for holding the bow—no bandages are applied nor any arteries taken up; they are left for the Great Spirit to cure. It is a remarkable fact that the bleeding is but very slight, and soon ceases—probably from the fact of their extreme exhaustion.

“During the whole of this time, the chiefs and dignitaries of the tribe are looking on, to decide who are the hardest and stoutest-hearted, who can hang the longest by his flesh before he faints and who will be soonest up after he has been down; that they may know whom to appoint to lead a war-party, or place at the most honourable and desperate post.

“As soon as six or eight had passed the ordeal above described, they were led out of the lodge, with their weights hanging to their flesh and dragging on the ground, to undergo another mode of suffering in the presence of the whole nation: Each one was taken in charge of two

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athletic young men, fresh and strong, who, by wrapping a broad leather strap around his wrists, stood prepared for what they call *Eh-ke-na-ka-nah-pick* (the last race). The signal given, all start to run around outside of a ring, and each poor fellow, with his weights dragging on the ground, is hurried forward by the wrists and struggles to run longer without "dying" (as they call it) than his comrades, who are fainting around him. Still they are dragged (and often with their faces in the dirt) until they are disengaged from the weights—and this must be done by such violent force as to tear the flesh out with the splint, which (as they say) must never be pulled out end-wise without defeating the object for which they have thus far suffered. These, to be broken out, require so strong and so violent a force that often some of the bystanders would throw the weight of their bodies on to them as they were dragging on the ground. . . .

"And so once again the tortured bodies lie inert and none dare touch them, because they are in the keeping of the Great Spirit—and there is no person—not a relation nor a chief of the tribe—who is allowed, or who would dare to step forward to offer an aiding hand, even to save his life; their superstition would alone hold all the tribe in fear and dread of interfering—" but in the end, "reeling and staggering like a drunken man through the crowd—which made way for him—he reached his wigwam, where his friends and relatives stood ready to take him in hand and restore him."

A youth who succumbed was left lying for three days in hopes that the Great Spirit would have mercy on him and give him back his life.

There are other horrible details of heroic endurance when the flesh refused to break, and in one case the

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youth dragged himself to a lonely place and waited for several days for the flesh to suppurate and weaken. Another "suspended himself by a rope from a crag above a river, and hung thus, suspended by his flesh, until at last it broke and he fell into the water and swam to safety."

Foolish, horrible, barbaric? (and mercifully suppressed).

There are not many left of that magnificent generation, but the rest are the sons of these.

CHAPTER XIII

Lone-Wolf Camp

ON the evening of the eighth day the tepees began to be dismantled. The following morning they had all disappeared, the camp was a barren waste strewn with tins. I felt the way one does when, after a great concert is over, one finds oneself in the noisy reality of the street.

The central pole of the Medicine-lodge, however, stood up stark and triumphant, its offerings still fluttering in the wind testifying to a belief in a Supreme Spirit.

My own offering was there. I had parted with something that was infinitely precious to me, and the fact that it had hung there among the others had seemed to connect me in a personal, mystic way with the festival. But when it was all over I said to Lone-Wolf:

"I can take back my offering now."

He answered in dismay:

"You cannot. You have given it to the sun."

I do not remember if the Lone-Wolfs invited me to camp with them, or whether the suggestion came from me. At all events, it had been agreed that I should accompany them to Lower St. Mary's Lake, which was Indian Reservation, where they were going to spend the summer.

Life seemed pretty simple for them! With a car, a tent, some blankets, and a frying-pan they lived in perfect





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contentment, as though the world belonged to them. They had no money other than what he earned with his pictures, which was a precarious income, but their needs were few. As an Indian, Lone-Wolf enjoyed certain privileges that were denied the White man on Indian soil. He could catch fish in the lake and hunt deer in the mountain. When the summer was over they would pack up their camp and trek south into Arizona for the winter.

His wife Neomy was a former school-teacher and generally helped Mrs. Schultz in the craft shop. A new craft shop was about to be installed at St. Mary's. Neomy would be in charge.

I asked Lone-Wolf why he had not married an Indian girl. He said that the modern Indian had been spoilt by contact with the Whites; "they are no longer faithful spouses." He certainly could not have married anyone more unselfishly devoted. For an American woman Neomy was surprising. She would let him pass in front of her, sit in the best chair, give him the best piece in the dish, and let him say his say even if she did not agree with him. I told her one day what a very remarkable woman I thought she was, and she answered: "It is no use being self-assertive with an Indian." In fact, she knew her man and didn't mean to lose him.

No sooner was the Sun Dance ended than the Lone-Wolfs were all loaded up ready to depart.

Our great concern was to select a camping-site. They were so splendidly gipsy-like, this half-Indian and his White wife.

We did several hair-raising explorations which were entirely unsuccessful, but finally, plunging off the main road into an aspen grove, we found ourselves skidding

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down a steep slope which brought us out into a clearing beside the lake.

It was a kind of fairy spot, designed expressly for us. Never shall I forget the wild flowers in among the silver stems, and the view of lake and mountains, of mountains reflected in the lake. Last-Rider and his wife, true to their protestations of friendship, had lent me their beautiful painted tepee. It was half yellow and half green, with big yellow spots on the green side and big green spots on the yellow side. These spots, or discs, represented stars—it was in fact called a Star Lodge, and most appropriately mine, as I was now "Star-woman." Moreover, there was a lovely green goose painted over the entrance. Last-Rider and Sings-in-the-Water had said they were coming over to visit us and help "raise" the lodge, but we wanted them to see that we were quite capable of doing it ourselves. We did in fact succeed, and although this is purely a woman's business, and an Indian man never has anything to do with it, Lone-Wolf was white enough to lend us a hand!

It was beautifully arranged inside. I had many skins and Indian rugs, bead-work and oddments that made it very decorative. I collected gravel from the little shelving beach and covered the floor—leaving a circle of earth in the middle, surrounded by big stones, in which, Indian fashion, I made my fire. I had improvised a writing-table and a dressing-table. Everything looked most comfortable, but on account of the mosquitoes I never was able to write. They turned a Paradise into a Hell.

A track through the trees led to a secluded little bay which was my own personal bathing-place. When, in

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the early morning, I stood hesitating on the beach, a plunge was the only means of escape. I had to cover myself with foul-smelling unctions to save myself from being eaten alive!

It was quite cold before the sun had time to top the sloping wood of aspens, and the lake was more like mirror than water. The distant mountains were reflected so clearly that in a photograph one couldn't tell which was the right way up. Much of my hesitation about plunging in was a reluctance to break the surface by a ripple.

Erudite people have explained to me why water is still after sunset and why it gets ruffled about the hour that mortals eat their breakfast. I prefer to regard it as the daily miracle.

The nice thing about Lone-Wolf's wife was that she prepared a perfectly good breakfast, indeed she did all the cooking, and never expected me to help her wash up.

Apart from making my bed I did nothing to help. As soon as breakfast was over I drove away and did not return until supper. About three miles away, on the shores of Upper St. Mary's Lake, I had started to carve a tree. Hans Reiss lent me his carving-tools, we borrowed a double-handled saw, and cut off a suitable block from a cotton-wood tree that was lying on the beach. Every day he came to see how I was getting on. Every day and all day I hammered a variety of chisels, until my right forearm ached and the hand that clenched the mallet could hold it no longer. I ate a sandwich towards noon, and sometimes friends from the Art Colony would come and join me, bringing a supplementary lunch and a thermos of hot coffee.

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The place in which I worked was grandiose. The mountains rose straight up from the lake on two sides, and there were further peaks, paler in tone as they out-distanced each other in the far background. There were a few trees along the beach, and masses of wild flowers. A little draughty wind was almost invariably blowing across the lake, which kept me cool and blew the mosquitoes away. Sometimes it blew a gale, and the lake was transformed into an angry sea that made so much noise, Hans would stand and watch me without my hearing him approach. There were rare days when it was dead-still and very hot. The sun was my great critic. As it slowly shifted the shadows on the wooden face it showed up the flaws and the irregularities. It is a wonderful thing to work out of doors. In the open air even a big piece of sculpture looks small, therefore one does things on a larger scale. They are simplified too.

Carving is infinitely more satisfying than modelling. Clay is too easy, too soft, too pliable, but the hard material fights you, offers opposition. No matter what the result, it feels like a triumph, even if it falls short of one's expectations.

I was not often disturbed, but sometimes I would look up and find a fisherman watching me. One day a picnic party turned up. They all talked in foreign accents and I asked one of them what his nationality was. He was a Hollander who for many years had owned a sheep ranch somewhere in the mountains. After a few minutes' conversation he said wistfully, and with a sweeping gesture:

"They tell me this is beautiful. Do you see it? I only see water and mountains, bare rocks. Now, what

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I call beautiful are those grassy lawns you get in Europe, and little cosy gardens with . . ." he hesitated.

I filled in the gap for him: "tulips!"

"That's right, tulips!" he corroborated.

Poor home-sick Dutchman trying to be an American citizen!

CHAPTER XIV

Sun Dance of the Bloods

NOT long after the Blackfoot Sun Dance, the Blood festival took place over the border. Canada was only a few miles away—thirty, if I remember right, to Cardston, the Mormon town. Four miles beyond Cardston, the Blood Reservation extended 500 square miles.

Aperconi had set his heart on going, and I promised to take him on condition that Lone-Wolf came too to take care of the old man. Neomy agreed to remain and guard the camp, which seemed to me the height of self-abnegation.

I felt badly about leaving her behind, entirely alone in a remote place where White men might land in a boat and bears come around at night! She was, however, quite placid and unafraid, and the two men, husband and father-in-law, were quite unconcerned. Whatever Lone-Wolf may have felt of regret at leaving her (for they were a very united couple), he said nothing. It is not in the nature of an Indian to waste words. They do not recognise the necessity of form. Therefore the customary "Goodbye-darling-I'm-so-sorry-to-leave-you-I'll-be-back-soon" formality went unspoken. He left without a word, he would return too without a word of greeting.

If civilisation is to be judged by its roads, then the U.S. is indeed great. I used to think that U.S. civilisa-

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tion was represented by its plumbing, but long before I reached the North West I had run clean out of the plumbing area and might indeed have been in France. The most splendid roads enable one to contact the very heart of the Rockies. Another such perfect road brought us to the Canadian border. The Canadians are conscious enough of the comparison with their own, so I will not insist. The English car attracted the usual attention, the onlookers observed wistfully that it was from "the Old Country." It was the first English car that had crossed the border that summer. It was to cross frequently and continually. It did indeed become so well known that the Customs officers joked about it each time it appeared; cars passing the border would report that it had been seen at Cardston—at Waterton—at Fort Macleod and so on, like a rare bird that having once been sighted is kept in view.

Needless to say, a very local atmosphere prevailed. Aperconi and Lone-Wolf were well known and required no identification.

We drove directly to the Indian Agency, which is enclosed by a few wan trees on the Reservation main road in an utterly treeless country.

From Mr. Pugh, the Government Agent, I obtained a pass enabling me to attend the Sun Dance. We three were the only White people on the Reservation that day.

The camp was far from the road over the undulating prairie. We picked up an Indian to show us the way. As we got nearer, we found Indians converging from all points of the compass, in their high-wheeled carts, or covered wagons, or on horseback.

The camp was set in a huge circle. Most of the

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tepees were either painted with a design or uniformly rust-coloured. The rust was a rich red-orange, thrown into relief by a heavy storm-blue sky. Colourful groups of women and children were piled in the carts, or actively unloading. One woman in a pale aquamarine dress was unloading a cart in front of a primrose tepee.

The weather was threatening, the clouds superb. Clouds are a feature in the North West, they sweep the skies above the prairie, cling to the mountain peaks, or form rich billowy designs in the background. Often they are more worthy to be photographed than the landscape.

The site of the Sun Dance camp seemed to have been carefully chosen. It stood in immensity. There was no tree nor any human habitation visible to the naked eye. Unbroken prairie to a distant, very distant, chain of mountains.

The festival had hardly started. There was no life in the camp, no animation. They assured us that dancing would begin next day. There would be no Medicine-lodge this year as no one had come forward to offer one, but the Ma'toki (Women's Society) had erected their double tepee in the centre of the ground. The Ma'toki are a famous secret society renowned for their magic. They dance but once a year, when the Sun festival takes place. Their ceremonies last four days, during which they are not supposed to sleep. Apart from the six drummers sitting in a row, who were all blind men, Aperconi and Lone-Wolf were the only men admitted. Aperconi's Indian wife was a very highly esteemed person in the tribe, and the glamour of the past was reflected on Aperconi's frail shoulders. Squaw-man and half-blood son seemed to enjoy a special

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privilege—the wife and mother had been a member of the society. Aperconi talked to them in the language of the tribe and distributed tobacco and fruit. Tobacco being a sacred weed, the women joined in a prayer. Lone-Wolf said they were invoking the blessing of the Great Spirit and of “The Above People” upon our heads. After this each one got up and went to the sacred central pole, stroked it and recited more prayers.

I asked Lone-Wolf for an explanation, but he said simply that no Indian man had ever been initiated, it was a very mysterious society.

They were strange-looking women, the old ones had penetrating eyes with a hard savage glitter like those of a bird of prey that has sighted a quarry. Each one had her buffalo head-dress on a staff stuck in the ground before her.

The Medicine-woman never spoke, but sat crumpled up, sinister and brooding, smoking her long red stone pipe. I had to remember on no account to pass before her.

When the Owner-of-the-Tepee-Pole (as the head woman was called) heard that I was Kokotos-aki she said that news of me had reached them from Browning. They knew I had come “from over the sea” and were very glad to have me with them.

In the afternoon all the younger men of the camp thronged around the Ma'toki tent, peering through the cracks to see them dance.

The word “Ma'toki” signifies “buffalo dance.” I was thankful there were no facetious American tourists present when two old women got down on hands and knees and imitated buffalo movements, in rhythm to the drums! Grotesque it seemed to those who under-

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stood none of the meaning of the pantomime. Whatever it represents, it must be something worth while, for membership costs a horse, a gun, and several Hudson Bay blankets.

Except for the Ma'toki tent, the camp was so lifeless that we went to Fort Macleod about twelve miles away, to wait for the morrow.

Hans, with a party that had begun to assume proportions, joined us there next day. The native policeman, alarmed by this unusual influx of White visitors, insisted on verifying our permits. I had left mine in my car, and the car was a quarter of a mile away, which looked no distance at all in that great space, but it seemed far as I walked it accompanied by the policeman. Being an Indian, he would not accept the word of a White person.

I told him on the way how right I thought it was of the Government to protect the Indians and keep the White people away! When he saw that I really had a permit, he was profuse in apology.

One had the sensation on the Blood Reservation that the land belonged to the Indians and the Whites were there on sufferance. We even carried our Kodaks apologetically, and with reason. The Bloods, unlike the Blackfoot, do not ask for money to be photographed, the Bloods simply ask *not* to be photographed at all.

There is a kind of supersitition that still lingers, to the effect that a reproduction of a man's face makes him vulnerable to anyone wishing to misuse it. If their demand seems to us unreasonable, it is because we have so little knowledge of magic.

An important ceremonial dance took place on that second day, the dance of the famous Horn Society.

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This is essentially a Blood ceremony, and although there are Blackfoot and Piegan members, the ceremonies only take place on the Blood Reserve.

The Horns are the most formidable secret society that exists among the Indian tribes. Owing to the universal fear of this society, and the secrecy of its ritual, it is very difficult to get any information about it. My best (Indian) friends advised me not to ask about the Horns. It is supposed to be dangerous even to talk about them. Anyone who divulged even a fraction of information would be pursued with ill luck. I was assured that the power of their magic was so great that to wish anyone dead was tantamount to the realisation! Among the Bloods, fear of the Horn Society is still so great that the most solemn oath a man can swear is to "speak the truth by the Horns."

Membership costs six or seven horses, in return for which the member receives a long seven-foot staff like a shepherd's crook. It is wrapped around in strips of otter, and decorated with bunches of eagle feathers. Why this staff should be worth seven horses, and why Indians thought it worth while to be temporarily beggared, is the secret none may know.

The American Museum of National History must have offered a large bribe for the ritual details that they acquired, and so that none may be shocked by the revelation, it is printed in Latin!

The belief is general that Horn members have power of life and death even upon outsiders: they have a short magic formula, which consists in sharpening the point of a stick, painting it red, naming the victim, and casting the stick in the fire. I find it hard to believe that it is quite so simple.

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The Chief of the Horn Society was Heavy-Head, the strange-looking old Blood Indian whose presence I had remarked at the Browning Sun Dance festival: one of the few men living who has been through the torture, and of whom I shall write more later on.

It was late in the afternoon when the Horn Society came to life and filled the camp with their activities.

There were few decorative costumes and hardly any war bonnets in the field, nevertheless they made a grand sight dancing eight or ten abreast, chanting, and waving their great staffs. The dancing was more varied, more spirited even, than anything I had witnessed in Browning. There were horsemen too who played a part, but the ritual seemed very involved and needed understanding.

As I pursued the dancers round the huge camp circle, Kodak in hand, two of the members detached themselves from the group and came towards me. They were painted entirely black and had eagle plumes in their hair. I saw them from a distance, and the crowd, watching, knew they were coming to me. I stood riveted. First they addressed me in the language of the tribe, and then calling an interpreter asked me to refrain from any more photography. After that I did not dare to take even surreptitious snapshots. The day, however, was far advanced, and the sky threatening a mighty storm; it is doubtful whether I could have secured any worth-while results.

A Chief whom I'd met in Browning volunteered the information that the dancers were praying for rain: "And we shall get it," he pointed to the very ominous sky; "our Great Spirit always answers our prayers."

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Even so, I think if they had prayed for rain not to fall it would have fallen in spite of them.

Perhaps this Chief was a little resentful of Whites present, for he seemed slightly out of humour and added rather provokingly: "Our Great Spirit hears us. It is not the same with you—but then *you White people killed your God*. We never could do such a thing."

Whether the people of Palestine are white or not was a subject to which I had never given thought—the thrust was sudden and unexpected, I was incapable of any immediate retort. About this same moment the skies fell. The Chief covered his head with his blanket and we rushed for our cars, knowing the prairie track would very rapidly become impassable.

CHAPTER XV

The Art Colony

THE place where the Lone-Wolfs were encamped was so hidden that, until our car-tracks became more evident, I had some trouble in marking the exact spot where one left the road to plunge into the aspen grove.

One night we gave a party, that is to say, we invited the brothers Reiss and all the Art Colony. Any number of students had now joined them, and I led a string of cars who without me would never have found the place. We left them parked by the road and, preceded by Indians drumming and chanting, descended the steep path in single file through the trees.

Lone-Wolf had collected a quantity of wood and built up a huge fire. I could not help wishing there had been others besides the Lone-Wolfs to witness our arrival, for the party had all the appearance of a pagan procession.

My tepee, lit by a little flickering fire inside, seemed to be made of transparent painted silk. In the background the moonlit lake was a shimmering sea.

The Indian models sang and kept on singing tirelessly. Song is their form of self-expression, either for sorrow or for joy. Through song they address themselves to the Great Spirit, with song they went into battle, with song they sometimes pass over the Great Divide.

This night they were happy, they sang with a spirit

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of joy. Something of the past surged back to them through the night, with its roof of stars, the woods full of dark shadows, the wood-fire leaping up throwing its sparks tree-high, and the tepee, emblem of an Indian home. The little son of one of them, sitting on a log, stared into the flames and never moved. He was like a being hypnotised. The child knew more than he knew—his past stirred in his dormant memory. So strange was the demeanour of this little boy in his huge sombrero hat that he attracted our notice, but he was quite oblivious of the fact.

Among the singers there was one especially whose voice was clear and deep, whose drum was to him as his fiddle is to a gipsy. Big-Bull was a tall, powerfully built Indian with a wistful charming smile, melancholy eyes, and the mouth of Apollo. Two long braids half-covered his ears, from which hung a sea-shell. The drum consisted of a dried skin stretched across a wooden circle like a tambourine. Music is a subtle emotion, and Indian music the most subtle of all. It is not possible for us White people to retain an Indian tune, or even to recall the octave on which it is based. Yet from constant repetition one could at last recognise a song, and even sing it with them, but never without them.

Big-Bull was a great musician. He was to be in great demand all summer, not merely as a model. Winold Reiss would get him to play his drum and sing to him while he worked. When he was not singing for Winold, he was singing for the class. Often I motored him in to Browning and he sang the whole forty miles!

On this particular night Lone-Wolf had the inspired idea of putting the Indians into the boat and sending

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them out on to the water to sing. There are moments in life that one would wish to prolong, that are like the striking of a bell in eternity and fill one with clear reverberation. As the sound dies away a little bit of ourselves dies with it.

I met that night for the first time an artist (in every sense of the word) who was destined to be the outstanding personality of St. Mary's Colony. Erika (she needs no other name) had been given by her mother to Isadora Duncan to be trained as a dancer when she was only four years old. "*Die kleine Erika*," as Isadora called her, because she was the youngest of her class, had shared all the ups and downs of Isadora's strange career, such as Isadora herself has told it in her Memoirs. Erika was small and slim, dark-skinned and big-eyed. She moved like those women in Southern countries who balance jars upon their heads.

Everyone, including myself when I first saw her, mistook her for an Indian girl. She was the romantic story-book Indian of one's imagination.

The night of the party she could not speak. Like the little Indian boy, she too stared into the fire. Indian music and the beauty of the night filled her with ecstasy.

Before they left, I was congratulated on my party. But it was not *my* party. Its success was due to firelight and shadows, to moon and music, above all to the Indians. Without them it would not have been in any sense of the word a party.

For a month I lived in the Lone-Wolf camp, or rather I slept there. All day I carved my cotton-wood tree on the deserted shore of St. Mary's Upper Lake,





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returning to the silent Lone-Wolfs for supper. Never can I forget the early-morning awakenings in the soft translucent light of the tepee, the daily bathe in the cold calm lake, the chattering of chipmunks at breakfast, and drifting in a boat on the lake at sunset. But the main object of my journey was to sculpt Redskins. The most perfect specimens were encamped close to the Colony, but because I was not living at "The Chalets" Hotel I might not use them as models. The Reisses had nothing to do with this decree, they would not have cared if all the students were living in their own tents. But the Great Northern, whose studios were a gift to the Reiss brothers, insisted that whoever joined the School must live at the hotel. There was no choice, no alternative.

The Lone-Wolfs said they'd miss me, which, as they were nearly Indians, was not empty politeness. The artists welcomed me, many of them were already my friends.

I settled in to a chalet, and avoided any discussion with the Management as to whether at any time I might be obliged to share it with another.

Every day for a week I brought more and more things from the camp, until my chalet began to look like my permanent home. Carpets and skins were spread about the floor, a buffalo robe covered the bed, the spare beds were loaded with Indian bead-work, books, and clothes. Papers and writing-material were scattered over three tables, and wherever there was room for a jug or a bowl, they were filled with wild flowers. It would have been hard on the person who had to share the room with me, but there was no attempt to enforce this.

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Hans had said truly that, whatever the discomforts or irritations, one forgot them in the interest and intensity of the work. I threw myself into a hard-working, satisfying life. My wide verandah very quickly assumed the aspect of a studio. I began to work on two heads, so that when one model was posing for the School I had another to keep me going.

It was never hot at St. Mary's; I have an impression of having missed a summer. It was not as warm as England on a fine summer's day. Nearly always there was a wind blowing across the lake.

We were so close to the mountains that we were caught up in the draughty currents of air that came sweeping through them. It was difficult to believe that in New York people were dying of heat. At St. Mary's we shivered as we ran across the open in heavy overcoats to the bathroom. Many were the mornings that I was thankful for a fire to dress by.

I have said that one had to get up early or go without breakfast, and go to bed early or undress in the dark! Regulations stimulate in one a sense of Rights, and so when the Manager switched off the light fifteen minutes before the official time he heard about it next day! It was awfully like being at school, we were at school in fact, and it was a nice school. Twenty of us, of all ages and both sexes, united in an intensive endeavour to do our best work. There was never a quarrel during all the weeks. It could not be otherwise, with two such charming people as the Reisses at the head of the organisation. They were delightful companions, sportsmen and men of the world. Above all, they earned respect because of their genius and capacity for work.

Erika remained the outstanding personality, silent,

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wistful, and hypersensitive! She was so exquisitely graceful and decorative, we all admired her, consulted her, sought her opinion and her approval. She designed and made many of her own clothes, and some of us wanted to copy her, regardless of the fact that no one could look like her if they tried. In the end we were an exotic-looking crowd. The Reisses rather encouraged this. They dressed oddly themselves. As the tourists only came to St. Mary's to see the artists, it seemed but right to give them a show.

To Americans, artists are a curiosity, a species of human being that looks and lives and thinks quite differently to the rest of mankind. We could not have attracted more attention if we had been cyclops or Siamese twins with webbed feet.

We sat down to meals at a long table that extended the whole width of the great hall. Half of us talked German, for the Reisses attracted other Germans besides the artists. Erika and I would frequently break into French. This cosmopolitanism in the heart of the Rockies was unexpected and added to our glamour. Nor was it a quiet table. One end would engage the other in a discussion. More often there was general conversation, and laughter filled the hall. There were unfailing jokes that were ever dished up afresh. Carl Link, a well-known German artist, had a Hogarthian sense of the grotesque, and spent every minute of his life drawing animate and inanimate objects. He would go without food if there happened to be a more than usually comic-looking tourist. It was lucky they could not see the portraits he did of some of them.

He was always planning to catch the next boat from New York to Germany via the Adriatic, which wasn't

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very reasonable. His mother was waiting for him, had been waiting for years. Winold would not let him go because his criticisms of the students' work rendered him invaluable. Generally his criticism reduced them to tears, but, like the tears of children, they soon dried.

We were all on joking terms with the waitresses, and that, too, added to the general gaiety. No picture of St. Mary's would be complete without mention of the "maids." The Great Northern had decreed that the suitable uniform for American College girls who earned their summer's vacation as serving-maids was the costume of a Swiss dairymaid. There are no professional servants in any of the hotels in the National Parks, they are run entirely by College girls. Although they do not earn enough to make it financially worth while, they are satisfied to have a free holiday in a part of the world that they would never otherwise see. There were three or four of them who did all the work at St. Mary's. I never could make out where the holiday came in; they worked from morning till night, beginning with bed-making and sweeping, and then laying the tables and serving meals.

They were always smiling. It was a great lesson in how-to-be-happy-no-matter-what-you're-doing when those girls with their brooms and buckets came up the hill-side singing.

The Management was hard on them. They had very little time off, and one night when they had gone for a moonlight excursion on a little steam-boat round the lake, and returned at midnight, they were locked out of the hotel. The next morning they appeared smiling and happy, having slept all night on the beach.

"Sally" has since written to me to say that although



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it was hard work it was worth while, because she learned so much by living amongst us. But we too learned something from her.

For the special aggravation of the artists a steam-boat plied daily across the lake from Sun Camp, bringing tourists to visit the Reiss Art School. Every day at three o'clock when the steamer blew its whistle a groan went up from the students; for thirty minutes all work was held up.

It might be argued that the artists could rest during that time, but the artists did not want to rest. Although the official work hours might seem long (9 a.m. to 12.30 and 2 p.m. to 4.30), they were all too short for people who were desperately keen on their work, who knew that the model might be snatched from them any day to give place to a new one, and for whom the summer went all too quickly anyway.

I do not remember that a single visitor of any appreciation or understanding passed through the studios. They would arrive noisily and demand to "see the artists" (not the artists' work), they got between the artists and their daylight, between the artists and their model, and would ask, "Is it a real Indian?" and poke him to see if he was real or a waxwork. Then a variety of questions such as "What do they eat?" as if the Indian was a strange wild animal. Someone in an awed voice asked, "Is he — a killer?" Winold usually kept his door locked, but sometimes they demanded to see him: generally to tell him that some member of their family had once been an artist.

When Winold was called back to New York for a few days, the students united in revolt and decided to keep out the tourists. As soon as the steamer whistled,

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the studios were locked. The tourists beat upon the doors, demanding admission, and failing to be admitted, complained to the Manager. Percy Crayton, the interpreter, who was apt to become officious in the absence of Winold, remonstrated with the students, said that the Great Northern had made a special condition with the Reisses that tourists should be admitted to the studios. The students pointed out (I had incited them) that as the Great Northern did not pay them to be a peep-show (but on the contrary made them pay dearly for the privilege of working in the studios), they were entitled to be left in peace.

When Winold returned, although he sympathised, he would not allow the studio doors to be locked. So the students downed brushes and walked out during that half-hour. It was wasted time and they never ceased to resent it.

As I did not work in the studios, the tourist invasion did not bother me. My chalet was on the side of a steep hill, and Americans do not care much about walking. They only see that which is easily accessible. One day, however, the wife of a missionary energetically plodded up the hill to look at me. She talked to me about the Indians with the air of a connoisseur, said it was a pity they were "so dirty." Whereat I snapped back that there were dirty White people too. She admitted this reluctantly and boasted she had lived thirty years among the Bloods in Canada. Thereupon I brightened and said:

"Then you know my friends the Tailfeathers?"

"Oh, I don't know any of their names," she answered.

The Tailfeathers were encamped at St. Mary's, not as models, but because Gerald, aged twelve, was so

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talented that Winold gave him free tuition; his brother of ten also gave promise, and had been invited too to join the class. The Tailfeathers were Bloods from over the border. (I must add in parenthesis that Tailfeather is a very noble name. The war bonnets are made from the tail feathers of an eagle, and it takes four eagles to make a bonnet.) Estocomachi (Esto for short), the mother of the boys, had set up her tepee and installed herself in the camp for the duration of the school term. Hearing there was an Englishwoman at the chalets, she called on me. I was bewildered by her excellent English and her sophistication, until she told me she was half-Irish. We became great friends. Every day at five o'clock I went down to the Indian camp, where she prepared tea for me. The hotel did not provide tea, and it was essential. I used to be so tired it was almost pain to be spoken to. Stretched out on the grass, in the sun, that wonderful air soon revived one. We all worked more or less at the same high pressure. It was passionately interesting, the days passed too fast.

Erika, who, like me, worked independently of the School, was usually on the tea-ground before I arrived. She was learning how to do Indian bead-work and spent a good deal of time with the Indian women.

I never knew when I was talking to Esto Tailfeathers whether I was talking to a White or a Red. She had an Irish sense of humour very clearly defined, and she lived like an Indian. She could not explain anything about Indian customs or religion, for she had been educated in a Mission school. I was so sorry for her because she hadn't got a shawl like the other Indian women, so when I went into Browning I bought her

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one, and some bright kerchiefs to tie round her head. I did not understand that she had "advanced" beyond kerchief and shawl (according to Missionary standards), and that a reach-me-down-coat and a tam-o'-shanter were the proofs of this advance. However, she took my gift in the spirit it was offered, and when she saw how Erika and I, and the Reisses too, admired Indian clothes and Indian art, Indian taste and Indian traditions, she was rather impressed. It had never occurred to her before that there was any value in anything except Indian blood (she was proud of that). Her upbringing had instilled into her the false necessity of copying the White people. Suddenly she found herself among intellectual Whites whose only idea was to steep themselves in Indian lore. Every Indian woman in the camp was hard at work beading moccasins and belts, bags and bracelets, commissioned by the artists—more orders than they could fulfil.

While the men were earning by posing, their women were earning as much if not more.

The Bloods were so noble, I always felt a kind of embarrassment when I paid them. Especially was this the case when Shot-on-both-Sides, the Chief of the Bloods, consented to be done by me. It seemed all wrong, somehow, to put money into his hand. He carried his chieftainship impressively. One day I told him through an interpreter that I considered the honour of doing him beyond any adequate payment. That at last drew from him a smile of appreciation. Every one of us had grown so accustomed to the Indian lack of demonstration, their abrupt sentences and long silences, faces that never registered pleasure, and the elimination from their vocabulary of any equivalent for

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"Thank you," that had we met an Indian who was in the least different to this we should have mistrusted him.

The Indian manner is rather well illustrated by one of the landscape artists' account of how an Indian kept staring through his window, his hands shading his eyes, trying to see inside. Asked what he wanted, he answered: "See pictures." He was shown the whole landscape collection slowly one by one. On the part of the Indian there was no word spoken, not so much as a grunt to mark a preference. The painter felt his pictures hadn't been much of a success—in a gloomy silence the Indian went to the door. Suddenly he turned: "Nice pictures," he said, and walked out.

The nearest approach I ever saw to a demonstration of thanks was when Erika gave Big-Bull a necklace she had beaded for him. He made a little exclamation and raised his hand as if he would pat her shoulder. The hand remained suspended, in an attitude of reverence. They are so restrained, so apparently full of respect for women.

Erika and I used to take Big-Bull with us whenever we went on our evening exploring expeditions. Motoring was a great treat to him, also he loved—as we did—to see new places. There were a few mountain-tracks that were accessible to motors, but they usually ended abruptly at a river, or a torrent where a bridge had been washed away. Some of them petered out in an open meadow, or at the entrance to a wood. They were always worth while as far as they went, bordered by multitudinous flowers, and when we could advance no further by car we rambled further on foot.

One evening I provoked Big-Bull to hearty laughter

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when, stumbling over an enormous porcupine on the path, I uttered a shrill yell, and the animal, as surprised as myself, grunting angrily, ambled away as fast as it could (which wasn't very fast) into the wood.

Another evening to please Big-Bull, we went to Sun Camp, which he had heard about but never seen. All Big-Bull knew about it was that the little white steamer which brought tourists once a day came from this mysterious place!

It was a windy evening, and I wore my Hudson Bay blanket-coat similar to the ones worn by the Blackfeet Indians, and actually made by one. It had broad stripes of green, yellow, red, and black, and a fringed hood that transformed one into an Esquimo. Erika had on a scarlet dress, a shawl striped violet-blue and magenta, and high white moccasins. Big-Bull's shirt was of vivid blue silk with red collar and cuffs, a magenta scarf, and a braided woollen girdle of pink and red and blue. Small wonder people stopped and stared. I believe they took us all for Indians. Erika looked, as usual, like a romantic little squaw. At a bend in the road a car suddenly stopped with a shriek of brakes, and a rather nice-looking man jumped out, Kodak in hand. He asked if we would be so kind as to "let him take a picture." We were posed with considerable care against a suitable background, and when he had finished he offered to pay us. I demurred, Erika was evasive, but the man pressed a coin into Big-Bull's hand, saying, "Give the girls a soda!" and drove away. Big-Bull understood hardly any English, but he looked at the silver piece in the palm of his hand. "Fifty cents *a minute*," he said thoughtfully, comparing this rate of payment with the fifty cents *an hour* he received

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for posing at the School. Big-Bull was superb, well worth fifty cents a shot! and when "*Die kleine Erika*" stood by his side it was really a pretty sight.

Most of our models were repatriated after two weeks, and new ones took their places, but when Hans announced his intention of removing Big-Bull from us there was a general outcry. We could not envisage St. Mary's without Big-Bull. Even when he was not posing or making music for us, it was pleasant to see him wandering about. He was part of the landscape, a movable piece of decoration. Esto, who could be so disconcertingly Irish at times, nicknamed him "The Sheikh": that a Redskin knew anything about Sheikhs was surprising.

There was a grotesquely ugly old Piegan called Bull-Head, who, when he laughed, looked like a mask of comedy. Hans had started to do a laughing head of him. He was extremely popular, but my favourite was the Chief, Shot-on-both-Sides. He was even uglier than Bull-Head. He had a pendulous nose and a great protruding lower lip. He was so grand when he dressed in his buckskins and feathered bonnet that I felt like curtsying to him. The first time I met him he was dressed in a dark blue coat with gold stripes on the cuffs, and a gold braid round his high-crowned hat. I supposed he had bought a Mercantile Marine Officer's coat out of a pawnshop. Afterwards I learned this was the uniform that the Canadian Government had invented for Redskin Chiefs (someone must have wanted to be funny). Shot-on-both-Sides was very grave and formal, every inch a Chief, until one got to know him, and then he was the soul of joviality. We all used to spoil "our" Indians, they so loved presents.

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I gave the Chief the biggest turquoise Navajo ring that I could find. The Navajos are a tribe in Arizona who have a turquoise mine on their Reservation. Their jewellery (they work the silver settings themselves) is to be found all over the North West, and the Indians of all tribes love turquoise blue. Buying turquoise rings was one of our pastimes. To pass an idle moment we'd go to the filling-station store and buy another ring! Of course he didn't say "Thank you"—if he had, I should have been worried about him—but his face was wrinkled in a smile of pleasure. It was a really big blue square slab. His wife took it. She showed it to me on her own finger. Ancient-Pipe-Woman was her name, she would come to my verandah and sit in the sun smoking cigarettes while her husband posed. When she talked to him, he answered by a series of grunts in different intonations.

One day, having had a specially good look at her, I realised she had an extremely interesting face, that I had not done a woman, and asked her to pose. She was awfully pleased at the suggestion, because a few days earlier, when I had taken her to Browning on a shopping expedition, she had parted with a five-dollar bill at the Store in mistake for one. Now she would be able to make it back. She had quite as much personality as her husband, and was, moreover, a Medicine-woman. I often wondered, when she returned my stare, what thoughts were behind those strange eyes.

She would arrive panting and doubled up from the effort of the climb; when she was rested I fixed her upon planks that formed a seat on the angle of the balustrade, with the corner pillar as support for her back. She would sit, so still and impassive, smiling



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at first, with an expression of great friendliness. Her mouth never altered, but her eyes after a while would change completely. Every line of her brow and lids took on a different pattern. From kindness, her eyes became so diabolical that it was almost frightening. As we could not talk one another's language I would go up to her and smilingly smooth out her puckered brow with my fingers! She always had red paint on her face and a red line down her middle parting, but the red paint round her eyes seemed to turn green, like a chameleon. She was an uncanny old woman. There was not much she didn't know about "medicine" magic.

One morning Hans hitched his trailer to his car and said he was going to look for Turtle. I was anxious to finish the head of Turtle, which I'd begun in the tepee and which remained an exasperating reminder of a fruitless effort. Hans was not at all sure that he could find him, or, having found him, could induce him to return with him. Anything to do with Turtle was bound to be problematical. In the evening, however, he arrived in triumph with old Turtle, Mrs. Turtle, and a very good-looking young Turtle.

While young Turtle posed (sulkily) for the class, Hans and I shared old Turtle alternate hours. He proved just as restless as at the Sun Dance camp. Often I used to pay him off before he'd done his full time. One could only stand him in small doses.

Then, when I had begun to get on rather well, and the School too had got started on him (which means there were about fifteen half-done portraits of him), he asked to be taken back to Browning. His reasons were various, chiefly complaints about the camp. The

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tent leaked, the food didn't suit him, he wanted to go home. He couldn't go unless Hans took him, and Hans argued. Turtle consented to stay a few more days, and everyone worked with the feverish zeal of those who know there is a time-limit. The next excuse was that he didn't earn enough to make it worth while to stay. He earned of course far more than anyone else, for when he had finished with the class, Hans and I between us left him no spare time. The fact is he was bored to tears, hated posing, and wasn't quite at home among the Bloods. For several days the departure of Turtle became a serious topic. We asked one another in tones of tragic gravity whether Turtle was likely to be available on the morrow. "Have you finished him?" I was asked, and "How far have you got with him?" I would ask the others. Then one day Turtle got positively insistent, he said he *must* go, and produced a real excuse—he said his hay was spoiling.

Hans promised to take him, but a great pow-wow was being organised, a pow-wow to which all the White people in the neighbourhood were to be invited. The prospect of dancing round a fire in the open, with onlookers to appreciate his amazing antics, was too much for Turtle; he decided to wait for the pow-wow!

CHAPTER XVI

Indian Nights

OUR "pow-wow" was the instigation of the Great Northern. The Indians were used for touristic propaganda, though why American tourists should be attracted to a place by the presence of Red Indians was rather hard to understand. Judging by the attitude of most U.S. people I should have thought they would have made a detour to avoid them.

Fifty miles away was a hotel called Glacier Park Entrance. This hotel was a stone's throw from the Great Northern railway and they "kept" Redskin Indians in tepees (painted by the Great Northern) who wore gala costume, war bonnets, and so on all day during the whole summer season. Part of their duties was to go to the station and meet the daily train. They met it with drums and tomahawks according to instructions. I learned from a tourist who had happened to be the only one who got off the train that day, his bewilderment, but also his embarrassment, at being met by "braves" seemingly on the war-path. He didn't think he was important enough to merit this, and he felt foolish and self-conscious.

These same "braves" were required to give an entertainment in a subterranean dance-hall of the hotel for those whom it might interest. Our St. Mary's Colony turned up in full force one night with our Bloods, and occupied the front seats.

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Big-Bull joined the musicians and gave his services. After some dancing, which was mechanical and spiritless, a fine-feathered specimen stood up to make a speech. He told the assembled audience that the Reds *were so glad* (or words to that effect) they had been *conquered* (perhaps that was not the exact word!), and that they were *grateful* for the schools and other advantages of civilisation that had been bestowed upon them by the Great United States (which has broken 600 treaties with the Indians), after which the hat was passed round. They are starvingly poor, and a good deal of natural pride has been crushed out of the U.S. Indians. I will, however, say in his defence, that the Indian who made this speech recited it as if it were something he had learnt by heart and did not understand.

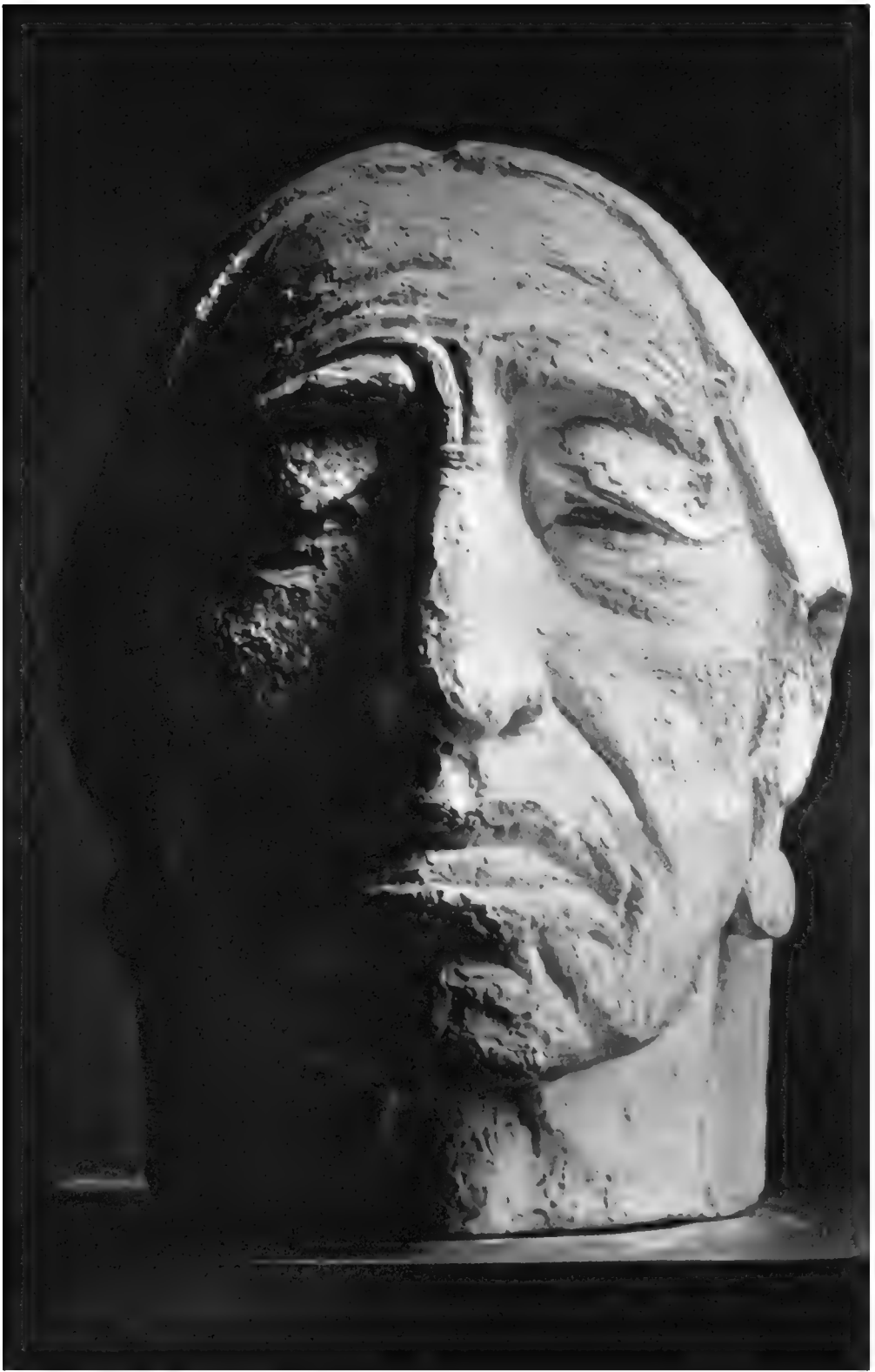
"Our" pow-wow was of a very different character. It had all the semblance of a tribal event, to which the White people were bidden as friends—and in doing so the Bloods felt they were conferring a favour.

I only hope they (the guests) realised how rare a thing it is to get the Redskins in their ceremonial outfit in a camp-setting complete with bonfire. Turtle, as usual, had naked thighs, and it was only by close inspection that one could make out whether the network was real or painted.

A considerable crowd assembled.

The Indians played up. They were splendidly unrestrained! No one was allowed to remain sitting on the ground. The Chief summoned me five times in succession to dance with him! Of course he never spoke, but with great solemnity held my hand in his embroidered gauntlet like a medieval knight. We





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performed the shuffling Owl Dance, round and round the fire, upon which at intervals were piled more logs. Young people who had never seen the Owl Dance fell into the rhythm of it with their partners, and their gay laughter rose above the drums.

During an interval it was announced that one or two new members were going to be taken into the tribe. This surprise had been reserved for the lovely blonde, talented Betty Gomery. It fulfilled her long-cherished ambition. In a stentorian voice the Chief announced Betty's Indian name, and she received the classical shove in the back, that pushed her forward into the tribe. Shot-on-Both-Sides debated a long time, I'm told, and finally, with the approval of the others, called her "Stealing-in-the-Winter." It was a war-path name that had come to him from his father. Betty's face was a study, she wasn't sure if it was a good name or a joke. There ensued a discussion in low voices through the interpreter, who explained to her that it is comparatively easy to steal in summer, but to steal horses in winter implies real endurance and sagacity. It took time to satisfy Betty that she really had a worth-while, in fact a rather glorious, name. It was going to be difficult, of course, to explain to the family, her friends in New York would be slow to understand!

The anti-climax was reached when a New Yorker of Oriental origin (whose wife said of him that he looked so Indian!), and who had only spent two days at St. Mary's, and was, therefore, quite unknown to the Indians, asked to be taken into the tribe. As he was a friend of Winolds the situation was rather delicate, but, much to my amusement, the interpreter announced that Mr. X had been made a member of the Piegans!

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There was no Piegan Chief present to protest. The membership was purely honorary. All the same, it was rather hard, I thought, on the Piegans.

We had several pow-wows, for each one was such a success that everyone clamoured for more. But the intimate life of the camp was unknown to any except Betty, Erika, and myself.

Every evening we assembled in the tepee of Shot-on-Both-Sides. So long as we had Big-Bull to make music for us, and Bull-Head for laughter, our evenings were bound to be a success. Looking back, I can appreciate even more than I did then, the unique experience of those Indian nights. It is very difficult in these days to reconstruct "atmosphere." Habitually the Indians are to be found only in their miserable shacks, which for a nomadic people is an unnatural state. Their condition is proof sufficient of an alien mode of life.

At St. Mary's we were reliving the old days when the Indian was free and the tepee was his home. It seemed to me quite natural they should be in tepees and I was right, but it is a rare thing to see except during the one week of the year which is the Sun Dance festival.

The tepee which housed the Chief was not his own, it was provided by the Great Northern and painted by them. It taught one to appreciate Indian Art!

The Indian tepees I have already described, exquisitely painted according to the "medicine" of the individual, executed with taste and knowledge. The Great Northern, who probably cannot purchase a genuine tepee, because, like the Medicine-bundles, they are not for sale, painted a tepee in imitation. But not only had their design no meaning, but their

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colours were crude and they used the wrong medium. By day it was a horrid sight, but at night one did not notice it. Inside, it was arranged tastefully. Ancient-Pipe-Woman had put up the lining of her own tepee. A lining is essential, it regulates the draught and draws up the smoke from the fire to the aperture in the top.

This lining, which is of canvas, affords the Indian an opportunity of expressing his artistry. They love to paint pictures of their war-paths, or any outstanding event in the life of the individual. The wife of Shot-on-Both-Sides had recorded her husband's past on the tepee lining with great skill and cunning. It was recognised by Indian experts as one of the masterpieces. There were also embroidered back-rests made of cane, which enabled one to recline at one's ease, pillows piled up against the back-rest. There were a variety of things hanging from the tepee poles, such as bags and belts, pipes and shawls, rattles and head-dresses, all these details contributing towards the general furnishing and decoration. Indispensable was the cross-pole, from which hung drying meat, and against which I inevitably struck my forehead when I stood up.

The nights' entertainments were varied. Sometimes we played the bone game, which was always an animated affair, for Bull-Head would throw himself about in the most comic attitudes, shouting and laughing when it was his turn to hide the bones. Bull-Head was an entertainment in himself. He also sang well, and when Big-Bull drummed, Bull-Head would shake a bunch of bells in accompaniment. But best of all they liked to dance. According to Indian custom, if a man stands before you and waves a rattle, or in the absence of a rattle gives you a slap on the shoulder, you

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have to rise to your feet and join in the dance. Now the wives of Shot-on-Both-Sides and Bull-Head were far from young, they were, in fact, very old women, bent and stiff. It was a never-ceasing wonder to me how they scrambled to their feet, again and again, for the men would not leave them in peace, they insisted that every one of us should dance. The Scalp Dance never failed to rouse the spirit of even the oldest. The music of the Scalp Dance has a vicious and savage rhythm, so that even the women from the neighbouring tents would come and join us. Even the old women straightened themselves, stamped their feet and shook the staff with victorious energy (a staff from which the enemy scalp should be dangling). They laughed as they danced, and there was real mischief in their laughter.

CHAPTER XVII

Invitation and Visit

BEFORE August had ended, Esto Tailfeathers invited me to go to stay with the family on the Blood Reservation.

The chance of actually staying with an Indian family was not to be missed. I talked about it enthusiastically to my friends. Hans said I was lucky and he was very envious. Winold said he supposed I'd stick it a week. Betty was anxious. Erika, who knew me best, said I would stay a month. Meanwhile Esto broke it gently to her husband one Sunday when he came from Canada to visit the St. Mary's portion of his family.

Sakoyena Tailfeathers (Sako for short) was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. I wondered why Esto had said "Wait till you see my husband" in such a tone of pride, and Hans had said rather significantly, "Oh, you should see him!" as if it were a treat not to be missed. Dear Esto had let her body go absolutely to seed as a result of seven children, and had only her eyes to boast of, but, as far as I was able to judge (when I got to know them intimately), Sako never gave her any cause for anxiety! Nor did Esto seem capable of jealousy. They had been children together and he married her when she was very young. Esto appreciated the fact that she had a fine thing in husbands. She was thankful, but never anxious.

When Esto told Sako that I was coming to stay he

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looked at me and smiled and said nothing, indeed there was nothing to say.

I did not know that they had two daughters-in-law, each with a child, that the family totalled thirteen (nineteen if one includes stepfather and wife, with a married daughter and children), and that there were two bedrooms.

As the summer advanced and the visit drew nearer, Esto got more and more active in her planning. I must give her three or four days, she said, in which to prepare. My room would be complete with rocking-chair, and there would be a table with a mirror, a basin and jug, a comfortable bed, and I only had to bring my own bedclothes. These I had in plenty, for it had been cold at night when I camped with the Lone-Wolfs.

There was another invitation for me from Norma Smith, a school-teacher on the Blackfoot Reservation, who had spent the summer at St. Mary's studying landscape painting. Her schoolhouse was in a rather remote place by Two Medicine River. If she had been able to have me early in September when I left St. Mary's, I might perhaps never have got to the Tail-feathers. But Norma also required time to prepare her guest-room, and Esto's was ready first.

In order to stay on the Blood Reservation it was necessary to get permission from the Agency. Esto had no doubt that I should get it. She tossed her head confidently: "I'll tell Mr. Pugh—he won't refuse me!"

But before Esto went back to Canada I went across the border and was able to ask the Agency myself.

Mr. Pugh was out, so I asked his assistant Mr. MacMillan, a large, broad, black-moustachioed Scotsman,

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with a hearty manner. I gathered that it would be the first time that a White person had ever lived with an Indian family on the Blood Reservation.

Mr. MacMillan added something to the effect that the Tailfeathers were a grand couple. The occasion of this personal application was when a large party of us escorted back to Canada the last of our Indians to their homes. The Chief had already been repatriated, he departed in style, after Winold Reiss had made him a speech. Big-Bull, one of the very last to leave, had been brought to his home by Hans and myself.

It was interesting to see where and how our friends lived. The Piegan Reservation seemed very far away. It lay beyond the Bloods. Big-Bull's farm was a large one-roomed shack, with a verandah. His wife, from whom he had been separated for nearly two months, came out to meet him. He handed her a bundle. Not a word was spoken, not a smile, not a greeting on either side. Children (hers by a former marriage) of varying ages stood apathetically and watched the unloading of the trailer.

Big-Bull was dressed in his colourful way. I always wondered where he found the carnival shirts of shiny silk and brilliant mixed colours that suited him so well.

He had a preference for scarlet and wore it with a magenta scarf that was a present to him from Erika, who said the colours were very good together. His wife, who looked old enough to be his mother, was drably dressed, the children too. It was so evident that Big-Bull had come from a world where he had had a good time and been appreciated, where he hadn't had to work, and life had been easy. Doubtless the carnival shirt would have to give place to working

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clothes. I studied the psychological situation with interest.

Although Big-Bull's face retained its mask-like blankness I knew that he hated coming back, but neither did his wife appear in the least glad to see him. I had imagined Big-Bull married to a young and perhaps rather submissive little squaw. I had not expected to see a grim old woman with evil eyes. For she certainly had the Evil Eye; I crossed my fingers when she looked at me. She was twenty years his senior and he had been made to marry her. Indian parents have great authority, and Big-Bull had provoked his father's disapproval by his continual changes of wives! It was supposed that the older woman, who was in love with him, would know how to keep him in order. A foolish theory, which was bound to lead—as it did—to more trouble.

There we left him, watching our departure wistfully.

The last family to be restored to their home were the Craytons. Percy Crayton was a half-breed, the Reisses declared he was indispensable as an interpreter. Personally I did not care about him. I had once asked him about the contents of a Medicine-bundle, and he answered: "I'll tell you for three dollars." He was like that about everything.

While the Reisses were helping him to unload his belongings, and I could see they were going to linger and talk indefinitely, I decided to go and have a look at the Tailfeather farm. It was only a few miles away, the track across the prairie that led to it had already been pointed out to me. I knew the direction and felt sure that if one kept on, one was bound to come to it. I had a friend with me from St. Mary's who was as

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curious as myself as to my future home. But when we came to the branching-off place, three tracks crossed the prairie in the same direction. I took the wrong one and stupidly (I should by this time have known better) drove *in* the tracks instead of straddling them. As the V.8 is very low, it grounded on what the Indians call "a high centre." It was impossible to go forward or back. The main road was about two miles away. I ran as far as I physically was capable, and arrived just in time to waylay Hans and Winold, who were on their way to the border, thinking we had gone ahead of them. In spite of their help, we could not move the car. Hans tried to put chains on the wheels, but that was no good. The whole party of us scattered over the plain to collect stones with which to fill up the ruts, but that too proved fruitless. Then two young Indians came galloping up on their horses. They knew no English, but the Reisses knew enough Indian words to ask for a team to pull the car out. They were very shy and would not speak, so it was not very clear whether they understood or not, but when we said "Hurry!" they kicked their horses in the flanks and galloped off towards the South. They kept on galloping till they were black specks on the horizon.

After that we waited a long time and the sun sank lower—a golden glow spread over the undulating land. I said we would have to abandon the car, we could not stay out on the prairie all night.

Winold betrayed no impatience. He was absolutely confident the boys would return with a team.

"Trust the Indians," he kept repeating, "I tell you, they never let one down," and then he chided me because of my little faith in the people I professed to love.

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Nevertheless, at dusk, Hans went off to Cardston to procure help from a garage. No sooner was he out of sight than horsemen appeared from several directions—picturesque youths in big brimmed hats riding bare-back. One of them had not even a bridle, but only a rope round the horse's neck. A good pull on the rope had a strangulation effect and brought the animal to a stop. One boy dismounted and his horse galloped away. He was quite unconcerned—it was going "home," he said (there was no habitation in sight), and he would ride back on his friend's horse with him.

Another horseman came galloping up and greeted us in English, he was an elder son of the Tailfeathers. He said he had seen us a long time before and would have come at once if he'd known we were in trouble, but he took us to be a party of officials poisoning gophers! (a species of rat-weasel that had become a pest, and ruined all the crops). He fixed a lasso to the back of the car and handed it to the only Indian who had a saddle. The Indian twisted it round his pummel (it was a Mexican saddle) and succeeded in moving the car, but the rope broke. They tried several times with great tenacity, but the lassos were not strong enough.

It was nearly dark when the Indians whom we had originally sent to fetch a team arrived in a high-wheeled cart drawn by strong horses. They had, after all, understood, but it had taken time because the horses were out on the prairie and had to be rounded up.

The boys all got together, unhitched the horses, and attached them with their chain traces to the car. It was done so quietly, without discussion. The horses strained, we all pushed, and the car came out of the rut with a grinding, metallic, tearing sound, amid

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exclamations of satisfaction. I switched on the contact, and the engine responded.

The simple shy friendliness of the Indians and the peace of that great plain at sunset were a promising augury for my future visit.

The summer was over and one by one the artists left by train, by car, by air—all returning eastward.

I motored two friends of mine to the train fifty miles away, and on the way back, late in the afternoon, the thing happened that I had most dreaded: I punctured for the first time since I landed in America.

The jack, that was a legacy from a French garagist in the Sahara, did not seem to make sense. The mere sight of it confirmed my determination not to try to change the wheel. So I waited, and if I relate this incident, it is only because it seems to me so curious that in the heart of the American Rockies the first car to come along should be a German—real German (not a naturalised one), in a smart two-seater.

Having stopped him by standing in the middle of the road with my arms out (he was going very fast and had to jam his brakes on), I said: "I've got a puncture, and I can't change my wheel."

He said "I haven't time, but I'll take you to the nearest filling-station."

"But I cannot leave my car just like that——"

"Yes, get in—I am a German."

"I'm English," I said, and got in.

"I'm an officer, a Cavalry Officer, a *Prussian* Cavalry Officer. I've been three times round the world in my car."

"Oh yes," I answered.

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He drove at a great pace, and the setting sun full in his eyes blinded him, we went off the road and into the ditch. It wasn't a deep ditch happily, but I cried out:

"Stop, if you can't see; for Heaven's sake, stop!"

He answered: "Have no fear, I have been three times round the world," and as we proceeded he enumerated the countries he'd been to, and really he did not seem to have missed any except central America. He was going there, through Mexico, in a few weeks. As we tore up a hill and blindly overtook a lorry I asked:

"What would have happened if another car had been coming down the hill?"

"Have no fear, I have been three times round the world . . ."

I like to think he is still, at this moment "going round the world" for the fourth time.

Hans and I remained for a few days longer, to do our casting.

It took me two days to cast my four heads, and a fine mess I made. Some journalists on tour were greatly entertained, for I was covered from head to foot in plaster, and only just able to see out of my eyes. There were blobs of dried plaster hanging from my hair, and at my feet were three empty sacks, four buckets and three enamel basins that never would be of any use again. But the feat was accomplished, and successfully, without any help from Hans, which was a matter of great pride to me.

The day of my departure there was a great storm, a real Wagnerian storm with thunder, lightning, wind and rain. The sky was low and leaden. The crests of the mountains were obliterated, the lake was a

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foaming, seething, angry mass. But the V.8 had been loaded the night before and I was determined to start. Nothing would deter me. It had been agreed with the Tailfeathers that we would meet at the Anglican school, and from there they would lead the way over the prairie. There was no possibility of communicating with them, so I had to go.

Hans declared I never would be able to carry all my belongings. I was determined that I would, but there was not a square inch to spare either within or without.

I had accumulated a quantity of things. In addition to my original luggage I now had blankets, pillows, a quilt, and a cumbersome buffalo robe. The big, heavy (because they were wet) plaster moulds were packed in large cartons stuffed with wet sawdust that I had collected in the forest where trees had been sawn! The two trunks of trees that I had carved were wrapped about in Navajo rugs. There was a pile of modelling clay and armatures (I meant to do some more work), and quantities of accumulated books. (Regretfully, I left behind my flower jars!) A tarpaulin was lashed across the piled-up stuff in the open "dickie" seat, and thus, monstrously overloaded, I started.

In a few minutes the rain leaked through the dashboard and poured down my legs and ankles. The road was skiddy and the car swung terrifyingly at every bend.

At the end of the lakes I stopped at a little village called Babb to negotiate with two men about a bear. I had wanted a baby bear ever since I saw them in Yellowstone Park, and had tried all summer to procure one. I had been promised over and over again by

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various Indians that they would catch one for me, and now at last my longing was going to be realised. But as it was clearly impossible to add a bear to the car's load, I arranged to return in a few days to fetch it.

The storm meanwhile got worse instead of better, and on Canadian highways the V. 8 skidded more than ever. I crawled into Cardston and stopped there to unload three-quarters of my load at the hotel, determined never to see my plaster moulds or the carved trees until they reached England by freight.

Then, with a considerably lightened car, I pushed on to the Reservation. It was rather like the end of the world, or the beginning of the Flood, I had never seen anything so fiercely grey and depressing, such a damnable downpour. My hands and feet were numbed with the cold and wet. I went on and on, visibility almost nil on either side, and I so concentrated on keeping the car on the road, which by this time was liquid yellow clay, that I missed the turning to the Anglican school. The fact that I missed it testifies as to the storm, for those two schools, the Anglican and the Catholic, were two big blots on the landscape. Built of red brick, they looked like factories with huge water-towers.

Realising at last that I had gone too far, I turned round with great difficulty and retraced my way to the Agency. Mr. Pugh himself came to his door, and I can still recall his face (he has since described mine) and his voice as he asked: "What is the matter?" I thought it funny of him not to know.

"The storm—the rain—the road——" I stammered.

He drew me into the house. "You English—" he said. "You make me laugh—call that a storm?"

Mrs. Pugh made some tea, for which I was most

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thankful, and a telephone call located the Tailfeathers, who were still at the school waiting for me.

"I'll bring her to you," I heard him say. (Our friendship dates from that moment.)

My car was harboured in the Pugh garage, and my luggage transferred to the Indian Agency car.

The V.8 would certainly not have got across the prairie that day, or down the steep slippery slope into the coulée, where a dear little logwood house was full of people who welcomed me.

I was shown to my room. It had been newly white-washed for my arrival. The window had white muslin curtains with pink frills, there was a cowskin on the floor, and a bunch of wild sunflowers by the bed. I think that Queens, who go to stay at great houses where specially decorated rooms have been prepared for them, must feel the way I did that evening.

The night of my arrival, Night-Gun dropped in according (as I learned) to habit, but no doubt with curiosity. During the ensuing days, even weeks, the Tailfeather farm was to be an objective for many. They came from all directions, in their carts or on horseback, to see the strange phenomenon, a White woman staying with an Indian family. Many of them were to become my very good friends.

The next morning Night-Gun was there again; he rode over on a horse that had black eyelashes over one eye and white eyelashes over the other; he said he had brought it for me, complete with Mexican saddle!

It surprised me that people so poor should be so rich in horses; only the children of the very rich in England could live as the Tailfeather children lived, unless the parent was a horse-breeder or trainer.

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My second day on the farm is recorded in my diary as follows:

"The storm is over, lovely sun, radiant light.

"I wander about the prairie, it is full of horses. Each Indian farm seems to own a great many. The air is so still I can hear the snuffle of horses far away, and even detect a horse galloping that is not in sight. The farm is in a coulée, that is, a valley *où l'eau coule par moments* according to rains and snow. I like to get up on to the prairie level and see afar. There is horizon to the North, South and East, Rocky Mountain Range to the West like a parapet. There are many hawks, big ones, that hover and then swoop down, or sit on a rock and stare at one unblinking.

"As I walked along the edge of the prairie where it slopes steeply into the coulée I saw a horseman down below; he was so far away I couldn't tell whether he was looking up or not, then his shout reached me:

"'No Indian!'

"Just those two words, repeated a second time in case I hadn't understood. I waved to him, and his chuckle was brought to me on the wind. However he knew I was '*no Indian*' I never discovered. I was wearing my Hudson Bay coat similar to the ones they wear. My silhouette was certainly not that of a White woman, yet he knew I was '*no Indian*.'

"This morning Esto and I walked over to the school, two miles, to enable me to telephone the veterinary at Cardston. It seems that without his help I never shall get my bear over the border, the Customs officials are making difficulties.

"As we walked along, Esto talked to me about the school, and the problems it presents. According to the





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Government regulations every child on the Reservation from 7 to 16 is obliged to go to either of the two *boarding* schools, the Anglican (which means Protestant) or the Roman Catholic. They are Missionary schools, subsidised by the State. This means that the Church (or Churches) lays hands on a whole generation of Blood Indians for ten years.

"The question of whether Indians should be Christianised, civilised, and modernised according to White-man standards is a perfectly good subject for debate. There are aspects both good and bad that arise. But the main issue lies in the fact of its *boarding* principle, not of its teaching. The Indians were long since resigned to the White man's domination, but they have the natural abhorrence of every primitive parent to having their children removed from them. It results in unspeakable anguish. Parents and children suffer horribly. It was the only subject of complaint that I heard during the whole time I was on the Reservation. Schools date back to the Indian treaty, and the Government of Canada is bent on fulfilling the letter of the word. In that treaty the Government of Canada agreed to give the Indians schools and hospitals. They did not, however, specify that the school should be a boarding school. The argument that is put forward in its favour is that children have to come from so far. The reply seems to me: Build rural schools, small ones, and scatter them about the Reservation. Day schools would cost a good deal less than the upkeep of the big boarding schools. The next argument by the school officials is that the parents will not send their children to school, and the only way of forcing them is to forcibly take them and keep them. My reply to that is, that the

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U.S. Authorities have no such trouble. I know a good deal about this, from my friend Norma Smith. The children do attend school, on account of the midday meal that is provided! But even English children are liable to miss school on occasions.

"A further argument is that the children gain a higher standard of life than that in which their parents would bring them up.

"That is a two-edged sword. I cannot help recalling a time long past, when I was very poor and struggling to maintain myself in New York by my sculpture, and my little daughter Margaret was being cared for and educated by a rich aunt. One day Berney Baruch, the great financier who is also a great philosopher, asked my why I didn't have her with me. My answer was that her aunt could give her all the things that I could not.

"To which Berney replied:

"'A child should share its parents' standard of life, *no matter what that standard may be.*'

"On his advice I sent for my child.

"Well, the little Indian children are taken from their simple homes, their loving parents, their wild outdoor life, and the first thing that happens to the little boys is the cutting of their hair, for no modern Indian must wear his hair in braids. They have the advantage of sleeping in dormitories *between sheets*, but they are '*strapped*,' according to the expression of one of them, if they are caught humming an Indian tune.

"During those ten years they must not sing, dance, beat a drum, or pray in the Indian way. They may dance in the manner of the White people (I was a witness of that lamentable spectacle) to negro music; they may

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learn to play the piano (not one will ever be able to afford a piano in the home); they may sing hymns and pray when they go to church—pray to Christ, not the Great Spirit. Now Esto had not much complaint to make about these details. Her quarrel was not with the tuition, but with the principle that robbed her of her children. In many ways Esto reminded me of myself—it must have been my Irish grandmother who made us so alike—Esto was perfectly determined that she would not part with her children. She took exactly the same stand about boarding schools that I did once upon a time. I had, however, nothing to combat but an English traditional family. Esto had to fight the law which oppressed a conquered race, but the White in her was able to stand up to the Whites, whereas the poor Red mothers just bowed down before the horror of it, wept distressingly, and set up their tents by the roadside exactly facing the school, waiting for the hour when they might be allowed to glance at their children.

“Esto, with a husband who agreed to whatever she proposed (thankful that she took the fight out of his hands), abandoned the farm that was away off, in the centre of a good corn-growing land, and selected the present site because it was close to a spring that was only two miles from the school. She sent the boys off on their horse in the morning, the school could not prevent them from returning on the horse to their home in the evening. The Agency protested (whatever Mr. Pugh’s private opinions may be, he is there to carry out the letter of the law); it was pointed out to Esto that if everyone else followed her example there would be no more boarding school. Esto insisted her home was a better influence for her children than the school:

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that she was good enough mother and civilised enough to know how to bring up her children.

"Esto won, just as every mother would win if she were sufficiently emphatic and insistent. And that explains why the Tailfeather boys are the only ones on the whole Reservation who are not boarders! This discussion, all-absorbing, was interrupted by our arrival at the school.

"Canon Middleton, the head (Principal, he is called) of the Anglican school, was extremely kind; he got on to the telephone and located Dr. Christie, the veterinary, who agreed to accompany me on the morrow to Babb, to fetch the bear. The Canon then took me with him on a round of Reservation visits. There were no roads, one followed a track. I gathered we were on our way to the house of an Indian who would not send his child to school!

"How the Indians were able to differentiate between the Anglican and the Roman Catholic was explained to me by one of them. At the Catholic school there was a nun who taught the piano for nothing. At the Anglican you had to pay. But the Anglicans didn't 'strap' quite as much as the Catholics, and that rather balanced the choice.

"We fetched up at the cabin (one would not call it a house) of Calling-First, a fine lean-faced Indian. He was sitting on his bed combing his hair; one side was braided, the other hanging loose, shiny and black. His wife was sitting on the floor. There were two chairs in the room and a central stove.

"The Canon explained the object of his visit—the little girl of ten was long overdue at the school. The parents always promised she should go '*next*' year.

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I longed to be able to tell Calling-First and his wife that they had my sympathy. The Canon talked their language fluently, so I had no idea how the argument was going.

"We were joined by Heavy-Head. His wrinkled face, full of kindliness and always painted red, his old-fashioned braids and curiously distressed anxious eyes, had long ago become familiar to me. He at once asked me my age, and because I hesitated (the Canon—why should he know?) he explained that this was not mere curiosity on his part, but that he wanted to know into which category I fitted. Not into *his*, he laughed, he was much older than me, but apparently I belonged to the category of Calling-First. I'm told that this age question has always been an Indian custom. I felt rather foolish and un-simple because I had not wanted to tell it.

"On the way back I argued a good deal with the Canon, who boasts of being progressive and *is* really an excellent soul, jovial and kind. We did not, of course, see alike on any Indian subject; we saw, in fact, exactly opposite. How can one argue when one side is convinced a thing is absolutely right, and the other that it is absolutely wrong?"

CHAPTER XVIII

The Tailfeather Family

THERE is an amusing entry in my diary: "staying with Red Indians is more comfortable than St. Mary's expensive hotel," and it was no exaggeration. At St. Mary's one was always in a panic about arriving in the dining-room before 8.30 or getting no breakfast. If one's watch had stopped or had gone slow one missed it. The relief, therefore, of having coffee and toast (hot buttered toast) brought to one's bedside was beyond description. At St. Mary's the bathroom and all that goes with it was quite away off down a steep stony path. It wasn't much fun when the North wind blew from the snow-capped summits across the Glacier Lake, and penetrated the seams of one's dressing-gown when one had either got out of a hot bed or out of a hot bath. Here it is true there was no bath, and there was no icy wind from across a lake and no electric light to flicker and go out at all. But there were fresh vegetables out of the garden; at St. Mary's they were out of a tin.

My little bedroom adjoined a sitting-room which had a big table covered with new American cloth that had yellow flowers. The windows had daffodil-cotton curtains that I had given Esto for a dress (she was quite right, it made much better curtains).

There was a "radio" in the corner that (mercifully) didn't work because it required a new battery, and a

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stove that didn't need to be lit, because when the kitchen door at the further end was open the whole house was warmed. Next to my bedroom was another small one that also gave on to the sitting-room.

Total, two bedrooms, sitting-room, and kitchen.

I think I have already said that the family consisted of eleven, besides the parental Tailfeathers.

They had been given English names at school, and when I give their Indian names everyone will sympathise with the school.

The youngest one was four, she had not yet received her Indian name. They called her "Rosie" because of her colouring.

Sekani-Kapé, which means Dark-Young-Man, was six; he was certainly dark, and the most attractive member of the family, and the favourite.

Alan was *Nat-Sika-Pui-Kana-Soye*, which means Double-Shining. His age was ten.

Gerald, "the genius," was *Its-Papa-Wachka*; meaning Walking-On-Top. His age was twelve.

Phyllis (the saint) was *Matchisey-Piaki*, meaning Beautiful-Charger. Her age was seventeen.

Kenneth, in the twenties, was *Napim*, meaning Little-Man; and Harvey, the eldest, was *Ayakit-Sika-Piochke-Topi*, meaning Riding-a-Grey-Horse. These formidable names could have lent themselves to abbreviation.

The two eldest sons were married, one to a young widow who had a little girl, the other to a Kree by whom he had a small son.

Phyllis with *Sekani* occupied the bedroom next to mine, and all the rest overflowed into two big tents. They said they preferred the tent (at least Esto said so),

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and that they always lived in tents until the first snows.

The heroine of the family was *Matchisey-Piaki*, in other words Phyllis.

She was like a young girl out of a convent, and might easily have passed for a novice. In appearance she was blonde and pink (oh that Irish blood!), which made her mother sigh. The elder boys too were blond when they were little, Esto said, but (with satisfaction) "they grew out of it." But Phyllis was no longer little and hadn't "grown out of it"

I used to wonder (so used has one become to young moderns) when Phyllis would revolt. She did all the housework, swept the sitting-room, laid the table, cleared it, washed up, did the household washing, and put the children to bed. These pursuits occupied the whole day, yet she never complained, never had a moment's ill-humour, never seemed to demand amusement, added to which she did well what she had to do. Her looks were Irish, but misleading. Her character was Indian and squaw-like. There were Indian girls who were far less docile, but docility was an Indian woman's trait.

I find these mixed breeds infinitely tragic. Lone-Wolf, for instance, regarded as a White by the Reds and considered Red by the Whites, was completely out of it in both worlds.

Esto was happy because she had the most admirable husband, and she was too busy with her big family to give any thought to complex problems. Moreover, her little circle of intimate friends were mixed bloods like herself. But at St. Mary's Phyllis would never join the pow-wows, she would not dance or sing, she

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kept apart. At first I thought it was a false superiority complex, but one day I heard her decry her fairness. She would have liked to have been a dark Indian type able to wear a beaded buckskin dress on occasions. I began then to understand Phyllis a little.

Rosie, the youngest, was beyond analysis—so pink that (next to the Indians) she looked as if she had been flayed. Her favourite pastime was to rummage among her sister's belongings to find her lipstick (which, as Phyllis never used it, I wondered why she had it). Having found it, the child then smeared her cheeks with it and came forth in coquettish triumph. I analysed this as the subconscious vanity of the White wrestling with a reaction that was mainly Red! Last-Rider had, after all, used lipstick to decorate his face with lines and streaks. The future would no doubt decide whether Rosie put the red on her lips or on her cheeks in carefully studied streaks!

Alan and Gerald were the only two who went to school, and they went on the same horse, one behind the other, without a saddle. The rest of the family were either too young for school or too old. Sekani-Kapé would be the next, he was due to start school in a year's time. Those three boys were almost a book in themselves. To say that Gerald was a promising artist would be inaccurate. He was an artist, as truly as anyone can be: far more so than many a student who is assumed to be "studying art in Paris." I can but reproduce his portrait of Big-Bull to prove his worth. Alone he did it, there was no teacher who touched it. I gave him five dollars for it, the first picture he ever sold, and not likely to be his last.

Gerald was curiously mature and thoughtful, critical

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too, ambitious but also modest. He was perfectly conscious of his limitations and knew the road would be a long one, and mostly uphill.

Alan, considering his age, had no less talent but had not advanced as far. The brothers spent all their spare time drawing—that is, when they were not riding races! Little Sekani (the favourite of the family—his elder brothers adored him, Sekani could do no wrong) also aspired to be an artist, and in the evenings, when Esto was doing her bead-work and I was doing my wool-work, the three little heads were bent over a table that was strewn with papers and coloured pencils, the while Sako sat back, weary after a day's threshing, smoked, and listened to our neighbour Night-Gun, who always came in after supper to sing to us, accompanied by his drum.

If the saint Phyllis had finished her washing-up in the kitchen she would join us. The grown-up sons and their wives seldom appeared, they lived entirely in the tents. No one ever told the boys when to go to bed, they went when they were tired, having first cleared away their things and put them carefully in the sideboard drawer, as if an English Nanny had trained them in the way they should go.

No one ever said "good night," but merely faded out!

By day the sitting-room was left entirely to the women, that is to Esto, Phyllis, and myself. Sako was toiling up on the prairie where he had ploughed a bit of land. It was an ungrateful climate and there had been only one harvest in six years. This particular year there was a good harvest, but it was destroyed by the gophers, which was very discouraging. The Tailfeathers, like everyone else, were very poor, but

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they did not complain, they kept on smiling. Esto would cut up old bits of stuff into a make-shift dress, but she sang as she worked. (She sang English hymns, with a certain amount of whistling that used to drive me absolutely distracted.)

Sako always had the air of a *grand seigneur* who, *à la* Tolstoy, works on the land as a hobby! I used to walk on the prairie in the evening, especially to view the sunsets, which were lost to sight down in the coulée. Every evening I saw Sako return, sitting on the little seat of a machine that was either a binder, a cutter, a tosser, or combined all three. Leisurely drawn by a tired team, he looked so fine, so dignified, so unhurried, always smiling like Esto. Then, having unharnessed the horses, he drove them to the stream to drink, and turned up for supper clean and neat as if he had changed, which I can't believe he had.

The boys on arrival from school also had their duties. Alan rounded up the horses (twenty or more) on the prairie and drove them down to the coulée to drink. It was a grand sight viewed from below, when they came thundering down the slope.

Meanwhile Gerald went after the family's cow that had a loud bell, drove her before his horse into the stable, and milked her. Later, when the weather got cold, Esto would grumble because they had not cut wood: "I'm sick of having artists for children, I want wood-cutters and water-carriers, I wish I never had to see any more coloured pencils——"

Then she would burst out laughing, for it was impossible for her to be ill-humoured.

She would get more easily irritated by the youngest child, and throw cold water on her face as a punishment

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—"it offends her dignity," she explained—and would laugh about it when Rosie was out of sight.

Sekani amused himself all day out of doors, his favourite toy was a rope. He lassoed everything that came his way—the dogs, a chair, his sister's doll, and once I saw him try to trip a visitor who was leaving the house.

It was a great effort for him to get on to a horse's back. He would contrive every kind of device, and when all failed, because the horse would not stand by the box or the log, or the chair, until he had got on, he would try to shin up the beast's legs as if he were climbing a tree. Then I would give him a hand up, and he would go careering off after another horse, brandishing his lassoo and shouting. When I brought him a toy pistol from Cardston he invented a new game: dressed in a borrowed sombrero and little sheepskin schaps, and with a black mask, he thrust his revolver in the face of everyone he met, and the only two words he could pronounce in English were "Hands up!"

It is amusing to reflect how little White children play at Red Indian, and little Red Indian children play at White Man.

In order to convince or to impress me, perhaps even to amuse me, I was invited to a dance-party at the school. This was in honour of a half-blood girl whom the Church authorities had selected as the suitable one of her tribe to represent the school at the Coronation of King George VI. The girl, who was very pretty and charming and exceedingly shy, was received, we are told, by Queen Mary at Marlborough House. Her name, Norah Gladstone, must have been rather bewildering to those English she met who had not

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learnt in their story-books that Red Indians have those sort of names! However, if the Church could do this for Norah, I wonder the Government did not send the Chief, Shot-on-Both-Sides—in his war bonnet and buckskins (not in the official Mercantile Marine outfit!)

The Bloods are admittedly the proudest, haughtiest, most bellicose of all the tribes in the North West. Their Reservation is the actual land that has been theirs for all time. No other tribes dared ever to encroach upon the hunting-grounds of the Bloods! To-day they are still the finest of all tribes, and Shot-on-Both-Sides, a full-blood, is their Chief. Almost one might say it was his right to represent his people at the Coronation, and with him his wife, the old lady with the mystic eyes. I like to think of her, in her gala clothes and ceremonial head-dress, being presented at Court, and her name, "Ancient-Pipe-Woman," pompously announced in a loud voice for all to hear. The diplomatic corps would instantly translate it into literal French, "*Vieille Pipe*," with its special appeal to French humour!

But to return to the school party, it was a most enlightening evening: it gave one a chance of seeing white-washed Redskins. No one, unless they had been told, would have guessed that these were Indians at all. Most people go to a dance to enjoy themselves. But these girls sat all in a row on one side of the room, and the boys sat on the other, and no one spoke or smiled. It might have been "Christmas Eve in the prison"—not that I have ever seen Christmas Eve in a prison, but I think it might look like that. A few dreary-looking youths and badly dressed girls danced clumsily to tunes no one had ever heard. It wasn't their fault if the band was poor, but left to themselves

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the music would not have been poor, and dancing would not have been clumsy, for this race is naturally aesthetic, graceful, and essentially rhythmic.

Sitting on the stairs I found a group of Indian youths, and asked them why they did not join the dance. One of them, acting as spokesman, said: "We only know Indian way. We can't change."

Deliberately provoking, hoping to rouse some reaction, I said: "But what do you young men care about Indian ways? I'm told that when the old people die there will be no more Indian dancing, no more Sun Dances——"

"Not true," he answered resentfully.

In any other race, excess of White propaganda and missionary zeal would stir a Renaissance movement into being, but here——? Their faces so successfully mask their thoughts and feelings—it is not possible to judge.

That evening-party happened soon after my arrival on the Reservation. I did not visit the school again until four or five weeks later, when Canon Middleton invited me to lunch. He had as guests the two daughters of the Bishop of Gloucester. They had come from England expressly to see the Indians. The School Matron completed our little lunch-party.

Conversation turned chiefly on an Indian pow-wow of the night before. One of the Bishop's daughters commented amusingly on the Indian custom of bringing all the family to camp for the night on the ballroom floor, and said that a little girl of four or five kept coming up behind her and putting her arms round her neck.

Matron made a grimace and said: "I wouldn't have liked that?"

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"Why?" asked the Bishop's daughter.

The Canon hastily filled in the awkward silence by changing the conversation.

The Matron's attitude was typical, only one hardly expected to find it within the Mission school. If the Matron felt she could not endure the embrace of a little Indian child, how could one hope that she would care for those children who, having been torn from their homes, need something more than just hygienic attention.

After lunch the Canon showed me over the school. It was rather like an artist showing his work to a friend who doesn't admire it, but tries to hide his feelings.

I made no remarks, indeed what was there to say? Dormitories are dormitories. They are, as far as I can remember, always white, always bare, always there are many windows and a great glare. There were the usual rows of white beds, and not so much as a night table on which to place the childish treasures and reminders of home.

A small square room like a well, with a top-light and some stiff chairs round a central table, was the meeting-place for parents and children.

There was a play-room in the basement for bad weather, grim, severe, forbidding. In the kitchen, blank-faced girls were washing up. In the laundry, more blank-faced girls were ironing dresses for first Communion.

There was no response to my smile, no smile in response to the Canon's genial greeting.

Everything was just as I expected it to be, only infinitely more dreary.

Ten years of life to be lived in this prison-reformatory.

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Ten years is a long time for a child. I remember being ill-treated by a governess for five years that seemed an unending lifetime.

We visited the church, and were met by a repellent smell that may have been disinfectant. It was a frousty used-up smell, the smell of very old people.

In the vestry, a quantity of well-worn mortar-boards lay upon a table. I asked: "Who wears these?"

"The Choir——"

"Are they Indians?"

"Yes."

Red Indians in mortar-boards! Mortar-boards a substitute for eagle feathers——

I was not sure if I wanted to laugh or cry. The prayer of the cowboy rose to my mind:

"Oh Lord, I've never lived where churches grow.
I love creation better as it stood
That day You finished it so long ago,
And looked upon Your work and called it good.
I know that others find You in the light
That's sifted down through tinted window-panes,
And yet I seem to feel You near to-night,
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains——"





CHAPTER XIX

Kyaiou and Some Others

KYAIYOU means "bear" in the language of the Blackfeet. I had acquired her from a White man over the border. Her birth coinciding with the date of the Windsor marriage, they called her *The Duchess*. This witticism I changed immediately to Kyaiou. She was rather wild when I went to fetch her from Babb, for her owners had handed her over to the care of a friend who was so frightened of her that she left her in her night quarters for days, and fed her through the bars as best she could.

Kyaiou was accustomed to be out, tied to a post, and to receive attention. A very cross bear greeted me, but happily I had with me the very efficient veterinary from Cardston, who had given up half a day to come with me and help me to get Kyaiou through the Customs. He seemed to work magic on bears, and also on frontier officials, and I had no trouble.

Kyaiou was a round roly-poly of thick brown fur, she was the most cuddly-looking thing that could possibly be invented. But she had small defiant eyes and disliked women. The small children had to be warned emphatically to keep out of her reach. The men of the family could treat her familiarly, she was used to men and reacted to them with friendly tolerance.

Everyone brought her gifts. Baskets full of small red berries that had been laboriously gathered for jam

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were offered to her on a plate, or in the palm of the hand, according to the individual's courage. She loved sweets. Whenever I went into Cardston I brought her back big bars of pink striped sugar candy. She held the bar between her two woolly paws and scrunched. Her eyes were restlessly on the look-out for fear it might be taken from her. Plums too she loved, plums and more plums, until it seemed she must die of collywobbles; then honey with bread *and* milk. It was difficult to provide enough. Scraps belonged by right to a multiplicity of dogs that hung about the kitchen door. Kenneth, the eldest son, had three magnificent staghounds that were the apple of his eye. He kept them in fine trim for hunting the coyote in winter. Coyote pelts had a certain value in the fur market. There were other dogs of mixed and unknown breeds, unwanted starvelings that appeared from nowhere and received scant attention other than an occasional boot in the ribs. Whenever I begged scraps for the starvelings, I knew I was robbing the hounds. Scraps of any kind were few enough, there was not much to spare. Nor did the milch-cow provide enough for the family's needs. In spite of this, Kyaïou received a share, and no one complained.

It was just because everyone was so generous that I felt so badly about adding a bear to the household. I bought hundredweights of plums in wooden cases, and tins of honey that had the semblance of buckets.

Kyaïou's name and a smile was on everybody's lips. She was the great pastime of those who had a moment to spare. Always she had to be kept on a chain, and she paced back and forth restlessly, panting loudly if it were a warm day. She never lay quiet for a moment, but was

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always pulling on her chain or trying to break into the house. She sat up adorably, or stood up her full height when one brought her food. She had most expressive paws that were almost hands, and lovely graceful gestures. But when she laid that paw on one's knee, it weighed heavy. Had one tried to pull away, the claws would have ripped one's leg. Every morning I took her down to the stream for a bathe. She would plunge in again and again and dip her head under, and come up spluttering and splashing. It was always rather difficult to get her home. She liked the scrub that bordered the stream, and her chain would get all tangled up. When Kyaious decided to go in one direction and I wanted to go in another, it was not easy. For a beast no bigger than a sheepdog she was amazingly strong. I had to coil the chain twice round my wrist and pull with all my might. She would make an angry spitting noise like a cat, but realising she could not have her own way she would save her pride by pretending that my way was her way, and bolt ahead so quickly that I could not keep pace. She would be jerked to a stop at the chain's end, and start hunting berries again. Every morning we had the same tussle and the same end-up. Nothing ever turns out according to one's expectations, and I had visualised a pet bear who would follow me like a lamb and accompany me on my walks. There was no possibility, however, of Kyaious walking with me. I might perhaps have walked with Kyaious, but Heaven knows where she would have led me.

My first days at the Tailfeathers were in the nature of a rest cure. I had worked very hard at St. Mary's, and now revelled in a short spell of laziness. I wrote letters out of doors, and later did some portrait heads

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in the open, with Kyaïou chained to a post, so measured that I was just two or three inches beyond her reach.

She would pace back and forth, and round in circles, her chain twisting the while until it got so short she could no longer move. Then I had to get a dish of bread and honey to hold her attention while I tried to untwist the chain. Honey was the only thing that engaged her attention long enough. She would continue to lick the dish long after it was empty.

If the table at which I was writing happened to be close enough, she would stand up with her two paws on it and make desperate lunges to reach the cup of tea that Esto brought me every morning at eleven! Generally, Kyaïou's efforts were concentrated on demolishing the house—that is, when she smelt something good roasting in the kitchen and wanted to get to it. Deftly she pulled the boards apart, and the sound of splitting wood would bring someone rushing to the spot.

For weeks we lived in an attitude of "Go and see Kyaïou and tell her she mustn't." She liked to look through the sitting-room door and see what was going on inside. If the door were closed she scrambled up to the window.

I had a little house made to fit on to the back of my car. It was lined with zinc, had iron bars and a sloping roof. Kyaïou climbed into it without any coaxing. She liked motoring. I planned to bring her back to England. Bears hibernate, and I thought she could sleep quietly the winter through in my studio. I had not reckoned with the pace of her growth or the spinsterish acidity of her temper!

A jealous guardian of the home, and one who fiercely

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barked if Kyaïou dared to set foot across the threshold, was Tiny. It is not possible to write about the Tailfeathers without mentioning this white curly-haired toy dog, the sort that in Paris would be called *Tou-tou* and carried by a fashionable woman—a most absurdly out-of-place little dog on an Indian Reservation. The Tailfeathers family adored her. They sensed that she belonged to an exotic remote world, and the idea fascinated them. She was fussy about her food, would not eat common scraps, and enjoyed preferential treatment. She slept in the next room with Sekani and Phyllis, whereas all the other dogs slept out in the open even in the rain and snow. Tiny, however, was not just a pampered pet, she tried to make good as a tough little Westerner. She never tired of chasing the gopher, and went bounding over the prairie in a series of leaps, all four feet off the ground, one ear up and one ear down, eyes gleaming with ferocity. I never saw her catch one, but I saw her attack a strange man and throw herself on his boots, which were unfortunately too big for her jaw. She could hold her own against any big staghound when she had a bone that was its envy. Tiny had resented me at first, but eventually I won her affection and she would come to my room every morning while I drank my coffee, and lie on the buffalo robe in an attitude of beatitude, that is, on her back with all four paws in the air.

The Indians make attractive bags of fur decorated with little deer-hoofs hanging in bunches which rattle. I had one at St. Mary's that was made of some Indian's yellow long-haired dog. I never was without it slung over my shoulder. It heralded my approach and was nicknamed Fido by my friends. I wanted a white one

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to go with a white dress. Tiny, being the right size and texture, was indicated. It became a standing joke, and eventually when Esto made me one of shorn sheepskin we called it Tiny.

If Kyaïou was a disappointing companion, Tiny was a substitute. She accompanied me on all my walks until a black mongrel puppy attached himself. He was common and ill-mannered, familiar and friendly, and treated Tiny on an equality as if he was a member of the family. When Tiny leapt in pursuit of a squeaking gopher, the black one threw himself on Tiny and bowled her over. It wasn't any use Tiny snarling or me scolding, the intruder was quite insensitive.

Where he came from, no one ever knew. Esto thought he had been left behind by one of the neighbours. He was dreadfully unaesthetic, his tail was slick and long, his ears didn't quite stand up or quite hang down, he was in fact a living indecision. He adored me and had the sort of eyes that make you feel badly when you've snubbed him. I could count his ribs, and if there was a dead gopher within fifty yards that dog found it. They were all dried and withered and stiff, but the mongrel devoured them with a satisfactory scrunching sound as if they were succulent mutton bones. At first I tried to stop him because it made me feel rather sick, but there wasn't a chance of separating him from a dead gopher once he'd got his teeth into it. Then when I saw him gnaw roots out of the earth I realised he was starving and that he must be allowed to eat anything he could find. Esto said she couldn't feed all the cur dogs that the neighbours left behind. "I wish it would die," she said, "it would be happier dead, but I can't kill it."

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Maybe it would have died if I hadn't given it a good feed about twice a week. The way that dog swallowed hard dry bread was an interesting study in digestive functioning.

With the exception of Tiny, all the animals were treated rough.

Whenever I went prowling by moonlight, as I often did, for I loved the prairie at night, the hounds, like the strays, were always lying around the door. Even in the coldest weather they seemed unwilling to seek shelter in the stable or the barn, but still clung senselessly to the vicinity of the kitchen door.

As it was with the dogs so it was with the horses. I suppose they were what one would call hardy. Night-Gun would ride over and leave his horse tied up to a post for hours in the snow. A niece of Esto's with her husband drove over in their gig to spend the evening with us. It was snowing hard, and the horses remained harnessed to the cart without so much as a blanket over their backs. When I commented on this treatment I was laughed at and told I was funny. What did I suppose happened to the horses in winter? They could not be stabled, there were too many. They remained out day and night, even in a blizzard. The idea of bringing horses into cover seemed to them as ridiculous as bringing in cattle. They must take their chance, like the elk and the moose and all the other wild animals, "and last year was a dreadful year—lots of them died." Yes, indeed, the result was my necklace of horses' teeth!

The neighbours began to call from far as well as near when word went round that Kokotos-aki had a pet bear.

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Sometimes they called in the morning, and Esto could not get on with her work, but she always smiled and made everyone welcome. All the Indians are poor, but some are poorer than others; for these Esto would prepare food at any hour. She never pitied them, never said "Poor things!", but just got on with the job of helping.

It took me some time to realise that she was helping, for it seemed to me the Tailfeathers had reached rock-bottom after six years without a harvest. It didn't seem possible that people with so little could help anyone else. All things, however, are relative. Compared with some, they were quite well off. Judging by their cheerfulness, one might have supposed they were very well off. They sang and laughed and joked all day, like perfectly carefree people. It was not until I had been their guest for some time that I observed how Esto made new dresses out of old, how she went without things uncomplainingly. A little later, when her stepfather Crazy-Crow got sick, Esto transferred the stove from her tent to his, and went without, even though the ground was covered with snow.

Although I had already accumulated a quantity of Indian bead-work (belts, bags, and moccasins), the temptation to have more kept Esto hard at work. If, for instance, someone made me a present of a belt, Esto made moccasins to match, or vice versa. But although she needed all she could earn, she gave out work to those among her friends who were as much in need as herself. As far as I could make out, the Reservation was run on a system of "Help thy neighbour."

We were sitting outside in the sun one morning,

each engaged in our particular work, when a "wagon" drove up and a picturesque old couple climbed out. They had with them a small boy and a baby-in-arms. This was Rough-Hair and his wife. Having deposited the baby in the shade with its bottle, they squatted down on the doorstep and surveyed me curiously. Whatever Esto said about me I could only guess from the expression of their smiling faces and the intonation of their grunts. Rough-Hair was the only black-faced Indian I ever saw. He was positively African-complexioned, dressed in a blue shirt with red cuffs, a knitted handkerchief, a sash woven of many colours, and beaded moccasins. As they had come a long way, Esto fetched some food for them.

After a while, Mrs. Rough-Hair shyly produced a beaded belt. She had heard that I was collecting Indian work and offered it to me for anything I would like to give. Esto was rather cross, it was the first time I had seen her irritated. She protested (in Indian) at their coming "to bother" me. It was a lovely piece of bead-work, such as one never would find in a shop, and I was delighted. Mrs. Rough-Hair said she had reached an age when she would rather have milk for the children than wear a smart belt. The children were not theirs. The Rough-Hairs were a childless couple, and had adopted these two, although they were old enough to be the children's grandparents. Old Rough-Hair carried the baby with such tender care, his devotion was touching. As for the five-year-old, they were as proud of him as if he were their son. He was shy as a wild deer, had huge black eyes and three long pig-tails; his name was Bay-Horse-Rider. Adopting children seemed to be their hobby, for later,

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I met a man called Dick-Soup whose mother had died when he was born, and he had been brought up by the Rough-Hairs.

The Indians have no family names, and whatever they are called seems to be a matter of chance. Dick-Soup had been given his first name at school, but Soup is worth explaining.

In those days (twenty or more years ago) there was no such thing as canned milk, at least not in the Wild West. Neither were there any milch-cows on the Reservation but only wild cattle. The baby received the voluntary contribution of any odd breast here and there. A woman in the vicinity who had a small baby would offer him her breast, but his chief sustenance was beef-tea. Properly speaking, he was reared on beef-tea, which is *gobis* in Blackfoot. The literal translation of *gobis* into English is "soup," hence his name. His wife is Mrs. Soup. Whether the name descends upon the children I did not ascertain.

Some wives are known by their husband's name, which is a modern innovation, for in no Indian language is there any equivalent for "Mrs." The nearest approach to this would be *Aki*, which is "woman." Hence my name *Kokotos-aki* for those who only knew me a little, but *Kokotos* to my friends. Whether a woman retained her own name seemed to depend on personality, and few did so.

Billy Wadsworth, brother-in-law of the Tailfeathers and a full-blood, had his name conferred upon him (a doubtful honour) by a White man when he was a boy. It looked to me as if Wadsworth were likely to become a family name. Mrs. Wadsworth was Sakoyena's sister, and the handsomest woman on the Reservation.

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One of our nearest neighbours was a good-looking woman called Sacrificing-Around, the *second* wife of Plain-Woman, Esto's *second* stepfather. It is a far-back custom among the Indians that a mother-in-law should never be seen by, and especially never speak to, her daughter's husband. The reason for this I could not discover, it may have been based on shyness or false modesty. Be that as it may, the fact remains that Sacrificing-Around applied the rule so rigidly that, although she was not Sakoyena's mother-in-law but only his stepmother-in-law-by-marriage, she considered it unbecoming to meet him. Therefore if Sako were in the sitting-room she remained in the kitchen. It is strange how primitive races enjoy inventing ways of complicating life.

But Sako had yet another such stepmother-in-law-by-marriage, who with her husband, Crazy-Crow, pitched their tent (and the tent of their married daughter) close to the house and added much to the gaiety of the family circle! Before proceeding, it might be as well perhaps to say a word about Esto's mother, if only to make some of the relationships a little clearer.

Esto's mother had three husbands:

The first was Esto's father, an Irishman, who died shortly after she was born.

The second was Crazy-Crow. At this time the Indians still pursued the war-path, and Crazy-Crow displayed great prowess in raiding the neighbouring tribe's horses. Kootenay and Crow were his special victims. He therefore ranked as high in the tribe as a V.C. in the eyes of Englishmen. Like all the men who are over seventy, Crazy-Crow bridged two epochs. He had been raised in the traditions of his race, for

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whom raiding was a proof of valour. Then came the treaty between Red and White, following on wars of hideous reprisal. But not every Red man knew immediately the terms of the treaty. Those who were not specially informed Chiefs had to find out by experience.

And so Crazy-Crow, having crossed the border as usual and raided a neighbour, found himself arrested by U.S. police, who, instead of regarding him as a hero, called him a thief and threw him into jail.

When he came back to his tribe he found that his wife had taken unto her a new husband, a good-looking man called Plain-Woman!

Crazy-Crow, making the best of a sad situation, also married again. He chose for his second wife the daughter of Many-Mules, a very famous warrior, whose war-paths made history. Many-Mules had given his daughter the name of *Sepium-Ust-Sta*, which means Conquered-by-Night, in memory of one of his war-paths.

All this happened very long ago. Crazy-Crow was now an old man, and Conquered-by-Night was nearly blind and very deaf, but she had a face full of fine breeding, and exquisite hands. Her slim body was always clothed in red. She wore a red turban round her head with ends that fell over her shoulder. They were a devoted couple, more nearly demonstrative than Indians generally are.

Conquered-by-Night shared the same complex as the wife of Plain-Woman. She must not see, and certainly not speak with, Esto's husband. Sako smiled indulgently at this old-fashioned absurdity, but conformed, to satisfy the two old dears—and so avoided passing through the

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kitchen for a time, for one of them was nearly always there.

Esto was awfully good to the old couple. She gave them all the food she could spare, and when the boys got back from school they cut up small firewood for the little stove in their tent.

I believe that Crazy-Crow first came to call out of curiosity. Having pitched his tent he stayed, for he rather liked the White woman and her bear, although no conversation was possible except through an interpreter. Once he brought me a present of mountain-lion claws for a necklace, another time it was elks' teeth strung on a thin string of rawhide. Elks' teeth are rare and worth a good deal, there are only two in an elk's mouth that have any value. I can see him still clearly, sitting in the kitchen, his hair rather untidily braided and a red handkerchief round his neck or over his head, according to whether the day was hot or cold. He wore ear-rings of sea-shell, he looked like a story-book pirate. We used to joke together, he in his language and I in mine, neither understanding the other.

With all this cheerfulness, there was a foundation of sadness in the old man's face. I could not analyse it, and Esto said little. I supposed it was the *mal du siècle*, from which all Indians suffer, the end of the chapter so to speak, which the old people feel more than the adaptable young. One day when I went to their tent, Conquered-by-Night told me how, when she was a little girl, the camp was attacked by Krees. She found herself alone in the tent, her father being engaged in the fight, and her mother having been killed. Suddenly a Kree burst in, and although she managed to evade

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him, his arrow, which grazed her side, left the scar for all her life.

I asked her: "What do you think of the world of to-day?"

Crazy-Crow answered for her: "It is a safer world, better for the old people, but not so good for the young."

I had promised to return the call of the Rough-Hairs (Wooly-Heads I sometimes called them in moments of aberration), so Esto and I set out in the V. 8 across the prairie. They lived some way off, and I noted in my diary that it was a perfectly heavenly September day, and we saw three eagles.

The Rough-Hairs lived in a one-roomed house built of planks on the open prairie where there was not a tree or a shrub. An outer porch was filled with vegetables and firewood. In a room scented with herbs two big iron bedsteads were each covered with a patch-work quilt. The only furniture was a dark wood dresser. The stove, as usual, was in the centre, its chimney piercing the roof.

As I had brought my Kodak, they very amiably offered to dress up. (For this favour, Indians in the United States demand payment.) They even offered to dress me up too, and Rough-Hair suggested that I should be photographed with him in his wife's clothes. Esto would have to take the snapshots; she had never done such a thing in her life, and she handled the Kodak as if it were a bomb that might explode.

Rough-Hair unhooked his war bonnet that hung in a bag from the low ceiling, and pulled his buckskin suit out of a trunk from beneath the bed. I offered to go outside and wait while he changed, but they said this was not necessary. He did his changing with great

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dexterity, but I observed that he wore a Jaeger undervest and had painted red dots all over it. They simply *must* decorate whatever they touch.

He was pleased with my transformation into a squaw, and posed me with great care. His chief preoccupation was the beaver skin that is carried on the arm like a muff, the object of which I never discovered the meaning or the use. But it had to be carried "just so," according to Rough-Hair! Then he suddenly bethought him I might like a picture of myself in his war bonnet, and transferred it from his head to mine.

He also let me have his eagle-claw necklace (that I coveted outrageously), it represents a great many eagles. The claws were cut off above the padded toe, and he laughed when I asked if it might turn bad and smell. It was many years old, he said, completely dried up and would never smell again. Yellow paint on the claws and red paint on the fleshy part added to its already barbaric character.

Having run riot in photography, we went back into the house and I was shown the household gods. The most sacred thing to an Indian, after his Medicine-bundle, is his tobacco and pipe, for which he has a special tray. The proper place for this is on the floor between the stove and the further wall, opposite the entrance. Originally, of course, it was on the ground between the fire and the further wall of the tepee. The house is an interpretation of the tepee, for an Indian cannot envisage life without a centre. His dancing has to be *round* a fire, or a drum. His ceremonial traditions are based on that central fixed point. He, so to speak, *thinks* in circles.

Arranged on the tray with the tobacco and pipe were

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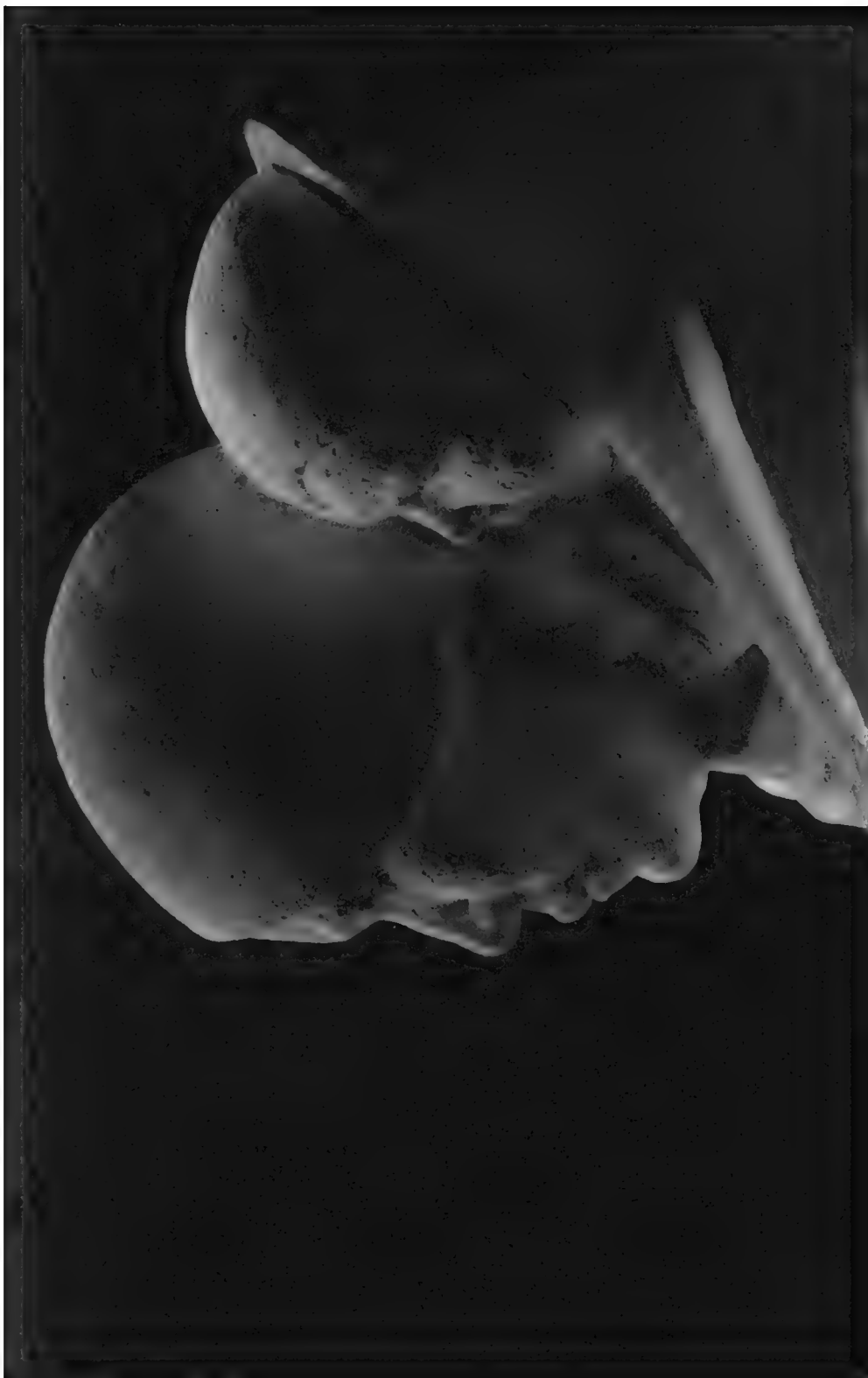
two curiously shaped stones. They might have been fossils, or they might have been meteorites. The Indians call them *Iniskim*, or Buffalo Stones. They often form part of a beaver-bundle, and there is a general belief that they give birth to smaller ones. Rough-Hair had a smaller one, half-sewn into a piece of rawhide that was embroidered with tiny sapphire, orange, and crystal beads, and gleamed like a Cartier jewel. He found this small *Iniskim* one day in the tobacco-tray between the other two, and firmly believed it was their offspring.

I held it preciously in my hand and longed to own it. I knew I must not offer to buy it, for then it would lose its magic. To my intense surprise, he offered it to me ceremoniously with a little speech. He said that because I was a friend he wished me to have this very sacred thing, and he promised to pray for me "through the mediumship of this medicine." (Esto had difficulty in translating this.) It would bring me luck, he said, and safeguard me.

I knew he had given me a thing he valued, because according to Indian ideals that is the only reason for giving.

There is a good deal to know about the *Iniskim* that is of interest—it was a "medicine" with an important ceremonial in olden times, used for controlling the movements of the buffalo.

When in winter the herd had drifted very far and the snow was so deep that no one could go hunting, the tribe were in danger of starving, for buffalo was their food. Through a magic formula it was claimed that a buffalo herd could be drawn from miles away straight into the camp. Owing to the disappearance of





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the herds the ceremonial has fallen into disuse; nevertheless, some of the psalms, which have been literally translated, are worth recording.

“Old woman (moon) she has come in with happiness
Old man (Sun) he has come in with gladness.
Man, he has come in with happiness
Buffalo, them I have taken.
It (referring to the medicine) is powerful.
Buffalo, you get up that all may see you.
It has been long since we could follow you:
Buffalo, they are away on top of yonder mountains
Buffalo, they are powerfully coming down,
That below, it is their medicine.

Buffalo, on mountains they are powerfully sitting,
Buffalo, they are powerfully arising and powerfully
coming down
That below, it is their medicine,
Buffalo, they are powerfully running down,
That below, it is their medicine.”

And so it goes on. Some of their songs are called “charming the buffalo songs,” and were only permitted to be sung when the people were recognised to be on the verge of starvation. The ceremony included an offering of sacred Tobacco to the Sun:

“Sun, here is a smoke for you. I am going to sing these songs that I may trick the buffalo into returning here.”

Then the Medicine-man, holding his long-handled pipe towards the mountains, recited the following prayer:

“He-who-causes-winds-to-blow,
Here is a smoke for you.
Help me that my wish may be
Fulfilled, for I am going to look for Buffalo.”

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A wooden bowl filled with snow was placed near the "smudge" (a smoke fire), and the Medicine-man proceeded:

"Above there is one who hears me ; *it* is powerful" (with his left hand on the ground) "The earth hears me ; *it* is powerful. I want *it* to blow in different ways."

A bunch of buffalo hoofs and the tail of a buffalo were brought forth from a Medicine-bundle, dipped in the snow and then held up and shaken. Immediately the wind began to blow from the direction of the buffaloes. A heavy snowstorm would drive them towards the camp, and everyone would sing:

"Buffalo, they are uncertain in their travelling,
Buffalo are coming straight to us,
I have taken them——"

Another prayer was:

"Sun! help us that all the children may have plenty of food in the morning."

Medicine is synonymous with magic, and it must have been strong magic indeed that performed this miracle.

I found the dear old Chief, Shot-on-Both-Sides, and Ancient-Pipe-Woman living in the typical shack at the further end of the Reservation, where a wide belt of cotton-wood and aspen trees bordered the river.

Although he was the Chief of the tribe, the Mercantile Marine coat, whatever it stood for, did not seem to have brought him any pecuniary help. Queen Victoria, Edward VII, and George V looked down from the walls upon the pathetically bare room. These pictures were

part of the official status. The Agency were behindhand with their Kings; but the Chief said he had a couple more on promise. Besides the central stove, there were two chairs and a table. I preferred the mattress on the floor, next to the old Medicine-lady.

The Chief, in overalls, a butcher-blue shirt, and a black handkerchief round his neck, smiled abstractedly as he stared straight before him. While Esto translated us one to the other, I could not help contrasting this interior with the interior of their tepee as I remembered it: the one so repellently gloomy, the other so tastefully colourful. In the tepee at St. Mary's they seemed so perfectly at home. It was, in fact, a home in every sense of the word. They gave an impression of having settled into it for life, but the house was like a waiting-room.

It illustrated once more the inability of the Indian to adapt himself to the White man's standard of living. This has nothing to do with poverty. The Arabs of the Saharan oasis are just as poor. They too cannot afford furniture, but an Arab house of hard dry mud, swept clean with a broom of palm leaves, has immense charm, and is pleasant to visit even if there is nothing in the room but a carpet to sit upon and a low painted table on which to place the coffee-tray. I suggested to Ancient-Pipe-Woman that if she hung up her painted tepee linings round the walls they would decorate the room. She had no understanding of the word "decoration." That was essentially a White word and a White conception. The lining of a tepee is necessary because it regulates the draught which carries the smoke through the aperture above. The design that is painted upon it represents an event in the history of

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the family or the individual, it is not abstract decoration—just as a feather in the hair has a meaning and the painted designs on the face.

It is difficult to understand why the missionaries who have concentrated so much effort in turning the Red man into a White have not helped him to make the best instead of the worst of a house.

The fact is, that a people who are so poor, whose harvests seldom ripen, whose horses die in winter, who have no money, who manage to subsist on a weekly meat ration, can hardly be expected to put curtains on their windows, replace panes when they are broken, paint their bare walls, or have cupboards for their clothes. They have no clothes. The precious buckskins worn on rare occasions are stowed in an antiquated trunk. The rest, whatever little rest there be, is piled in a corner on the floor.

But they are not affected by the drabness of their homes. Like Orientals, they have an inner life. This is quite evident from their faces, and their impassive dignity.

The old couple were certainly surprised to see me, they had not believed that I would really come to live on the Reservation. They were pleased. It meant I was their friend, they said, the friend of the Blood tribe.

Before leaving, Ancient-Pipe-Woman said she had a present for me and disappeared into the next room.

"It'll be something good," said Esto impressively.

She reappeared carrying a formidable tomahawk. The heavy stone was half-covered with hide and had a flexible hide-covered handle. Ancient-Pipe-Woman said she had it from her father. Supposedly it dated back

to pre-White-man days. She used it, so she said, for pounding pemmican into a mush. Others no doubt had used it for pounding human brains into a mush! Heaven alone knows what violences it had not committed in its day.

I held it in my hand, fascinated by the thought that it could crack a skull the way one cracks a nut. The Chief took it from me with a semi-serious air! He did not wish, he said, to be responsible for a murder. I promised to use it only for mincing meat.

(I must add, in a long parenthesis, that when I got back to England I placed this formidable weapon in the hands of Professor Austral when he came to supper in my studio. Almost immediately he went into a trance and his body was convulsed as by a prodigious shudder. At the same time he uttered a groan and his fingers fidgeted with the object nervously, restlessly, as if he were holding something that burnt him. Ensued a confused description—this thing had been much prized for years; it had hung and then lain in a place of honour in the house of a King, or Chieftain. Before that it had served many purposes in many places. It was associated with some violence in which a woman was the victim of the owner's jealousy. He passed over that quickly as if it were too sinister to relate. At intervals he broke from his narrative and returned to it, but as if the mention of it caused him pain. Then he saw horses . . . horses and more horses galloping! This thing was being slung wildly in the air. But it had *saved* several lives, and had been used in defence against wild animals. Once it killed a lion . . .

The Professor paused, made the sign of the cross upon it, and prayed that those with whom it was associated

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might rest in peace. Then with a little shiver he "came to" from his trance!)

On our return to the farm we found the boys in a state of great agitation. It appeared that Kyaïou had broken her chain and run away. Happily Billy Wadsworth happened to be driving up the coulée. With great presence of mind, and in spite of the fact that his horses had been working all day in the wheat, he unharnessed one of them, sprang on to its back, and rope in hand galloped in pursuit. Kyaïou ran at a great pace and then stopped suddenly, stood up and surveyed her pursuer. At that moment he lassoed her neatly round the waist. She fought and struggled, and bit the tired horse in the leg so that it bucked like a rodeo bronco. I found a very angry and dejected Kyaïou tied up to a post in the barn, the lasso still round her body. She stared at me defiantly, the escapade had roused her call of the wild. She was never quite tame again.

Meanwhile the big staghound—in the absence of everyone—had reached up to the meat-bag which hung from a nail on the shady side of the house, and devoured a week's rations.

There was nothing for me to do but go into town and buy some meat to make good. Not that anyone complained. Esto said it didn't matter, and laughed. Sako, as usual, smiled and was silent. Nothing that happened could ever shake the equanimity of the Tailfeathers. But I knew that the weekly ration was indispensable. This ration was distributed every Thursday from the Ration House. The life of the Reservation centred around this weekly event. If there was any news to

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circulate "Tell it at the Ration House." It was the equivalent of a postal centre, parcels distribution office, news agency, and Church parade! People arrived early and stayed late. They gossiped in groups, the horses were tied to posts in a long row, and the dogs lay each under his owner's wagon in the shade. A representative of each family passed through the Ration House (in at one door, out at the other) to receive his share according to his family's size and needs.

This was not in any way Government Charity, although some of the old people did receive it gratis. About seven head of cattle were purchased from the Indians by the Agency every week. The meat was sold back to them at a price far lower than the market price. Anyone who was not able to pay on the day was allowed credit, and this might pile up against him for weeks and even months. The Agency, through whom they sold their wheat in the world market (in Canada there is no exploitation of the Indian by unscrupulous buyers) was sure, therefore, of settling accounts at harvest-time.

I accompanied Sako one Thursday, and had a most entertaining time with all my friends. Esto seldom went, for her big family gave her little leisure. She seemed to do everything for everyone, even for her daughters-in-law. The pretty Kree girl, who had learnt Algebra at the Mission school, and to play the piano, could neither cook nor sew. Esto uncomplainingly did it for her.

One Thursday we waited until three o'clock for Sako to return from the Ration House with the meat for lunch, and finally cooked some eggs. When he did get back he explained, simply, that he'd been "visiting,"

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and they laughed like children. It was just a funny joke that we should have waited so long and eaten nothing but eggs! Most wives would have considered they were justified in making a royal scene. "Visiting" indeed! and whom? I don't believe she even asked him.

Although Esto was the mother of a bunch of artists (when I gave Sekani some plasticine he went straight off to the corral to study horses from the life), she was entirely concerned with material things. When her mind was set along a certain line she could not deviate.

I had started to work again, and my model was Mrs. Black-Plume. She posed with her baby on her back secured by a tightly drawn shawl. At lunch that day I was bubbling over with enthusiasm.

"She's simply marvellous—I can't tell you what a model she is—there are things about her that are Greek—she has a classical mouth, her neck is a column, she's a Goddess off the Parthenon—an Indian Eve—grandly maternal, heavy with milk—Abundance! The Mother of the world——"

Esto was thoughtful!

"I bought two cheeses in town—a cream cheese, and——"

Sako burst into laughter, Phyllis giggled shyly, Esto looked surprised. I urged her to tell us the name of the second cheese.

"Ontario," she said, "and we'll have it for supper. It's a really good cheese."

That evening Phyllis, bent over her needlework, was smiling to herself and repeating softly: "Cheese!"

CHAPTER XX

One Sunday

ONE Sunday morning we set out, Esto and Sako, little Sekani and I, to visit Big-Bull on the Piegan Reservation. On the way we met some cousins, the Lowhorns, driving a wagon; they waved to us to stop. Indians have a special wagon-track that runs parallel to the road in order that speeding motor-cars should not be slowed up. While the Tailfeathers talked to the Lowhorns, and cars sped by us, I thought how little any of them suspected there were such people as Tailfeathers or Lowhorns!—the cars that passed sprayed us insolently with dust and gravel. I remembered how I too had been a tourist speeding along the roads, wondering where the Redskins hid themselves and whether I should ever find them. Now I was no longer a tourist, I “belonged.”

To “belong” is a happy sensation. Sometimes, when I travel in a train, I wonder what it would be like to live in the particular landscape that is passing by the window, to know where the road leads that disappears round the bend of a hill—to stand at the level-crossing watching the train pass, saying to myself, “Those are all strangers going from one place to another place—they are no concern of mine,” to know the man with a horse and cart who waves to the train as it passes, to “belong,” in fact . . .

The Lowhorns said we must share their midday

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meal—which meant they would share ours, for as usual we had our provision of meat and a frying-pan. They were living in the wood close by the road, where Jack Lowhorn, who was a house-builder, was building a house. To get there we had to leave the high road and drive at a steep angle down and across the ditch. Sako said it was quite easy, he did not take into account my “town car” with a battery that was suspended to the bottom, and if there were a boulder anywhere she always hit that boulder and sent up a shower of sparks (my terror was lest the bottom fall out and I never get back in her to England). Having successfully negotiated the ditch, I was faced with a wire fence and posts. Sako said, “Don’t worry, there’s an Indian gate.” An “Indian Gate” means that you pull up a post and wire fence, throw it flat and stamp on it. Sakoyena stood with his foot on the wire as I drove over it, we then bumped across a hayfield towards a narrow clearing in a wood. And all the while Kyaïou was secure in her little house on the back of the car. The moment I let her out she hurled herself panting with excitement upon the nearest tree, and climbed as far as the chain would let her. It was her first chance of displaying this prowess. Apparently bears like climbing trees. I never could have believed that this great big ball of fur could balance on so small a branch. When I tried to bring her down she was so cross that Sako bravely undertook the job. He tugged at the chain until she was in such danger of losing her balance that she consented to descend. This she did with much cursing and swearing, spitting and grunting.

Next to a roofless logwood frame was a little house which temporarily sheltered the Lowhorns. Besides

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being a house-builder, Jack was an expert maker of war bonnets, and with much pride produced an unfinished article that was an order "for someone over the border," presumably a Blackfoot. He put it on to show it off, and then held it in his hand and gazed at it rapturously. I asked him to let me photograph him in it, and as his workman's shirt was utterly out of keeping I suggested he should take it off. He did so with alacrity, and realising that his trousers were as inappropriate as his shirt, he wrapped an Indian blanket round his lower half; he was instantly transformed into an Indian of the past, a finer sight than any beaded buckskin Chieftain.

After lunch I left them to sleep, for it was a hot day, and I walked a quarter of a mile to a river which rejoiced in the name of Belly (translated no doubt from the Indian) and enjoyed my first bathe since I left St. Mary's. The river was wide, shallow, and clear, with a gravel bottom, a swift-flowing current, and small deep pools. I found that by lying flat on my back in the strongest of the current I was rushed at tremendous speed like an inert tree-trunk, and deposited in a whirlpool as deep as myself! It was a fascinating game, even if it did result in bruises. Finally I sun-bathed on a small island covered with wild flowers where the air was full of the scent of herbs. I must have stayed away a long time, for Esto came in search thinking I was lost.

On our way to the Piegan Reserve we had to pass through Macleod and stopped for ice-cream at the Soda Fountain. During this short interval a Sunday crowd collected who knew what G.B. stood for, and gaped in astonishment at the bear in a cage and the Indian family who piled into this exotic English two-

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seater! We did not reach Big-Bull's farm until nearly sunset. I was shocked by the change in him. At St. Mary's he was so beautiful, so happy, loved by all, spoilt by all, admired by all, the centre of attention, the pivot, in fact, of our Indian camp life. He had returned to poverty and a hard life (which does not hurt any man), but he had returned also to his wife. She realised the moment she got him back that he was a changed man, and bitterly resented any link with St. Mary's. She received me with icy coldness, and hesitated to accept my hand; her eyes were full of venom like an evil animal's. Big-Bull was a sick man. He could not eat or sleep. His wife told Esto he was suffering from heart, as a result of smoking too much at St. Mary's. I was sure she was killing Big-Bull, slowly, by inches, because she knew she had lost him, and so that nobody else should ever have him.

I was to see Big-Bull only once more. On my arrival in England I learned that he had suddenly been taken ill in Browning and died. The fact that he had reached Browning suggests that he was struggling to free himself, had in fact broken his shackles, but the effort was too great.

Dear Indian Apollo! dear music-maker, whose memory will be cherished always, in other hearts besides my own.

CHAPTER XXI

A Visit to Banff

I HAD now ceased to be a curiosity, and Esto had given up telling me what a privileged person I was, that no other White woman had ever been invited to stay with an Indian family! (and I felt as if I were at home). Kyaïou too had become an established fact, and no one any longer thought it strange that she should be there, except the very old wife of a very old man called Takes-the-Gun-Strong. They lived about a mile away. He was a St. Mary's model of the year before; the portraits of him by Winold Reiss, and a fine head by Hans, had made his face familiar. He was a tall lean Indian, so wrinkled and with such heavy lids that his eyes appeared shut. He was like the mummy of Rameses. They were desperately poor, and his wife used to visit the Tail-feathers' kitchen and get scraps. Esto told her one day that I intended to let Kyaïou go free because she had become so fierce. The poor old woman almost cried. "Tell her not to—don't let her—don't let her do it," adding that if Kyaïou were loosed, people would not dare to leave their houses. "I could not fetch water at the spring," she wailed piteously. Her distress was such that Esto finally took pity on her and promised I should not be allowed to do this wicked thing.

The children enjoyed the joke a lot. It nearly turned

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into a reality, however, when Kyaious broke her chain a second time. Again I was absent, for it happened at sunset when I was "hill-topping," that is to say, I was up on the prairie to get the last of the setting sun. When I got back to the house, Esto and the children were in a state of great agitation. Phyllis had shut herself into her room, and Esto with Rosie had shut themselves into the living-room. Kyaious instead of running away had tried to get into the kitchen, lured by the smell of bacon boiling. The boys had behaved like sons of "Braves." Sekani, the six-year-old, had offered her plums and kept her attention concentrated on these long enough to enable Gerald to affix the chain to her collar. They had her prisoner, she was safely tied up once more. It had been a good show, the boys had displayed presence of mind and courage, but Esto was still suffering from the effects of Kyaious's efforts to get through a window!

That evening at dinner we discussed bravery in its various aspects, and one thing leading to another, we got on to the subject of Indian traditionalism in the not-so-long-past. Indian life had been dominated by the ambition of counting "coups." The word was coined by the early French settlers, mostly trappers, the first White men who ventured into the North West, and so came to be included in Indian phraseology. There was a very famous Crow Chief who died not long ago at a great old age, whose name was Plenty-Coups. It goes without saying that he had more coups to his account than anyone else in the tribe.

To "count-coup" means to do something brave. In olden times, every eagle feather in a warrior's head-dress counted coup. There were also various signs

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and paintings of the face which told of coups. It is interesting to note that *killing* a man did *not* count coup, but to ride up, jerk a gun out of an enemy's hand, and get away without injury to either party was esteemed a very great deed. Anything that combined bravery with dexterity counted coup. What were the opportunities to-day? Supposing, as in olden days, you could only win a wife by counting coups, what were the chances of becoming a married man? Who but Turtle meets a bear by accident and by a miracle comes out on top? Such was our discussion at dinner, and almost we were tempted to conclude that coups were no longer possible, when I recalled that this very day two small boys in face of a female panic had tackled a half-wild bear. And all agreed that Gerald and Sekani had counted coup!

Although Kokotos-aki had ceased to be a curiosity, and Kyaïou too, a new interest had been aroused by my portrait in clay of Mrs. Black-Plume. Indians were not unfamiliar with painted portraits, but sculpture was new to them. All our friends came to see this strange thing. The Bull-Shields came and the Wadsworths, the Tallows and the Soups, Long-Time-Squirrel and Sorel-Horse, Standing-Alone, Chief-Calf, Mrs. Crow-Spreading-Wings, Fred-Mountain-House and Rides-at-the-Door, Shot-Close, Jane, wife of Flying-About, and ever so many others, whose names escape me. They were delightfully discreet, for if they found me at work they watched from a distance and were so quiet, so silent, that I was hardly conscious of them.

As I worked out of doors (until the first fall of snow) I was easily accessible. When I was not working, they came close and stared for a long time in silence. When

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snow forced me to finish indoors, the living-room was very generously given over to me. The children were ordered either to keep out or to keep silent. Sekani jumped through his window rather than disturb me by walking through the room. He told Esto that he knew just how I felt, for he too liked to be quiet when he was drawing!

Rosie caught the contagion and whispered in her mother's ear: "If I give you a loud kiss, will it disturb her?"

Among the curious one day was Mrs. Black-Plume's grown-up son, who came to see the effigy of his mother. He had been born to her when she was fifteen and was the opposite of his mother in every detail, ascetic and fawn-like, chiselled in alabaster.

He consented to pose for me, and so once again I found myself working intensively. The hours went by, and the days. Mrs. Black-Plume posed in the morning, her son in the afternoon. Although he had been educated at the Roman Catholic school he behaved as if he didn't understand a word of English. I asked him questions without success, and tried to provoke him into speech by telling him what I thought of the modern Indian, and what I would do if I were a young Blood! He never winced, never changed expression, never answered me. Sometimes he did not turn up for several days and I thought he never would come again. Then unexpectedly he would arrive, and wait an hour or two until I was ready. Nobody seemed to like him very much, he was nobody's friend, they said he was jealous and capricious. He was only nineteen and married to a plain spotty girl, of whom it did not seem possible he could be jealous. While he posed for me I was

(Above) The three Tailfeathers: Sekani, Alan and Gerald. (Below) The Tailfeather farm



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reminded of those early Greek heads of young men with braided hair, archaic smile, in terra-cotta or stone, with faint remains of colour, proving they were once painted. He revived in me that feeling of having once lived in Greece, and as I worked my heart beat peculiarly, as if I had climbed a hill or run a race—and Esto, dear Esto, whistling a hymn while she beaded a moccasin, drove me nearly crazy!

As a matter of fact, the Tailfeather family had a salutary effect upon me, they brought me back to earth. It is not good to remain indefinitely in a state of ecstatic emotion. Not only my work, but the prairie at sunset, affected me in an extraordinary way. I believe that vibrations are responsible for most of our actions and reactions, our ills and depressions, and also for our moods and inspirations.

In populated districts the ether is vibrant with human thought and tangles, hates, loves, ambitions, and complexes. It was very different on this sheltered Reservation far from "the intricate cross-currents of world life." Here were 500 square miles inhabited by 1500 people, without shops, factories, newspapers, or politics. There was never any talk of war, of armaments, investments, or labour troubles. A self-contained, poverty-stricken, serene world. Just as the Sahara awakens in one's soul a deep spiritual consciousness, so too the prairie in the stillness of its immensity filled one with a realisation of the Great Spirit.

One evening, which for me was an anniversary of rather more than usual significance, the sky in every direction was so brilliant, the clouds so varied in colour and form, I found myself pivoting on one spot, gazing upward in bewildered wonderment. This glory seemed

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to be circling round my head—I felt myself being drawn up in a kind of spiral out of my body. It lasted perhaps only a second—a flash of illumination so wonderful, so unearthly, that it left me dizzy.

The sun set behind a hill which was a solid dark mass against the flaming glow. In the far distance the Rocky Mountains formed a clear blue parapet. There was an uncanny hush, in vivid contrast to the day, when the prairie was full of the sounds of birds and beasts, of foals crying for their mothers, stallions neighing noisily, the lowing of cattle and chattering of magpies—but this night the horses were silent shadows. Surely the world on the Other Side must be like this? I thought I had passed over.

It took me time to get accustomed to the Indians' silent ways. Our friends would walk into the room without greeting, without a word of any sort, and depart without any form of farewell. This is so contrary to "White" upbringing. But not White only, for the Arabs among whom I had lived so long are great salutationists. Night-Gun, who came every night, never said good-bye. I would look up to say something to him and find he had silently disappeared.

Sako's brother Ernest, a rare visitor, was equally silent. I used to wonder if he suffered from liver or shyness. He dropped in one day just after lunch, sat apathetically on a hard chair, and did not speak. Esto and I pursued our talk as if he were not there. I was telling Esto that I had seen grouse that morning on the prairie. There was an unexpected interruption, preceded by a grunt, from Ernest:

"Prairie-chicken, we call them."

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"Good eating," I said. "I wish someone would shoot them for me."

He brightened. "I will," and addressing Esto: "Got any shells?"

"Shells!" I repeated incredulously.

Esto got up and rummaged about in the dresser drawer where the boys kept their paints and their coloured pencils. She collected some rifle-bullets and handed them to Ernest. He surveyed them in the palm of his hand. "Shells," he said laconically, yawned and went out.

About an hour later he returned with four fat grouse which he threw on the table without a word.

"You didn't get those on the wing," I said, "with a rifle."

Esto chuckled (her odds and ends of information were surprising). "In England," she told Ernest, "they consider it very unsporting to shoot them sitting on the ground."

Ernest protested. "They were not sitting, they were running. My! How they can run!"

Esto said they must hang for a few days because (another oddment of information) the English like to eat animals when they smell! They were the fattest and most succulent grouse I ever did eat, but nobody else would touch them, unanimous opinion being that it would make them sick. They preferred their tough beef. There were some things on which we agreed to disagree.

Kyaiou was becoming a responsibility. Her escapades had given her a taste of liberty and turned her sour. Moreover, she had grown so that her cage on the back of the car was nearly too small for her (good-bye to the

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project of bringing her back to England). She had begun to snap at people, to make sudden spiteful lunges even at those who fed her, even the men-folk.

I decided to let her go free, but not, of course, on the Reservation, where she would be shot immediately. I would only let her go in one of the National Parks, which are sanctuaries. This would seem to indicate a trip to Banff, over two hundred miles away. I had been told so often (on both sides of the border) that I *should* see Banff. Well, I would see Banff! The Tailfeathers, who had never been there, would come with me. Esto had need of buckskins for her work, there were none to be had on the Blood Reservation. Game was scarce, the hunting-season had not begun, and stocks were exhausted. She thought the Sarcees might have some, or the Stoneys, whose Reservations were on our way. The Tailfeathers had a friend, a Blood woman who was now a Sarcee widow, we would camp with her. The idea of an hotel never entered their heads. Hotels indeed! Since when did Redskin Indians need *that* sort of shelter?

We could not start at once, for Sako had to finish threshing. September was nearing its end, and every day that passed made them anxious about the weather. They said it was apt to change suddenly about this time. The prospective expedition was for some days the main topic of discussion. I tried to visualise this camping plan. The big canvas sheet that I used to throw over the car at night was to make shift as a tent. Esto said she would shut out the draught at the end by closing it up with her tepee lining and securing it to the canvas with safety-pins! We should not be cold, because Sako would see to it that the fire did not go out.

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"Supposing the wood is wet, how will we make a fire?" I asked. My questions always provoked merriment, apparently they were very silly. The idea of not being able to make a fire because the wood was wet! How did I suppose Indians had lived in the past? "Don't worry, leave it to us," they said. I didn't worry, I asked another silly question about bedding, in case the ground was damp. Sako said we should have a foundation of pine branches for our beds. Nothing was more comfortable than a bed of pines, it was soft and gave out an aromatic scent. "Supposing (another silly question) there aren't any pine trees?" "Then we'll use something else," and again: "Don't worry." They talked a lot about Mrs. Starlight, their Sarcee friend, hoped the Sarcees "would be friendly" (the Bloods have a guilty conscience that dates back). I was really very excited at this prospect of camping with Indians, of leaving it all to them, of placing myself, so to speak, in their hands—of not worrying, in fact!

When the day came at last that Sako was free, we loaded up the V. 8 with bedding, pillows, and our buffalo robes, the big canvas sheet, the tepee lining (and safety-pins), a hatchet and a frying-pan, oddments of food and groceries. We left the farm on a fine morning, the sun was shining and we rejoiced.

We took Sekani with us. I knew by experience that he was never any trouble, and his company seemed to make everything we did more worth while. Sekani was much too Indian to express himself in words, but his big black eyes shone with joy when I said I wanted him with us.

It was a tight fit for a two-seater. The camping equipment filled the back so we were four inside.

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Sekani sat upon his mother and his father in turn. We stopped at Macleod for lunch, and Kyaious in her cage attracted the usual crowd. We then took the road to Banff, which runs through Calgary. The day clouded, and before we had gone very far we ran into rain; the other side of Calgary it turned to snow. I did not say much, none of us did. I wondered how it would all turn out, maybe they wondered too. But whereas my thoughts reverted to things like hotels, their minds never left the rails upon which they had set their thoughts. Esto hoped Mrs. Starlight would "be at home," as we branched off the highway towards the Sarcee Reservation. We only went a few yards. The rain had done its bit and the V. 8 skidded like a piece of wet soap on a tile. There was nothing to do but turn back, and turning was easier said than done. It was a relief to get safely back on to the highway.

"I wonder where we shall spend the night," I said when we neared the mountains and plunged deeper into the storm. We were cold. Sekani said his ears were cold. My hands and feet were frozen. The snow accumulated on the windscreen. At intervals the wiper ceased to work. If Sekani hadn't been a very superior little boy we should have gone mad, and I would have driven into the ditch. But he lay back in his father's arms, with his feet on his mother's lap, or vice versa, and slept most of the time.

I tried not to think of Kyaious, was she not soon going to be free?

The day was far advanced when our numbed senses were revived by a large board which announced the Stoney Reservation. Personally I had ceased to have any plans. I simply concentrated on my driving, in

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hopes of reaching "some place," but I did not know what sort of a place I hoped to reach. The Tailfeathers had quite made up their minds that we should spend the night with the Stoneys. They were quite confident that the Stoneys (or any other tribe) would receive us hospitably, because a common misfortune obliterates enmity. In a reversed situation, the Tailfeathers would hospitably receive Stoneys, or any other tribe of Indian who knocked upon their door, snowstorm or no snowstorm. So once more we left the high road, and by a miracle got through a flooded side road, and crossed a bridge over a river; suddenly I found myself wondering about the tepee lining and the safety-pins. . . .

The Reservation was woodland, and the trees, mostly aspens, were a brilliant gold. I had a letter from Mr. Pugh to recommend me to the Agent, and so I drove directly to the Agent's house. His wife came to the door and seemed quite bewildered. Her husband was out hunting, the whole Reservation was in quarantine because of an epidemic of Black Measles. Her children were just recovering. The school was closed, the hospital overflowing. She wished she could do something for us, but under the circumstances she was helpless.

The house was so warm and bright, I was so cold. The Tailfeathers were outside in the car. We surely were out of luck, I thought, and went back to them. Not so out of luck after all. They had found a friend while they were waiting, a friend whom they had not seen for eleven years and who happened to pass by at that moment. The friend was no less a person than an ex-Agent of the Bloods, recently appointed to the Stoney Reservation. Fount was the name of this

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perfectly good Scotsman from Scotland. I don't know whether the compliment was Mr. Fount's that a Government official had made himself so beloved by the Indians, or whether the compliment was on the Tailfeathers that Mr. Fount should remember them and be so pleased to see them. The main thing is that Mr. Fount took us to his house. He was not installed, had no furniture except his own bed and a table, but he recognised our plight and offered us the essential shelter and warmth. We offered him our good company at supper, and so, all being well that ends well, we spent a cheerful evening. Esto cooked a perfect meal, and I had a perfect hot bath. It was a paradoxical situation. Not a chair to sit on, not a bed to sleep in, but central heating, which was the essential. I will add (and I *must*) that Mr. Fount offered me his bed. But one cannot invade a man's house uninvited and oblige him to sleep on the floor. I said I liked sleeping on the floor, that I had often slept on the floor. I had slept on a table in Russia, on the deck of a boat in Turkey. I had rolled up in my burnous and slept on the ground in the Sahara. I was well used to knocking about. "Thank you so much, all the same." I had a room to myself, newly painted, and absolutely empty (no—I am wrong, there was a pile of books!).

I had oft-times complained to the Tailfeathers that I was too comfortable in their house. It wasn't "native" enough. I thought I should take my buffalo robe and go and roll up on the floor in one of the neighbour's houses. Joe Bull-Shields, who came to lunch every Sunday, said he thought one "could overdo it." Esto on this occasion said she supposed I was glad my wish was going to be fulfilled, and offered to make up my

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bed for me, as she knew something about sleeping on the floor. I thanked her, said I could well manage myself. I even offered her some of my blankets. She said, "You'll need them," and I thought there was a little irony in her voice. The next morning Esto's eyes twinkled with merriment as she looked at my tired face and asked: "How did you sleep?"; and my sullen answer was: "Not a wink." How they laughed! It became a standing joke. Until the day of my departure Esto was to ask me at intervals if I felt like rolling up in my buffalo robe on a neighbour's floor. The experiment having happened in a White man's house added piquancy to the joke.

It was still pouring with rain when we said good-bye to Mr. Fount. Our first objective was the Reservation Store beside the railway in the woods. An Arab shop in a Saharan oasis never felt more remote. Esto found they had one buckskin left, the last of the year. It cost only three dollars and was a good one. I discovered a pair of embroidered elk-skin gauntlets better than any I had seen in any of the craft shops. There were buckskin coats for eight and ten dollars which cost twenty anywhere else. After this shopping orgy we pushed on to Banff. Poor Kyaïou had spent the night in her cage out in the snow. I thought she looked rather depressed, she was in fact trembling. On her account I pushed on in some haste.

We ran out of the rain region into the sunshine. A fantastic world: the cotton-wood trees still retained their brilliant yellow leaves, and the ground was covered with gleaming snow. Mountains rising up on either side were lost in cloud and mirrored in still lakes.

The Warden at Banff National Park entrance was

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much concerned about Kyaïou, as also were a carfull of young men who arrived at the same moment. The Warden insisted on telephoning to the Zoo in the Park, but was told they had twelve bears and could not afford to feed any more (which, judging by Kyaïou's rapacity, I could quite understand).

Thereupon the young men offered to take Kyaïou back with them to Calgary that evening. They said the Zoo at Calgary needed bears. Seeing that the idea did not appeal to me, the Warden advised me to drive to the Park Headquarters (wherever that might be) and ask for Mr. Potto and Mr. Petes. These were kind gentlemen, who liked bears—and who would probably be willing to make a home for my bear until she was "in a state to fend for herself." I agreed on principle, but I was rather bored and cold, anxious to get on.

A highway led us through the town of Banff to wild hills and woodland beyond. Whichever way I turned, the landscape seemed to be a worthy background for Kyaïou's freedom. Carefully did I select a place that could answer all her requirements. There was a wooded hill-side on the left, and a clearing on the right. Close by were some public baths, combined with human habitation. (Bears' love of scrap-bins was in the back of my mind.) If Kyaïou was stupid about food, I thought she might find kindly humans who would assist her.

The fact is, I was very fond of Kyaïou, and felt as if I were leaving my baby on somebody's doorstep.

Sako had the wit to think of removing her collar, no easy matter. While Sako pulled with both hands and all his strength on the chain, to get her head close up to the bars, Kyaïou pushed against the bars with

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all her might. In the end, of course, Sako was the stronger, and while I shouted excitedly, "Don't cut her throat," he cut the collar with his big sharp knife. Kyaïou went backwards with a sudden jerk, and shook herself.

We surmised that two days and a night in the cage, and this final tussle, had made her pretty ill-tempered. I half-expected her to make one of her unpleasant lunges at us. Esto, gripping Sekani, stood by the car door ready to leap in if need be. Sako with perfect equanimity opened the cage door and stood back.

Kyaïou climbed out in a leisurely, dignified way, and stood in the middle of the road surveying us. Although she missed the heavy chain, she had not yet realised her freedom. With a defiant hiss she ambled off to the roadside. Finding she was not brought to a standstill with a sudden jerk, and seeing a tree, she rushed at it and climbed nimbly to the top.

From her height she looked down upon us with wild eyes, made little happy grunts and let herself down, the branches crackling under her weight. Then up the next, a thin aspen that swayed as if it would break. Down she came again and up the next, snorting and sniffing, growing wilder every minute.

We were fascinated by her antics. When she came down from her third tree she ran at great speed across the open. I thought she had gone for good, that we should see her no more, but quite suddenly she stopped and started to rummage in the snow, and gulped down great mouthfuls. It was evident that she might remain in the vicinity for all the rest of the day, there was so much to attract her. We watched her until we were so cold we had to go. I turned away reluctantly—it

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would have been so much easier if she had left us instead of our having to leave her. Of one thing I am sure: Kyaïou is the wildest bear in Banff National Park.

Just outside the town of Banff the brothers Luxton have a gigantic logwood store. It is more of a museum than a store, and the Luxtons are its curators. Descended from one of the earliest Methodist missionaries, they have been welded into Indian life. Charming, intelligent, well-informed, I was fascinated by them and their Indian collection. While I talked to Mr. Luxton, Sako and Sekani were riveted by a stuffed monster in a glass case! It came from the Persian Gulf, a horrible grimacing freak, both fish and human. Sako had to satisfy himself that it was no invention, but one of God's genuine creatures. While one Luxton brother told him its history the other brother told me about the Stoney Indians. They are hunters, and at the time of the treaty were allowed to choose their Reservation. They chose a richly wooded country full of game. Every year ever since, the game has grown less and less. Ranches have spread in a strangling circle around the Reserve, and every wild animal is killed on sight. The Stoneys, who once were happy hunters, prosperous traders of furs, to-day are almost starving. Their plight was such that he, Luxton, collected money for them and organised relief. This is the tribe nearest to "The Prince of Wales' Ranch." They invited the Prince to a pow-wow and made him Chief. (I wonder if he knows how poor they are?)

Remarkable man, this Luxton; he told me to take anything I liked, bear skins, buffalo robes, deer skins,

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buckskins, belts, bags, war bonnet—"You can pay me any time."

"But," I said, "you do not know me, I am a passing stranger with a party of Blood Indians." I could see he liked my Indians (if only they were all like Sako . . .).

"That's all right," he said, and the parcel grew ever larger!

Banff is one of those smart seasonal places, with good shops that close in winter-time. I ransacked those that were still open, in search of a scarf for Sekani—a plain bright-coloured woollen scarf was all I asked for. It was unobtainable. I was offered Scotch plaids, red plaids, green plaids, yellow plaids—until I exclaimed irritably that "Red Indians look crazy in Scotch plaids!" The Irish in Esto thought it funny. She often referred after that to Red Indians in Scotch plaids!

The return journey was in a snowstorm. The thought of the little cosy cabin in the coulée acted as a spur. We all wanted to get home, and so I kept on and on, to the end of the day, on into the night. Tired, cold, desperately sleepy, we reached the Reservation at two in the morning, a very silent party.

For some days after our return Sako was a centre of interest. His friends called in the evenings to hear about the visit to Banff. Most of them had never left the Reservation unless it was to go to Browning. Even Night-Gun dropped his drumming and listened, all attention. I could not understand what Sako said, but his listeners strained forward, eyes fixed upon him, never a word escaped them, intense silent interest, while Sako talked and talked and talked—in a low voice, as if he were afraid the enemy might hear him!

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There were pauses that may have been punctuation. He talked maybe for half an hour or more without an interruption. The sound of his voice and the beauty of the language were pleasant to the ear as music. This story-telling was the enactment of an old-time custom. Fifty years ago, they would all have been sitting round the fire, and Sako would have been telling the story of his war-path. To-day they sat on straight-backed chairs and listened spellbound to the story of the monster from the Persian Gulf. For that was the subject of Sako's narrative: the human fish! Not everyone believed him. Some of them thought it was just another of those fishing stories, and that he had been taken in by it, but it is a story known all over the Reservation.

CHAPTER XXII

Conquered-by-Night Administers Medicine

WITH the end of the threshing—which meant that all the harvesters had a little money in their pockets—there was great talk of a pow-wow. It was to be a very big pow-wow in celebration of Norah Gladstone's Coronation trip. I had been to the school party that was given for the same reason, but her father meant to have an Indian celebration as well. Mr. Gladstone could not in any way be mistaken for an Indian. He was not half as Indian, for instance, as Esto. Actually he was not even a half-breed. One could only say of him that he had some Indian blood. His Indian blood was no more apparent than mine. If appearances were the only proof of our boast, we should come off badly. Mrs. Gladstone, on the other hand, was a full-blood.

The family were well off (all things being relative), well respected, and well liked, connected with the Gladstone family through a brother or cousin of the "great old man" who had emigrated to Canada and married an Indian girl. Norah's father set as little store by them as they did by him, so he said laughingly. If I were an English Gladstone and had any such relations I would make the most of them. I was, after all, making the most of the Tailfeathers, and they were no relation.

Gladstone had sold his crop better than anyone else,

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and was prepared to make a splash. Although the date remained indefinite, he promised it should take place before I left. I said I would not leave before it took place.

The change in the weather forced me to think of departure. The family were living in tents in the snow and I was occupying a whole room. My two unfinished heads and the prospective pow-wow were the causes of my delay. I felt badly about staying so long. Every morning, when Esto brought me my cup of steaming coffee and a piece of hot toast with a lump of butter in process of melting, I would apologise—tell her how ashamed I was of occupying the room, hoped they weren't all sick of me. . . .

Esto used to laugh, and sometimes she'd kiss the top of my head, and if words carried any weight, I could rest assured that I was still a welcome guest.

Dear old Crazy-Crow and his wife were still encamped a few yards away. His daughter and her husband with two little boys had joined them. We were a very big family.

Crazy-Crow asked if there was any chance that I would dance with him at the pow-wow. The Indian custom is for the women to ask the men to dance. This is because the men are so jealous, an Indian could not tolerate that any man should deliberately select *his* woman as a partner; I promised Crazy-Crow I would ask him for a dance.

One morning he told Esto that he had decided to give me the most precious of his possessions, two scalps he had secured when he was seventeen. These are trophies that no Indian will part with, and that generally are buried with him, but, because I was a great friend,



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a great *white* friend, he thought I might prize them. He was growing old and had not long to live. He felt that the end was not far off. He had lost his son, and there was no one else he cared to give them to but me.

He had observed my Hudson Bay blanket coat and hoped I would hang the scalps, Indian fashion, from the shoulders. I asked him, as he sat there in a corner of the kitchen while all were bustling around getting ready a meal, how he had killed his Indians—with a gun, tomahawk, or bow and arrow? To what tribe had they belonged, and why did he have to *kill* them? He said he would tell me the stories of his war-paths when I came to the tent to fetch the scalps.

I asked if the spirits of the dead warriors were likely to haunt me?

He answered that no Indian spirit ever haunted a White person.

Esto promised to be our interpreter that evening.

The old man went off, smiling and cheerful as ever, but before he reached his tent he collapsed in the snow, and was carried into his tent in a dying condition. Esto and I found him lying on a mattress on the ground; he was unconscious, throwing himself about and rolling his head. His face was contracted, he gasped convulsively and moaned as if in pain.

We tried to do something to help, but Conquered-by-Night had shaken herself out of her deaf and blind inertia and was transformed into an active and authoritative person. She had her own methods, which were those of a Medicine-woman. For an hour or more I was a helpless witness of a most extraordinary scene.

A handful of seeds thrown on the fire filled the tent with a sweet scent of aromatic herbs. Kneeling at her

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husband's side, she produced out of a bag a "black weasel" skin (summer ermine) that had belonged to her famous father and brought him safely through his war-paths. With prayers and incantations she passed it several times round the sick man's head, his neck and wrists, and across his face and chest. Then she took red earth powder, which is the war-paint of the Indians, and with a rhythmic shout rubbed it into his chest, repeating this several times. She would blow into his open mouth, giving him her breath when his failed.

In his unconscious agony he called for smoke, for the sacred precious tobacco; she lit a cigarette and blew the smoke into his face, then removed one of his moccasins and painted the sole of his foot. At intervals she beat his bare breast with an eagle wing.

Their daughter, young, beautiful, sphinx-like, stood by, taking no part.

The final scene was when, all her ministrations having failed, Conquered-by-Night took the old man's head in her lap and began to sing. He had told her, far back, that if ever he were in danger of dying she was to sing his Medicine-song to him, and if he were able to sing it with her he would live.

They were a striking picture in the light of an unshaded lamp on the ground: the old woman in faded red, holding his head tenderly between her bony hands, her head thrown back in an attitude of invocation.

She was so full of courage, although her heart was breaking, she was able to sing. The effect was magic. Hearing his war-song, Crazy-Crow opened his eyes. They were glazed and could not focus, one saw the

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effort of a mind coming-to, as though from anaesthetic. In a voice that was like a cracked bell he began to sing with her. Then he sank back exhaustedly, turned on his side and fell asleep. The fight was over, Conquered-by-Night had triumphed.

She covered her face with her hand and surreptitiously wiped away a tear. When the sleeping man stirred, her arm went round him, and at last she lay down by his side, her face close to his, oblivious of our presence.

As we left the tent I noticed a figure sitting impassively by the entrance. It was Plain-Woman, the man who had taken Esto's mother away from Crazy-Crow. Time is like a desert wind that obliterates past traces. As we made our way back through the snow with the help of an electric torch Esto remarked:

"You very nearly didn't get those scalps."

"I haven't got them *yet*," I answered.

Through Crazy-Crow and the daughter of Many-Mules I had been linked to a past which for a brief moment had become more real than the present.

According to Esto, no other White person would have been allowed to remain in the tent, my presence was a proof of their regard for me.

I was to be present later at a consultation as to whether the sick man should be sent to hospital.

Esto was in favour of this. The nursing nuns were her friends. The hospital was part of the fulfilment of the Government's treaty with the Indians. The fulfilment had not been done sparingly, it was such an attractive place it almost invited one to be ill.

Old Indians are hard to be persuaded, they will only submit in the last extremity.

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Conquered-by-Night, however, said she would abide by the decision of their daughter. This girl, who had throughout appeared so sphinx-like and indifferent, spoke at last from her dark corner, and everyone listened.

She was absolutely firm in her opinion that her father should *not* go to hospital. She reasoned that he was an old man with no curable disease. At the hospital—it was said—the old people were left to die. The nurses had not time to sit by them to the end. The sick man would groan and cry, and there would be no one to soothe him. He might even throw himself out of bed on to the floor—it were better that he remain surrounded by loving care. She would nurse him, she would sit up with him through the night. It was agreed to abide by the daughter's decision.

When the boys got back from school they helped Esto to dismantle the stove that was in her tent, carried it to the tent of Crazy-Crow, and put it up in the place of the old one that was small and broken. I asked Esto what she was going to put in its place.

"Nothing," she said.

"But, Esto—you'll be cold."

"We have plenty of blankets."

I knew that when there was snow on the ground Sako kept the fire burning all through the night, but Esto treated the matter as of no consequence. The old man needed it and the old man must have it, nothing else mattered. Nor would she admit that her sacrifice was in the least meritorious. She took unto herself no virtue for an act that was in her eyes natural and obligatory. The fact that I was even impressed surprised her.

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After supper she took some hot broth across to the tent and returned in triumph with two scalps and the message that he was "quite well" and waiting for my visit. Crazy-Crow had slept for several hours and was undoubtedly better, but no White doctor would have allowed him to receive a visitor.

He welcomed me with a gaunt outstretched arm. As he spoke his voice rose and sank, at moments it was a hoarse whisper. The lamp which stood on the ground behind his pillow lit up his fine brow and the bridge of his nose, the rest of him was in shadow. He was anxious to talk, there were things he wanted to tell.

"Last night," he began, "when I was unconscious, I went on a long journey, *oomey, oomey* (far, far!)"—he made a gesture that suggested distance. "I came to *a place*—but *they* sent me back. *They* said it was not time." This was followed by the cryptic statement that if he had gone *that* way he would never have returned, but as he went *the other* way they sent him back.

He hoped I was pleased with the scalps. I must remember that Indians never set out to kill, but to raid, they only killed in self-defence.

One of the scalps was a Kootenay, the other was a Crow (he could not tell which was which). He killed the Kootenay, but the Crow, who would not fight, he did not kill. I wondered if he had perhaps scalped the Crow alive, a not unusual occurrence and less painful than might be supposed, for the amount of skin representing a scalp is the equivalent of a monk's tonsure.

The story he told was not very clear. Esto said that he repeated himself unendingly. In vain I tried to get consecutive details; in the end I gave it up and

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was content with such fragments as Esto handed to me. The old man evidently enjoyed telling his past and loved reliving it. His narrative was accompanied by forceful gestures. His gnarled, twisted fingers with their bent phalanges were grotesquely illumined by the lamplight. When he thrust them forward they loomed huge and menacing, the talons of some gigantic bird. I gathered that he and his friend left the Reservation and travelled a long way, to Fort Benton in fact. It was usual for two friends to start out together on a war-path, and they were in honour bound to divide equally the spoils of victory. The outstanding feature of this war-path in the memory of Crazy-Crow was that he rode a grey horse, but the enemy was on a pinto. Ensued a rather muddled description of how the enemy shot at them and missed them. His "partner" got off his horse and shot from cover of his animal. He shouted to Crazy-Crow to do likewise. The "partner" may have been older and more cautious, Crazy-Crow was seventeen and impetuous, he desperately wanted that pinto. A pinto (piebald) is dear to the heart of an Indian, it was worth risking life to secure.

He pursued the enemy, and shot him in fair fight at close quarters.

Crazy-Crow got the pinto, his friend got the gun, they halved the scalp, and that was why it was rather thin!

Conquered-by-Night sat very close, smoking a cigarette and straining to hear. At last she said: "You tell your story very badly, I could help you——" Crazy-Crow answered that he knew he told it badly, he never had been any good, he said, at story-telling.

This telling of stories had been misunderstood by

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many White people who think the Indians are boasting. It was not in any boasting sense that they related their war-paths. Among a people where the written word is non-existent, the spoken word is the only means of recording exploits. Men who were famous for their deeds achieved fame sometimes by their manner of telling about them.

Conquered-by-Night offered to tell one of her father's stories, but Crazy-Crow lay back limply and said he felt giddy. I was sure we had let him talk too long, and not wishing to be the cause of a relapse, got up to go.

My diary records, the next day, Sept. 29th, 1937:

"When Esto brought my coffee she brought me an elk's tooth, a gift from Conquered-by-Night, who had pulled it off her bracelet to send to me, because she said I had been 'so kind to her old man.'"

I had given him my Hudson Bay blanket coat, for I thought he was cold. Hudson Bay coats are prized by the Indians, but so are elks' teeth! Her gift had more virtue than mine, for it was her only elk's tooth, whereas Night-Gun, a reputed fashioner of coats, was making me a new one.

CHAPTER XXIII

Pow-wow

From my Diary, Oct. 1st, 1937.

CRAZY-CROW'S brother, Big-Eagle (a much younger man), came to visit him and stopped to lunch with us. I remarked upon his close-cropped hair. He said he had let it grow four or five times, but it took so long to comb and braid and keep in order that he could not help succumbing to the temptation of cutting it for comfort's sake.

We talked about the pow-wow which takes place to-night. It has been the sole topic of conversation for days, and the object of much preparation. We have all made ourselves new dresses. Esto was still busy with her machine, running up the seams of her silk dress. Awful disorder in the room. Before we had finished lunch, Esto excused herself and went back to her sewing-machine, making an infernal noise while we tried to talk.

Big-Eagle happened to remark that he had got up extra early this morning to go to church. Perhaps he thought it would please the White woman to know he went to church.

I said: "What did you go to church for on a Friday?"

He said he had been to Confession. Ensued an awkward blank during which Esto's machine sounded like a world movement.

Then I said: "I expect you'll go to Heaven, but I'll go to your Happy Hunting-ground."

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He looked disconcerted, that is, as disconcerted as it is possible for an Indian to look. Then in a defensive voice he said: "The White people brought their religion and forced it upon us. What could we do?"

I was about to say that one religion was as good as another, but he fixed dreamy half-closed eyes upon me and began:

"Once, when I was very ill, I knew I could only be 'saven' through the Medicine-pipe—I gave sixty head of horse for it. The Pipe is older than anyone can remember, earlier than the White man came. It is so old no one can tell of what skin is made the bag that contains it. Then I had a dream. . . . I was in a tepee with many old men. Among them Big-Wolf—dead now—a great old Medicine-man. The Sacred Person was telling me and Big-Wolf how to use the Pipe—first we should pray with it, and afterwards dance with it. If we did this in the right way, in the order he directed, I would never have any trouble—never lose a child or a grandchild. Then he sang a song, the song of the Sacred Pipe—yes, I remember the song. I will sing it to you presently——"

He went on about the Pipe, and I tried hard to follow, but his English pronunciation was not very clear and Esto's machine made it harder. At intervals she would stop, translate a word impatiently and go on machining.

I knew that a Sacred Pipe is a very important thing. There are supposed to be only seventeen distributed among the various tribes. It is the most sacred and most complicated object to own. It entails endless ceremonial and care. It dominates a man's life, he can never forget its presence. Every day it has to be taken for a walk and brought back by the opposite way

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to the way it started out. Always it must move in a circle, in the direction of the sun. The owner must have a special horse for his own use, painted in a special design, and if he lends that horse, some ill befalls either the horse or the rider. The Medicine-pipe is contained in an elk-hide bag wrapped in the skin of a black bear. The wrapping contains, besides the pipe, an owl, two loons, two white swans, two cranes, a musk rat, an otter skin, the skin of a fawn, and sometimes the skin of a prairie dog. The sacred tobacco is contained in the bird skins.

The opening of the bundle, which is an extremely elaborate ceremony, can only occur when the first thunder is heard in the spring. The bare details of the rites make monotonous reading, it needs the music of the drums, the chanting of the prayers, the dancing, and the colour. I could write on endlessly about the Sacred Pipe. Dick-Soup, who owns one, came to the house one day. When I invited him to be seated on a bench upon which I had spread a black bear-skin he said he could not sit on *it*, he could not touch *it*, he must not mention *its* name. The Bear has something to do with the Sacred Pipe ritual, it is all very mysterious, and it is very dangerous not to do the right thing by it. . . .!

From Big-Eagle's account I gathered that Big-Wolf, on whom the chief part of the ceremonial depended, failed to carry out correctly the instructions given in the dream. Instead of first praying with the Pipe, he first took it for a dance. The result was that it failed to save Big-Eagle's grandchild, who was sick and died.

After that they were careful that the rites were performed in their proper sequence.

Big-Eagle kept that Pipe five years, and during that time he never lost another grandchild. Other people

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who were in distress would borrow it, giving him a song for the loan of it. Each song became the property of the Pipe, part of its ritual. Wherever it went, the Pipe had its accompaniment of songs.

When Big-Eagle had finished telling me about the Pipe, he said: "I will sing you the song that I learned in my dream."

I gestured to Esto to stop sewing. It was by no means a propitious moment for such singing, and yet that man established in the space of a few seconds an atmosphere of reverence that was overwhelming. Suddenly, in the middle of his song, he paused and recited what I recognised to be a prayer. Esto translated in a whisper: He referred to me as Esto's friend and "our sister, a White woman who believes the Indian religion. There is almost no difference between us. I pray for her to be blessed and protected, and for her happiness."

No missionary had been able to dislodge the Great Spirit who was still God in *his* heart. He went on with his song quite simply and un-selfconsciously. When it was ended he rose to his feet.

"I must go to my brother now," he said, and left the house.

Esto did not immediately resume her machining. She was thoughtful.

"I was educated in a Church school," she said. "Ever since I can remember I was taught the Christian religion—but when I hear men like that pray in the Indian way I feel like crying. It is so beautiful."

There was some discussion as to whether the pow-wow should take place on the night appointed (October 1st) or be postponed.

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The snow had melted, as I had been assured it would. I could not believe when all the world was white that it could be green again before the spring, but so it happened, for this had been merely the annual storm of autumn that precedes the Indian summer. Mr. Gladstone called that morning to ask us what we thought about postponement, for the sky was threatening. If, adding to the melted slush, it also rained, then the half-mile between the main road and the dance-hall would be dangerous for motors. The Tailfeathers were among the very few on the Reservation who owned a motor, but, although a minority, we were indispensable! Unanimously we agreed that it was "now or never!" It is so funny to look back on those days: our preoccupation as to whether the dance would or would not take place; the absurd effort of preparation. For all we knew or cared, the whole world might have been at war (instead of only a bit of it), we would still have been absorbed in the preparations for our pow-wow.

A day of sunshine and wind did much towards drying up the roads. I tested the V. 8, which had not been out for a week, and she rushed the steep slope out of the coulée like a horse that has been stabled over-long. The whole family had been feverishly active all afternoon, dressing, cleaning the children, etc. It looked to me as if an early start was intended. About three o'clock I asked what time we'd be off.

"As soon as we're ready" came the answer, so I got a hustle on, but quite needlessly, for no one was ready before six o'clock.

Esto had on her new dress of apricot silk that she had run up on the machine the day before. She borrowed

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the longest of my beaded belts and an Indian necklace (the White woman supplying Indian dress essentials to the Indians!), she had done her hair in braids, her face looked very Indian and handsome, but her feet went Irish. She wore black strap shoes with heels, because moccasins made her look short!

Phyllis the saint looked very Madonnaish in sky-blue. She too braided her hair, and borrowed my high white moccasins.

Sakoyena had his buckskins ready, only the *pièce-de-résistance*, his war bonnet, was missing. He had owned the best one on the Reservation, but was induced to sacrifice it as an offering to the Governor-General on the occasion of a State visit. However, cousin Lowhorn lent him the one he had made for "someone over the border," and which I had so much admired when we picnicked in the wood. But when Sako took it out of its bag he discovered it was incomplete. To me it looked magnificent, but I had yet to learn that the eagle-tail feathers had to be tipped with a streamer of grey horse-hair, or the fluff from an eagle's breast. No self-respecting Red man could be seen wearing a feathered head-dress untipped, just as no White man would wear his evening-suit without a tie. I think every one of us was more disappointed even than Sako. Dressed in his gala clothes and crowned with feathers he was a sight for the gods. Instead, he wore his Sunday blue serge with a violet silk handkerchief round his neck. An SOS to my friend Luxton at Banff resulted in a fine war bonnet by post—too late, alas, for this occasion, but in readiness for the next. Sako solemnly swore he would *never* part with it, no, never! *Not* even to a Governor-General.

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I wore a white woollen dress, better described as a "robe," that Erika had designed for me at St. Mary's. The seams were over-stitched in wool with the colours (petunia, plum, saxe-blue) of my Indian belt and moccasins. I was proudest of my necklace. The boys for weeks past had collected the front teeth from all the horse carcasses in the coulée. A Chinese jeweller in Cardston had burnished them and drilled a hole through each. The effect when strung was of a wreath of white dahlia petals! Even the Indians did not immediately recognise their origin.

At last we started—Sako with his daughters-in-law and the little girls and a son or two in his car. I took Esto and Phyllis with me. We ran into trouble at the very start, for the bridge that linked the prairie and the high road was barred for repairs (a lorry had passed the day before), and although Sako gave me a lead through a bog and over a stream I did not negotiate it as well as he did, since he had chains on his wheels. It was anxious work; bad judgment or hesitation would have landed us in an inextricable mess.

It was dusk when we reached the high road, and long past dark when we got to the dance-hall. A crowd stood outside watching the arrivals. The "Reception Committee" with electric torches helped us to park, and to pick our way through the mud to the entrance.

The hall, designed and built by the Indians themselves, was a great square pavilion with benches against the wall. A bandstand occupied the middle, with a skylight in a tower rising above it. Four whitewashed tree-trunks supported the roof. At the further end there was a dais with a balustrade like an altar. This was a refuge (literally) for the Chief and the guests of

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honour. A door at the back of this dais gave access to a combined kitchen and supper-room.

The hall was already full, but women with their babies and their bundles still poured in. The scene was a mixture of a Paris Communist Meeting and an Arab railway station. Communist, because an Indian dressed as a White man looks like that, and an Arab railway station, because the women wrapped in shawls with colourful kerchiefs round their heads were camped all over the floor with an air of permanence.

Mr. Pugh, representing the Government, and Canon Middleton, representing the Church, had been invited. This is rare, for the presence of White people (especially officials) cramps the Indian's style. But the pow-wow being in honour of Norah Gladstone, and offered by her father, a certain White element seemed inevitable. Everyone said (hopefully): "They won't stay long." We had to wait for them to arrive before anything could begin. We waited so long that we thought they were not coming. It was nearly ten o'clock when the signal was given to "drum" them in! The procession was preceded by the two daughters of the Bishop of Gloucester. Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides, dressed in his Mercantile Marine coat, occupied the throne on the dais that was specially prepared for him. He was conforming in his official capacity to the official presence of Mr. Pugh, but ten minutes later he reappeared in all his regalia, the grand dignified Chief in his superb war bonnet!

Big-Bull and Bull-Head had come from the Piegan Reservation and were also in their gala clothes. Rough-Hair did not wear his buckskins and head-dress, instead he wore a Jaeger undervest painted with red

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blobs and sewn here and there with tufts of eagle down. Round his head was a red scarf with an eagle plume stuck in it at a rakish angle.

Night-Gun wore a disc of eagle feathers like a windmill on the back of his head. This form of head-dress, he told me, was older even than the war bonnet, and dates back to pre-White-man days.

I was told the reason there were so few costumes was because most of them were in pawn. A little later they would be redeemed with harvest money.

In accordance with Indian custom I went about asking my friends to dance with me. Accordingly, Big-Bull and I performed the Owl Dance before anyone had taken to the floor. Round and round the bandstand we shuffled, the six drummers beating the great drum and singing for us alone! Big-Bull's wife, on the bench against the wall (wives did not sit with husbands), watched us with her evil eyes. Big-Bull was dreadfully changed, the great frame seemed to have shrunk. His hand that held mine was limp and hot. All his grandeur and strength had faded away. I surmised that he was ill. I never dreamt he was going to die.

After supper there were speeches. The Canon presented oratorical bouquets to Norah, and Mr. Pugh contributed his quota. Norah, nearly sick with shyness, had to respond, and Norah's father had to express his appreciation. The wall behind us and the bandstand in front of us were richly decorated with Union Jacks and Coronation flags. The faces of the new King and Queen did not, I reflected, lend themselves to cheap cotton reproduction.

When these formalities were over, the Chief stood up and gestured to me to stand by his side. He asked

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for silence, and as soon as the baby squeals were hushed he appealed in a deep clear voice to all present, to let it be known in all parts of the Reservation that Kokotos-aki their friend had been taken into the tribe.

The news was received by a murmur that was as nearly applause as one can expect from Indians. This initiation had not been as spectacular as at Browning, but I was better known and had the pleasurable sensation of feeling that I really "belonged."

I was relieved when the Church representatives left, for they were so completely out of the picture. I was ever conscious of the Canon's kindly but mocking eyes. The Roman Catholic Church was not represented. According to the priests, Indian dancing is wicked and should be discouraged. Mr. Pugh had an appreciation of the beautiful. He felt, as I did, that there was much to preserve which the world would regret when it was too late. His job, however, was to fulfil the "letter of the word," whatever that might mean. He did what he could and was liked. I never once heard criticism of Mr. Pugh. He was that quiet, reserved type of Englishman with an unfailing sense of humour, wisdom, tolerance, and human sympathy. He seemed to combine the posts of local Governor, Prime Minister, parish Priest, and village Doctor! The British Empire has been built up by such. His voice was so low that one had to give attention. Laughter was in his eyes rather than in his throat. If anyone were sick, he could be called upon at any hour, and had been known to set out on a stormy night to collect an urgent case that needed to be taken to hospital.

Mr. Pugh was the pow-wow's very welcome guest. The Indians would have been pleased if he had stayed

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longer, and he would have liked to stay, but as the Church departed he deemed it more politic to depart with it, but not until he had announced his intention of endowing the hall with an electric-lighting plant. The need was more than evident, we were in semi-darkness owing to the failure of two out of the four incandescent lamps.

With the departure of Officialdom the hall took on a new animation. The drummers beat with accelerated energy, the dancers danced with less restraint, the women seemed to spread themselves, babies cried more, children shouted louder while they played at catch-as-catch-can in and out and around the dancing couples.

The Owl Dance is extremely popular, and the dancers were so crowded that they touched one another and advanced only in slow motion. Viewed from the dais, this serried circle seemed to form a pattern: the left hand of the woman that went round the man's waist made a kind of chain effect, the short rhythmic step gave an impression of a mechanically propelled procession.

As there were relays of musicians the music was continuous. One moment they beat a fierce measure and sang the full throat in perfect unison, six men as one. Then suddenly the voice dropped and the drum would beat a soft pianissimo; again, with a burst of shouting, it broke into a wild throbbing measure that stirred the blood and made one's heart leap.

After the Owl Dance, while people rested, half a dozen Braves in their war bonnets and some others danced the Grass Dances, which are varied and individual, fascinating to watch. This was the dance in which Turtle excelled. I missed his presence. Rough-Hair's little adopted son, Bay-Horse-Rider, wore

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a head-dress like a crested crane, and followed Rough-Hair as though he were the old man's shadow, dancing the while with great earnestness.

Towards three o'clock I left the hall, curled up in my car, and slept for a couple of hours. I woke up shivering. In the kitchen there was a fire, and the wife of Joe Bull-Shields made me some coffee. After that I sat sleepily on the dais and watched.

At about 6.30 a.m. there was a sudden stirring on all sides. The women began to pack up their rugs and provisions, they waked their children, and there was a general cry as of sheep in a pen.

The hall began to empty rapidly. The reason for this sudden exodus was daybreak. In the dark no one could have found his horses or harnessed them, or stowed the family and their equipment in the carts. That was why the dance was an all-night affair, they had to wait for day in which to get away.

It was good to get out of the lamplit, smoky dance-hall into the fresh air of a new day! We were in a hollow close to the river among golden-yellow trees. There were gigs and wagons everywhere, horses tethered to trees, horses lying down, saddle-horses too. Everyone was busy harnessing, horsemen were galloping away. The horses were cold and glad to be moving.

As we drove along the highway, across the open plain, the rising sun suffused the world in violet, rose, and crimson. I stopped the car, and Sako just behind me stopped too and got out, to ask what was the matter. I said: "I want to look at the sunrise without running off the road." He looked up at the sky as though he beheld it for the first time, and said no word but only smiled.

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When we got home, Phyllis made some coffee for us. The sun was shining brightly when everyone retired to the tents to sleep. But I had slept two hours and there was no sleep in me. The stillness of the house was pleasant, but on the prairie, where the shadows were still long, the world was all mine, and mine alone.

CHAPTER XXIV

White-Wolf

A WHOLE week had gone by since the great pow-wow, and I was still at the house of the Tailfeathers. Day after day something new presented itself to delay my departure.

On October 6th Mr. Pugh took me across the Reservation to visit White-Wolf, aged ninety-three, the oldest Blood Indian alive. He was the contemporary and friend of the famous Many-Mules, father of Conquered-by-Night. Esto was with us, indispensable in her rôle of interpreter.

We found White-Wolf resting on his mattress on the floor, in a little wooden shack. There were a variety of relations around, mostly grown-up grandchildren, and one or two friends who had come to visit him.

White-Wolf was stone-blind, his eyes had disappeared and the eyelids had closed for ever. He was toothless but spoke easily, and his mind was active and clear. His face had become a living skull, the skin shrunk and drawn tight over the bone. His braided hair was silver-white. He was dressed in an old woollen suit that looked as if it had once been a Jaegar smoking-suit.

I put some packets of tobacco and cigarettes into his thin long fingers. He smiled with pleasure and said "Thank you" in English. He was out of tobacco and longing for a smoke.

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Esto, whom he knew, made him quite talkative about olden times. The gesticulations of his lean hands were interesting to watch. Like Crazy-Crow, and I suppose all the old people, he lived entirely in the past, but his past was even remoter than Crazy-Crow's. He liked talking about the buffalo. He must have been a good marksman with bow and arrow, for he said jokingly that their extermination was attributed to him!

Mention of his war-paths stirred him to action. He fumbled in a little chest, knew the position of each object, and brought out all the old clothes that he had worn in his youth. A striped faded shirt was made of canvas supplied by the early Hudson Bay traders. It had little fringes of red flannel sewn on here and there. Red flannel has been at all times and still is a favourite trimming. From the sleeves hung four scalps. He explained there were only two really, but he had divided them to make more decorative effect. I asked what tribe they had belonged to. "What could they be but Krees, of course?" he chuckled. His shield was a leather disc trimmed with bunches of eagle feathers. To illustrate how it was used he held it up before his face in an attitude of aggressive defence. Those blind eyes could see the enemy as surely as when he was nineteen. The thin dark sensitive fingers seemed literally to be holding the bow, preparatory to taking aim. A little bunch of hawk feathers had been his mascot, and used to be tied to the hair on the crown of his head. His moccasins were beaded in an old classical design known as Rainbow, the buckskin discoloured by war-paint.

This trousseau included two pairs of pants made like shapps, one of an early Hudson Bay blanket, the other

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of red flannel, with the selvedge used as trimming and scalloped.

His necklace of stained horses' teeth was strung between big uneven beads. He put it round his neck and passed an arm through it, so that it hung slantwise across his chest. There were several odd pieces of bead-work, and he explained that they used to dress up as richly as possible so that *if the enemy got them he got something*. When Esto said this I thought she must have misinterpreted, and made the old man repeat his statement. It was exactly as Esto had first stated.

He also said that after "The Treaty" (he was then thirty) he visited in turn all the tribes he'd fought—Krees, Crows, Stoneys, Kootenays, etc.—and told them all about his war-paths, on what occasions he had successfully raided them, and how many horses he had taken from them. He was loaded with presents from each (horses, blankets, etc.) for such is the custom: once the pipe of peace has been smoked, enemies become friends. The Krees were the great enemy. The Krees were poor, they had no horses and were always trying to raid their rich neighbours.

I asked him what he thought of the world of to-day. He weighed his answer carefully for several seconds: "Half of it is good, and half of it is bad."

Then, as we did not go, and he was doubtless growing tired, he said: "That is all. It is getting late. The roads are bad. You will be wanting to get back."

I laughed and turned to Mr. Pugh: "The King dismisses us!"

Outside, Scraping-White was waiting to state his grievance: an old man with a handkerchief round his

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head, tied under the chin in the manner of an old woman. We were in the car preparing to leave, but he poked his head through the window that was open on my side, and a long discussion took place across me. His fingers gripped the window, and I noticed that several of the phalanges were cut off. This is generally a sign of mourning, but he may have sacrificed them to the Sun. He was the only other man I knew besides Heavy-Head who had been through the torture which I described in my Sun Dance chapter. The faces of both these men had a peculiar expression. Even without knowing anything of their past, one would have said they had tortured eyes.

Mr. Pugh was patient and calm. He let Scraping-White restate his case at length—although it was already known for it had been dragging on a long time. It is interesting as showing the type of problem that an Indian agent has to deal with:

Scraping-White had sold a war bonnet to one Long-Time-Squirrel for three head of horse. Squirrel had paid him one horse, which White sold to a man in Lethbridge, and this served as proof that he had received it. Squirrel had promised to send along the other two, but White, seeing that full payment was delayed, cannily "borrowed" back the head-dress and then kept it. When Squirrel asked for it, White said he would only give it up when he received the two horses. Squirrel swore he *had* sent the second horse, but explained that the third had died before delivery. White emphatically denied having *ever* received the second horse, and declared he could not accept as payment a horse that died before he had even laid a hand on it.

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And so there is was! Long-Time-Squirrel was clamouring for the head-dress for which he said he'd paid, and Scraping-White was clamouring for two horses he said he had not received!

There was another little item of trouble: In the house that was only a few yards from White-Wolf's lived Calling-First. He had been sued by a White man because a cow had strayed off the Reservation into his wheat. The White man claimed seventy-five dollars damage, which Mr. Pugh had succeeded in reducing to fifteen. But Calling-First had not fifteen dollars, or five, or even one. Mr. Pugh offered him work at the lumber camp where he could earn the fifteen dollars, and reminded him that if he did not accept this he would get thirty days' prison because White men are merciless.

Calling-First looked dejected, but consented finally to go to the lumber camp. It was certain that cow would never stray again.

CHAPTER XXV

Crazy-Crow's Blessing

From my Diary, Oct. 7th, 1937.

NO more snow. Bright sun. Lovely green world again.

Visited the tent in the morning. Crazy-Crow was well enough to come forth (in the coat I'd given him) and be photographed. I photographed her too, and had the luck to catch them off their guard, when he took her chin in his hand and told her to hold her head up. Having photographed her in her usual attire, she suddenly asked if I would like to do her in her Ma'toki head-dress. I went back with her into the tent, and watched her produce it out of a painted hide-bag. It had not been opened for years, not since her eyes had grown dim, she said. In the middle of unravelling it she stopped, and prayed to the Great Spirit to forgive her for putting it on to be photographed. It was a marvellous creation of buffalo horns and buffalo hair, feathers, and goodness knows what else, which hung down her back to her heels and transformed her into an old witch!

She said that if I would come to the tent in the evening she would tell me the story of her head-dress.

I love Conquered-by-Night when she has a story to tell. She does it with such earnestness, and her expression is so charming when she is making an effort

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to recollect or to concentrate. She puts her head back as if she were trying to see, and opens her mouth while she is trying to think. Then, when she begins, it is with her hands. Her gesticulations precede the spoken word. Crazy-Crow prompts her when she forgets, tells her to be more concise, jogs her memory and sometimes jogs her in the ribs, which makes her jump. Having told him that he is no good at all as a story-teller and that she could tell his story better, they both repeat the same point of the same story they want to emphasise, and repeat it over and over.

It is all very slow and one has to have lots of time and be very patient.

This is the procedure: First I put my question in English. Esto translates it. Crazy-Crow repeats it because she seems better able to hear him; he is next to her, and she leans towards him and he says it in her ear. In this tedious way I learned that Conquered-by-Night had received in a dream the information that if she bought the head-dress (became a member of the Ma'toki) she would get well (she had been sick). It cost her three head of horse, several blankets, and a quilt, but she did get well. Five times she sold it, that is, transferred it to another, and each time she bought it back again. She could not be without it.

I asked her what she got out of it to balance the tremendous price she paid. She explained that, apart from the good it did her, she got quite a lot of benefit. For instance, being a member of the Ma'toki authorised her to paint faces (ritually) and pray over people, either in the form of blessing or to heal the sick. In either case she was well paid. One man whom she had saved gave her a house, some blankets, and "some dollars."

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I asked whether in order to have a dream she had to fast? She said she burnt certain herbs and prayed and prayed before going to sleep. She would then almost surely have a dream.

Her father was her favourite theme. She seemed to live in the halo of his glory. Telling about him, she would pause while we waited for her to go on. Crazy-Crow asked her the reason of these long pauses. She said she was giving Esto time to translate, but because of her deafness she did not know when Esto had finished. "I was waiting for you to tell me to go on," she said. Her face was radiant with pride when she told how Many-Mules had been ambushed by Crows. It seemed certain they would get him. He stayed all day in the brushwood, and when night fell they built bonfires all round him in a circle. By a miracle he managed to creep through unseen, leaving his blanket and clothes piled in a heap which they mistook for him. As he crawled away into the darkness he heard them firing at his clothes—it was the black weasel that he wore in his hair that brought him safely through, the same weasel which had helped to restore Crazy-Crow the night of his collapse.

"This is a good world to-day," she said, "better for us old people; we can move about in peace without constant fear of attack. But the other was better for the young. Peace has made them soft."

I had spent two days casting my finished heads. Mrs. Black-Plume with her baby on her back had to be done in three sections and was a great anxiety, for I had never cast anything so complicated. My Indian friends watched the liquid plaster being poured over

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the faces. Although I did it pretty badly and there were plenty of air bubbles, the faces turned out all right in the mould, and I thanked my stars for my luck. Two lovely days of sunshine had enabled me to do the casting out of doors.

There was absolutely no excuse now for remaining. I should go while the weather was good. The next snowstorm would come to stay, and that would be serious.

An invitation to dine with the Bull-Shields the following night provided me with a further twenty-four hours' reprieve! Crazy-Crow, too, especially invited me to his tent. He wanted to pray over me before I started on my journey. The night before my last, Esto and I walked over to the tent, under a sky that was brilliantly lit by Northern lights. The heavens seemed to be floodlit with great rays of crimson and gold. There were little round lights, too, that danced about all over the sky, as if God under His tent roof were playing with a flashlight torch!

Since the night he had so nearly died, Crazy-Crow was a changed man—no longer the old joker who used to sit in the corner of the kitchen, grateful for any scraps. Now he wore the dignity of those who know the time has come to pass over. Everyone treated him instinctively with respect.

His only concern was for his wife. She would be so lonely, he said, she had no one left but him. He seemed to have forgotten their daughter, or maybe he knew the very old are a burden on the very young. On this, my last visit to his tent, he was sitting cross-legged on his mattress, and the lamp beside him on the ground lit up his tired face. In his shadow sat Conquered-by-

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Night. At intervals she threw the seeds on the fire which produced the aromatic scent I loved so much. Crazy-Crow talked as he never had before. Not about his war-paths this time, but about the son he had lost. He had never before mentioned his son, who died of injuries as a result of a kick from a horse. The son, when he knew he was dying, begged his father to come with him. It wasn't much of a world for an Indian since the White man came, it were better to slip off together to the Happy Hunting-grounds. Crazy-Crow decided he would go. He would not face a world that did not contain his son. However, he was frustrated in his plan by his sister, who begged him for her sake to remain, because, she said, she needed him. He was told, also, by the "above people," that he must not go before his time, as there was still work for him on earth.

"And there is still much for you," he said to me. "Your time is not yet—you have long before you—it is hard, I have lived through it. The Great Spirit sends courage. . . ."

I was sorry we could not speak to one another without translation, for although Esto did her best, the magnetic flow was impeded. Presently Crazy-Crow opened a bag, from which he took a roll of red flannel, unravelled it and spread its contents before him.

There was a dyed eagle plume, an eagle wing, a bunch of hawk feathers, a little rawhide bag full of red paint, and other things.

"I want you to choose something," he began. "Choose anything you like—I have a preference, but that does not matter. I want you to have something from me that will keep you always safe and well."

My mind's eye selected the eagle plume, but I did

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not like to say so, I felt he too preferred it to all the rest. Even as I was thinking this (it may have been telepathy) he picked it up and changed it to another place. He said: "This is what I care for most, and it is what I would like you to have, but you must choose——"

I might have known that he would give his best. He bade me leave it where it was until he had finished.

"I will pray for you now," he beckoned me closer. I sat on the ground before him and he began to make gestures as of wings around my head, and recited (or improvised) prayers, speaking low and rapidly. Esto did not move, did not speak—it was not the moment to translate.

Then he broke into a musical chant and I was conscious of the shadows of his hands, enlarged silhouettes upon the canvas wall. He was touching my forehead with his fingers, applying the powder paint. I could feel the pencil-point as he drew a design on my forehead, chin, and each cheek below the eyes. I was in a kind of trance, the tent seemed to be full of people, people who were wraith-like and misty, who swayed to the cadence of his chant, people intimately concerned with the thing that was happening, taking a part, so to speak, in which Crazy-Crow was perhaps only an instrument.

Then Esto whispered to me that he had "prayed so beautifully." He had invoked the blessing of the Great Spirit, and explained to me that "God—the God of the Indian—is the Great Being, Creator of all things. Although we pray to the Sun, the Sun is not our God, but the Sun gives us life, and the Sun was created by God." At the end he stroked my hair and touched my

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brow with the eagle plume before he gave it to me. I received it in both my hands as something infinitely precious. "If you wear it," he said, "let it be always on the right"—but he gave no explanation.

As we walked back to the house I told Esto I would go in by the door next to my room, as I did not know how I looked and I would not like Sako or the boys to laugh. She said, "They would *never* laugh": that Gerald had been to the tent and asked to have his face painted. It was a form of blessing. Nevertheless I slipped into my room through the side-door, and immediately looked at my face in the glass:

The four pencil-marks were crosses in blue chalk. There was only one red mark and it was on my forehead. The eagle plume was tied in my hair on the right side. Was it mere chance, I wondered, that the blue crosses marked the places where, when he was a little boy and I was "his lovely star," my son kissed me, holding my face between his hands?

CHAPTER XXVI

The Last Day

THE last day was a full one. In the morning I took my plaster moulds into Cardston to be packed and freighted for England. Before lunch Esto and I drove over to the Wadsworths to say good-bye. They gave me a long, red stone pipe as a souvenir.

Several people had been to offer me farewell presents: Mrs. Night-Gun and Mrs. Plain-Woman, Mrs. Owl-Boy, Mrs. Black-Plume, and others.

In the afternoon we called on the Chief. Dear Shot-on-Both-Sides looked very shabby in his work overalls and a cloth cap! Cardboard replaced his broken window-panes. I do think the Government might make it possible for the Chief of a tribe (and such a tribe) to live in decency. It isn't as if he didn't work. They *all* work—but in that climate——

Then we went to the Gladstones, who had the nearest thing to a White man's home that I've seen yet: a *garden path* leading to a verandah!

At dusk we came to the Bull-Shields, where we were asked to supper. Theirs was perhaps the best of all the houses, one in which I might indeed have "rolled up in my buffalo robe on the floor"! They had several rooms, all nicely furnished, clean, severe, bare but comfortable. Joe (such a name for a full-blood Indian) was a fine modern type, educated, intelligent, with a sense of humour and extremely handsome. His wife

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was a half-blood, she and Esto were school-friends and belonged to the little band of progressives—that is to say, those who had discarded shawl, kerchief, and moccasins. They had, of course, no idea how to adapt modern dress to their requirements. They never saw a fashion-paper, they never saw a fashionable person. Fashions apart, they seldom saw a person of taste, and they had no ideas of their own. The result was something resembling a highly respectable housekeeper in the late Victorian era dressed for church. It may have been Missionary influence. I loved them for it, such sweet women! After all, why should they have any aesthetic sense? To so few is it given. When the primitives give up being primitive they discard the aesthetic sixth sense which is the natural endowment of primitives, and flounder hopelessly. All the would-be-progressive Indians, men and women, were floundering.

There is so little beauty in White people's lives—I do not mean the Latin people, Slavs or Scandinavians, but the Anglo-Saxon races. Only an *élite* has any sense of beauty. The others cannot rest until they have reduced all to their own drab level, to enjoy the delusion of superiority.

After this digression, I will get back to the Bull-Shields.

Heavy-Head was the only other guest, invited especially for my benefit.

I had met him continually, but we could not speak to one another. He had looked at me and emitted little friendly grunts, and that was the sum total of our intercourse. Now at last this arch-priest of the Horn Society had agreed to meet me.

While Mrs. Bull-Shields busied herself with prepara-

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tions for dinner, Heavy-Head sat on a chair behind the stove (which stood well out towards the middle of the room) and smoked. Joe lent his wife a hand, and in a thoughtless hurry he passed between Heavy-Head and the stove, a mistake he never would have committed in a tepee. It filled him with confusion. He explained to me that he should have passed on the outer side of the stove, which of course I knew. But Heavy-Head was in no mood to take offence, he was in a state comparable to a purring cat who feels warm, comfortable, and appreciated.

After dinner I seated myself on the buffalo robe that had been spread on the floor. I knew that no worthwhile conversation could take place round a table. I wanted Heavy-Head to talk, he would never talk (from his soul) if he were sitting on a chair.

He joined me on the mat, and the others too. The lamp was the centre of our circle, a focusing-point helps one to concentrate; if one stares into the eyes of one's neighbour one is apt to become self-conscious. Heavy-Head stared at the lamp . . . and he began to speak. Joe was a marvellous interpreter, nobody moved.

Heavy-Head knew what I wanted to hear. He said that many a White person had tried to get the story from him, but he had never been willing to tell it. He said things about me that were flattering—much too flattering to be repeated. He then proceeded to describe how, when he was nineteen, he made a solemn vow that he would go through the torture. He filled a Medicine-pipe with tobacco and offered it to the Medicine-man, telling him at the same time of his vow.

A Medicine-man could not put anyone through the torture unless he had been through it himself. Heavy-

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Head selected the one who had been through it. The Medicine-man warned him that it was very hard. Heavy-Head had made the vow. He had to go through with it.

"For what reason?" I ventured to interrupt.

"I was going on a war-path and wanted success. I wanted many heads of horse, material welfare—long life——"

So, for no higher incentive, he deliberately made this sacrifice to the Sun.

His account resembled very closely what Catlin described. The ceremony was preceded by the customary fasting and the "sweat bath," which is the equivalent of our Turkish baths and regarded as a cleansing process.

The painting ritual seemed to have made a deep impression. He told how he had been painted entirely white, with black dots on his cheeks, breast, and thighs, to indicate the tears of suffering that would be wrung from him, and he was crowned with a wreath of sage. In a low restrained voice he described the incisions of the knife below the breast, and the wooden skewers that were thrust through the skin. To these were affixed the ropes that hung down from the central pole of the Medicine-lodge. The Medicine-man gave them a hard jerk three times, to satisfy himself that the flesh would hold. To affix these loops he was laid on the ground. When ready, he jumped up and, pulling against the rope, danced to the beating rhythm of the drums. His shield hung from a similar skewer inserted in his back. He could not be freed until the flesh had broken. He recalled how he threw his right arm over his left shoulder in an endeavour to pull his shield free. The flesh, however, was tenacious, it would not break.



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Then an old man among the onlookers, out of pity, took his knife and cut the flesh sufficiently to enable it to "give" with the next pull. In this same spirit of assistance someone jumped on him to help the breast-flesh to break, and released him from the ropes that lifted him off his feet. The agony was "worse than fire," he said.

He could not sleep for days after, he could not even lie down. His abdomen was so swollen he had to be propped up in a sitting posture. (He pulled up his shirt and showed us the scars.) Another time, he cut off a piece of flesh from his arm and offered it as a sacrifice to the Sun.

He told all this in a simple, almost matter-of-fact way, pausing now and then in his narrative while Joe translated. During those pauses his troubled eyes were fixed upon the lamp, in a dreamy stare. He was reliving those terrible, yet splendid, days, when he was young and strong and the Indian ideal was endurance, stoicism, faith, and the elimination of all self-pity.

The night was deathly still, the house was hushed. The silence of the women was the highest expression of our emotion as we listened to Joe's deep voice interpreting the old man's low slow speech.

Heavy-Head blessed me before we parted.

I felt rich in Indian blessings!

Anything I planned seemed in the nature of an anti-climax after this Blood visit. I was anxious, however, to study conditions on both sides of the border, and Norma Smith was expecting me. As the Blackfeet had taken me into their tribe, I should still be among

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friends. Norma invited me to stay with her as long as I liked. She was lonely and cut off from all contact with White people, and hoped I would be snowed up with her all winter. I toyed with the idea, knowing what this would provide in the way of "copy." The fact that I did not do it merely proves that the "call of the world" is stronger than I imagined.

Norma had interested me from the first moment, when she was living in a cabin on the hill above St. Mary's. She was then a student of Mr. Staples, a well-known American painter. The Staples were friends of the Lone-Wolfs, and that was how I met them. A demure, rather Quakerish personality, only twenty-three years of age, Norma had much character and tenacity of purpose, a quiet determination that filled me with admiration. Our friendship was based on a mutual appreciation of Art and our love of the American Indian.

It was rather a strange story, the story of Norma and her school-house. She told it to me one Sunday when we motored from St. Mary's to Two Medicine River to see the place to which I was invited. The U.S. Government have established rural schools wherever there are a sufficient number of Indians. Norma had about fifteen children. The school was not a Government building, it was a house that belonged to an Indian named Crow-Chief, and the Government rented it from him until such time as they could *afford* to build a school. It stood in a hollow, about fifteen miles over a prairie track from Browning, and Norma was annually snowed up from November to April. She received eighty dollars a month, besides coal and wood—less salary, in fact, than that of a school-teacher in a town.

When Norma took me to the school-house in August,

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we found Crow-Chief installed there with all his family. The Government had no authority to prevent him living in his own home when it was not being leased for a school. Crow-Chief's little granddaughter had died that morning, the family were in great distress. I was taken into the small room (that was to be my eventual bedroom) and saw the little girl laid out in her Sunday pink silk frock, looking exactly like a wax doll. I knelt by the cot, made the sign of the Cross, and said a prayer for her soul. When we left the house, Crow-Chief followed us out to the car and shyly handed me a parcel.

"My moccasins," he stammered.

It was a touching offering. He wanted to show his appreciation of my visit and he had nothing to offer—only his moccasins. (They were exquisitely beaded and happened to fit me, I wore them for months.) Crow-Chief was a full-blood, a middle-aged man and a widower. Norma Smith's School Board demanded of Norma that she should share the school-house with him, for if Crow-Chief were allowed to live in his own house the Government could pay a considerably lower rental. They were extremely annoyed when she refused. Not that Norma disliked Crow-Chief, he was no more and no less to her than another Indian, but she pointed out that during nearly six months she was to be snowed in, and although it was a lonely life, the close proximity of a Redskin Chief in the same house could hardly be regarded as alleviation of that loneliness! The "Board" didn't see it (United-Statesers are very strange). They argued, Norma argued too, she said she could not be responsible, that if Crow-Chief so much as knocked on her door she would shoot him!—aggressive speech from little twenty-three-year-old Quakerish Norma—and finally, "Think of your own

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daughters," she said. The Board gave way, but reluctantly. They never quite forgave her, but they needed her. There were so few White women who were willing to live in that remote school-house and be snowed up for eighty dollars a month.

It wasn't the money, as Norma assured me, and I could well believe that having taken all her degrees she could easily have earned a better wage in some other department, but she loved the Indians; helping them was her vocation. "It is the only way I can get at them—that I can do something for them," she explained.

I looked forward to staying with Norma. The school-house had been fumigated, she wrote, and all was ready to receive me!

But there was neither telephone nor postal communication with that school-house. Norma's address was simply Browning, the letters remained at the Post Office until they were called for. In winter, when Norma was snowed in, the letters were *not* called for. It was therefore impossible to know when letters would reach her. As she had neither car nor horse she was dependent on the kind charity of some Indian who, having a car or a cart, offered her a lift or, as happened occasionally, placed a horse at her disposal. It was not often that she undertook the fifteen-mile journey.

I had written to announce my arrival for Saturday, October 9th. The Tailfeathers would not let me start off alone, and insisted on accompanying me to Browning, to see me safely installed in my new quarters. They wanted to satisfy themselves that I would be all right. Beloved people!

At ten o'clock the two cars were ready. Esto and little Sekani came with me. Sako took Phyllis and some others.

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Just as we were about to start, Crazy-Crow arrived to say good-bye and brought me a present. He had just sufficient strength to walk from the tent to the house. I had of course said good-bye to him the day before, but that was not good enough, he must see the last of me. He offered me something which was infinitely precious to him. It was a ceremonial whip with a beaver handle decorated with bunches of eagle feathers. It was used in the Grass Dance to lash into dancing those who were sitting idle! I like to think that Crazy-Crow was my last vision on the Blood Reserve.

Twenty days later he was to return to the Happy Hunting-grounds! Esto wrote me the news in a letter to England which I did not receive until weeks later:

“After you left (she wrote), he got worse—one night he had eight bad spells. It was pitiful to see him suffering, I stayed up night after night with him. Mr. Pugh came to see him and brought out the Doctor, who said he could not get over it, heart very bad—so Mr. Pugh coaxed the old gentleman to go to the hospital. Still he wouldn’t stay in the hospital, but camped outside. Finally he had to give in. He and his wife had a nice little room to themselves, every comfort and a special sister in charge—no one realises how good Mr. Pugh is, so kind to young and old. I went in quite often, and every time he would ask if I had heard from you. He would smile so divinely when he would speak about you, and would say you were a wonderful girl! He would sympathise with you, as he too had gone through the terrible sorrow.

“I stayed up with him the last night and his poor devoted heart-broken wife. He had another spell and

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she sang his war-song, but he refused to respond to her efforts to bring him back. In the early hours of the morning he passed away to the big sandhills, so passed out of sight of the Indians another true Brave.

"My sons dug his grave. He had asked to have your precious Indian coat wrapped around his poor frail body, and he had on the moccasins I made for you. He had asked to be buried in them.

"On Saturday night (he was buried on Sunday) Kenneth did not get back until two o'clock in the morning. When he came into the house he was shaking; he told me: 'Look out at the old man's camping-ground, there is a light moving all over.' I could not. I was not brave enough. We heard strange noises, and all of his relations were in the beet-fields, they too heard noises, how strange. . . ."

It was curious retracing one's way along that much-travelled road over the border to Browning, a very different world to the one I remembered. The wild flowers were no more, and the roads almost deserted, not a tourist in sight—but it was a luminous world. The aspens had turned to golden-yellow, the mountains were streaked with white and capped with snow. It was more grandiose than ever. We deviated off the main road to revisit St. Mary's. It was strangely lonely and deserted. We stopped a moment to recall the past. Almost every stone, every tree had some association. We were absurdly sentimental, as if St. Mary's had meant something vital in our lives!

We lunched at the filling-station restaurant, where I was remembered, but I missed my artist friends. We pushed on to Browning, reaching it about four o'clock.

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Sakoyena said he knew the way to Two Medicine. I followed him.

It seemed to me when I went there with Norma that it was nearer. Sako went on and on; I could only follow him, but I felt that he was wrong, and that we should have branched off long before.

I said to Esto:

"He is taking us right down to the river and I know that's wrong—but it doesn't matter, we have our bed-clothes with us—we can sleep on the river-bank——"

Esto did not answer—she was impressed by my emphatic assurance, at the same time she regarded her man as infallible. He was! Although he had never been to the place before, he had been told how to find it. He never took a wrong turn, never took the wrong trail. At sunset we fetched up in the hollow in front of an utterly deserted school-house. All doors were locked, a window half-open, a cat crying piteously.

"We can always sleep on the river-bank," said Esto maliciously but with a twinkle. I felt rather foolish, but laughing made it easier. The stillness was forbidding. I climbed through a window into the class-room and a repulsive smell greeted me, doubtless the disinfectant of which Norma had written to me.

On the further side of the house I managed to climb through a window into Norma's bedroom, which gave access to her kitchen-sitting-room. There was an arm-chair next to the radio, and in her bedroom a few books and framed photographs of her family. A pathetic lonely home, dreadful loneliness, unearthly stillness.

We surmised that she had gone for a walk, and waited. When she did not return, Sako began to investigate.

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He reported: "There is no trail of a car other than our own. No trace of a horse, either on the road or in the shed. She has not gone for a ride."

We scattered in different directions. Sako took up a stand like a statue on a hillock, from whence he could survey the prairie for miles and see her coming. Esto and I and Sekani went in search of an Indian house or some human who could tell us where she was, or when she was expected back. I remembered that Norma had told me the children came from across the river, so we followed the steep track down into the valley and looked for a bridge. We found neither bridge nor house nor human, nor any sound of humans, only hawks and magpies among golden-yellow trees reflected in clear gravel-bottomed pools.

The sky was turning to purple and crimson when we got back, having drawn a blank, but Sako had met a little Indian girl and learnt that Norma Smith was away for the week-end.

We looked at each other for a moment wonderingly. Then Sako said: "Better come back to Browning," and I said dejectedly: "I think it is time I went back to England!" and Esto said: "I think you are right, I would give up this visit if I were you. I don't believe you'd be happy. After all, it isn't the same thing staying with Whites—" and I, forgetting I was White, agreed with her!

It was dark when we got back to Browning, and they would not let me dine alone but insisted I should go with them to friends with whom they expected to stay the night. Having deposited my luggage and secured a room (with bathroom!) at the hotel, we proceeded along by-roads which gave the impression of having been

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subjected to aerial bombardment. Our party of six, who were not expected, fetched up at a little wooden house and asked for supper. I never discovered who these friends were, probably "breeds" (a word to designate all those who are less than half-Indian). The family had finished supper and were washing up. They at once relaid the table and prepared supper for six. I had a lot of provisions in my car, a contribution to my keep at the school-house, and offered them, but our hosts said they had plenty.

Mother and daughter waited upon us and talked without stopping. What a jangle! Criticism of the Agency, resentment against the Government, grievance over some individual case of injustice. How different from the atmosphere of the Blood Reservation.

I listened, trying to piece together this mental jig-saw puzzle. They had a daughter, I gathered, who had been employed as shorthand stenographer at the Agency, but because preference is given to Whites she was replaced by a White girl who did *not* know shorthand but received a higher wage (because she was White). Unable to find another job in the small town of Browning, the girl had to accept a situation at the Shoshone Agency, two days' journey or more away, leaving her husband and her small child with her mother. The husband dared not risk giving up his job (he was a lorry-driver) on the chance of finding work on the Shoshone Reserve. It seemed they must be indefinitely separated.

A lovely little girl of three, with curly hair and laughing eyes, informed me proudly: "I'm Patsy Kipp!" Now Kipp is a well-known name in that part of the West. Catlin mentions a trader called Kipp who was his friend. Kipp was the name of General Grant's Scout. General

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Grant is the infamous perpetrator of the Baker Massacre. The Baker Massacre happened on the Blackfoot Reservation in 1870, and is still talked about. (I will come back to the Baker Massacre a little later.) General Grant's Scout was a half-breed. Doubtless this Kipp child whose mother was working for the Shoshone Agency was a descendant of that same Kipp. While conversation was proceeding, an extremely handsome young man, clean and neatly dressed, gentlemanly and classless like all those I had met in the West, and who certainly did not look like a lorry-driver, introduced himself as Kipp, husband of the absent girl and father of Patsy! Up till now I had listened with abstract interest to the Kipp drama, but suddenly I began to take a new interest. The father and the child were so very attractive, the man so much too young to be left a grass-widower. I was sorry that I was so soon going away, as I might have been able to help, either to bring the wife back to her husband or send the husband to join his wife. I often wonder how it has all worked out. It is one thing to lose your job because you have not been efficient, another thing to lose it on account of your race.

Meanwhile, Sekani and Rosie were dropping with sleep, it was long past their bed-time. None of them knew yet where they were going to sleep. It was quite obvious to me that they could not stay in this small house. The family had only moved in the day before, they had not yet unpacked, moreover there were only two bedrooms. Esto caught my eye and guessed my thoughts. She chuckled softly, and I could imagine her saying, "Don't worry about us." Whether they all camped on the floor or found some other friends I never heard. I left them there and returned to my hotel, where I

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revelled in the first hot bath since the one on the Stoney Reservation.

In the morning, before I was up, there was a knock on the door and a voice said: "It's Norma Smith!" She had come in to Browning the evening before and found my letter that had been awaiting her for a week. I told her of my decision to push on East and catch a ship for England. This decision was the more understandable as at that moment it was pouring with rain. I could not, even if I would, get my car across the prairie. Norma agreed that I had put it off over-long, it was late in the year, any day there might be a fall of snow and this time it would not melt, it would come to stay.

We spent the day together talking "Indian," and in the evening she took me to stay with her friends the Birds, whose ranch was about twenty miles away. I had often heard of them, and Norma had always been anxious that we should meet. Mr. Bird was a half-breed, one of the few successful ranchers. He and his wife lived in a really pretty, sophisticated house. They were, in fact, completely sophisticated people, Indian in sentiment, with an intelligent view of Indians' problems. The evening was spent entirely in discussion. I gathered that Mr. Bird would like to help the Indians and was in a position to do something. He knew John Collier and the officials at Washington, he could present a case and secure a hearing.

The full-blood Blackfeet trusted him, but the "breeds" detested him. Most of the problems, I gathered, were caused by the "breeds." One needs to keep in mind that the full-blood Blackfeet number only 770 on a Reservation that has a population of 4200. Statistics show that a year ago the full-bloods were decreasing

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at the rate of 70 per cent., the reason for this being that White men married Indian women in order to share in the distribution by the Government of cattle and free grazing-land, not to mention a weekly food ration.

It is not my aim to write a History, there are plenty of history books, fair and impartial, which are easily available. The great United States is under no delusion as to its treatment of the Indians. A new generation in a new age is trying to make amends. It is not easy, for try as they will they cannot undo all the fundamental harm that has resulted from systematic injustice. The worst aspect is perhaps the effect that has been wrought on Indian psychology. The Indians no longer believe, they no longer trust. And so the problems in all their varied aspects are aggravated by this Indian attitude of passive resistance.

The Government were making a serious effort, it seemed, to convert the North Western tribes from agriculture to cattle-breeding. Here, immediately, a door opens upon the immense vista of Government mismanagement. The Indians should have become cattle-breeders, ranchers in fact, when they first made their treaty with the White man. But the Whites of that epoch had a fixed idea, it was agriculture. They saw miles of prairie and said: "Grow wheat." The Indian tried. He tried for years, and every year his efforts went uncrowned. There were no harvests. The Reservation land was too far North.

In the end, discouraged and half-starved, he gave up the effort, sat still and waited. He waited for something to happen. He is still waiting. The White man calls that laziness, and the Government gives out rations in

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order that he shall not die of starvation. That roughly is the situation. But now the Government is giving out something more than rations. In order to make the Indian self-supporting, cattle are being distributed, repayment to be effected by giving back a percentage of calves. When you have been desperately poor and suddenly have something, it is very difficult to keep your head. The Government's gift of cattle is a temptation from a money point of view, and is almost in some cases irresistible. When he is hungry, the Indian sells a cow, and—yet another. The situation is not helped by the cattle-buyers, mostly Jews, who come from the East to buy from the Indians at knock-out prices. A starving Indian cannot wait for his cattle to increase, or when it does he will sell a steer calf for sixteen dollars that is worth twenty-five. He is so glad to have sixteen dollars. The buyer keeps the stock on cheaply rented grazing land and waits for the price to go up. It is confidently predicted that this year (1938) the price will attain a hundred dollars.

There are other types (innumerable) of White exploiters: the second-hand motor-dealer for instance. An Indian will sell several head of cattle (or horse) to buy a second-hand car that may be worth either ten dollars or the scrap-heap. Round the corner it breaks down, and there is no money to pay a mechanic to put it right. The unfortunate Indian is left with a derelict car in place of the cattle!

One begins to appreciate Canadian legislation, which forbids an Indian to sell stock without the Government Agent's consent. A Canadian Indian may *not* sell his farm, whereas in the United States the Reservations are broken up by White occupation.

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The U.S. Indian rents his grazing land to the White man at fifteen cents an acre; the White man puts sheep on it, and over-grazes it until it is worthless for years to come.

How can Indian poverty be alleviated? How are they to become self-dependent? Mr. Bird thought something could be done. He had tried to help. There were people who believed that the return of the buffalo was the only solution. A few officials in Washington thought so. At all events it was an experiment worth trying. Buffalo increase rapidly. They were on the increase in Yellowstone Park. Every year a certain number had to be shot in order that the herd should not become unmanageable. The proposition matured; three thousand head of buffalo were offered to the Blackfoot Reservation by Yellowstone, free of cost. It was proposed to take a "township of land" and pay grazing fees to the Indian who owned it. In summer the buffalo would be at the mountain foot, in winter in the open range. Four hundred males would be killed a year and distributed in food and pelts to the tribe. The tribal fund was to pay the grazing fee (fifteen cents an acre), also provide ten Indian riders to see they did not stray. The proposition was put to the vote, and every single full-blood voted in its favour. The "breeds" turned it down; they said that Bird and the Agent, Stone, who were the backers of this scheme, were in the pay of the Government and of the Railroad companies to exploit tourism. Had this been true, it would still not have been an argument. What matter if tourism gained, if the Indians gained also? Bird, however, to prove his disinterestedness, pointed out that the buffalo could be grazed on that part of the Reservation that is inaccessible and out of the

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tourists' sight. The "breeds" would not see reason, and the herd was offered to the Crows.

When the Blackfeet heard that the experiment was proving a success on the Crow Reservation they were bitterly jealous. Bird had the futile satisfaction of pointing a moral and adorning a tale.

There is another instance where the "breeds" by their majority outvoted the full-bloods on an issue of importance, and out of blind prejudice. It is a subject which inevitably obliges one to look back—which is always unpleasant in U.S. Indian History, but in this case it is inevitable. In 1865 the Government appropriated land that had been conceded to the Blackfeet by treaty, and about thirty years ago, the tribe having thrown up a spirited leader, a case was started against the Federal Government. All the necessary proofs and documents being to hand, the tribe sued for ten million dollars. (The land was worth more.) After years of haggling it was agreed to settle for two million dollars, which represented approximately eighty-five dollars per head, including women and children.

Now Bird, at a tribal Council meeting, suggested the Indians should give up their eighty-five dollars and put it in a melting-pot to sink twenty oil-wells in proven land. He made out that if only half the wells came in, each Indian would get back the eighty-five dollars, and, as the wells produced, an annual income would be assured (fortunes perhaps?) Every full-blood agreed, and the old women came to him with their dollars. It "sounded well," they said, but the project was turned down by the vote of the "breeds."

Since then, Mr. Bird had added to his unpopularity by trying to put through a motion refusing tribal status

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to anyone with less than half-blood. There were many who were only a sixteenth-part Indian, and he considered these had no right to take part in the Council's deliberations. As they formed the majority, they naturally voted the motion out of existence. Nevertheless, the time must come, he said, for the full-bloods to break away. John Collier had promised to do something about it, but so far he had not done anything. Mr. Bird was discouraged by the trend of events and by the failure of all his efforts. Heaving a deep sigh, he said grimly: "The Indians are better dead, life isn't worth living for them—the best I can wish for them is to be dead."

It was now Norma's turn to brighten up the evening! We turned to her and questioned her about her work. Norma, usually so silent, so reserved, provided a tragic-comic interlude. She described the difficulty of teaching children who ask awkward questions—history, for instance. How was it possible to whitewash the White man, to give him even a semblance of justice and honesty? She stressed those few who were known to have paid for the land they took from the Indians, and scored a hit with the children by telling them that it was the White man who introduced the horse. Up to 1800, horses were unknown in the North West. Geography too was difficult, for one could not instil a comprehension of space and distance into people who have never moved out of a radius of twenty miles. They would not, for instance, believe that the ocean is so wide one cannot see across it. One little boy said: "I know I would be able to, my eyes are very strong!" When the children told Norma that the White people were cheats, she seized the chance of pointing that out as a reason for learning to read and write, and mastering

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arithmetic, in order that they should be able to hold their own!

The School Board, who had to supply a midday meal to the children, sent Norma provisions of crackers (biscuits), macaroni, tinned tomatoes, corn, and beans. This, of course, was utterly unnatural food for them. They came of a race of meat-eaters. In winter they had need of more strengthening diet. Norma, out of her inadequate salary, would buy cheap meat to make soup and stews for them. Officially she was supposed to be stocked with certain pharmaceutical necessities. She never received any, and had to provide bandages, remedies, and lotions out of her own resources. I said I wondered what happened in those schools whose teachers had no "vocation."

The evening was crowned by a discussion of the Baker Massacre. The story, which is often talked about as if it were yesterday's affair, concerns the Blackfeet, and there are still people bearing the names of those involved. I had, of course, read about it. No historical survey is complete without it. The original cause of the trouble was Malcolm Clark, an employee of the American Fur Company who married a Blackfoot girl. History records that he had an ungovernable temper and had "severely beaten" a young Indian in his employ. There are other records of his having beaten an Indian to death. However this may be, it is well known to anyone who lives among them that if you strike an Indian the insult can only be wiped out by blood. It were more prudent, therefore, to kill an Indian than to beat him! In the intimacy of discussion other details came to light that have no record in history. There are still Indians who maintain that no girl on the Reservation was safe

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from Clark. Rushes-Along is an old woman who knew Clark, and who says "he was a mean, mean man." It is known that he made love to Owl-Child's wife, and when Owl-Child objected he beat up Owl-Child, who was unarmed and vowed revenge. The insult was therefore a double one. Not only had Clark beaten the Indian, but he had taken his wife. When Clark was found murdered, the general comment was one of surprise that he was not murdered much sooner. It really was not a case for Government interference; nevertheless, General Sheridan dispatched Colonel Baker with Government troops to effect a reprisal. Owl-Child happened to be at the time encamped on Belly River, over the border in Canada. Baker came to a camp of eighty lodges who were under Chief Bears-Head, an Indian well known for his friendliness to the White people. Joe Kipp, his half-breed Scout, told him this, but the General would not listen. For him one Indian was like another. His troops were ordered to shoot low, to shoot to kill, and to spare none. It was scarcely dawn, the camp was asleep. The first volley killed and wounded many of the sleeping people in their lodges, the rest rushed out, and Chief Bears-Head, frantically waving his document of truce, and shouting to the soldiers to spare the women and children, was shot down. When the massacre was over and the wounded women and children had been put out of their misery, the corpses were piled high on top of firewood, and with what remained of the lodges and the household belongings were set on fire.

On the day before this massacre the men of the camp had gone out to the hills on a buffalo hunt, and so, apart from Chief Bears-Head and a few old men, there was no

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one to protect the camp. It is officially reported that the number of women killed were 90, and children under twelve years of age numbered 55.

Aperconi (Schultz), passing that way a few years later, found the skulls and bones scattered about the grass.

There are still Clarks living in the district. There are still Kipps to tell what they know. The Clarks try to defend their father's reputation, but History is too close, memories are not yet dead, and the bones of the dead are still glaring-white.

CHAPTER XXVII

Crows

IN the pouring rain of a grey morning the Tailfeathers were at my hotel to see me "start for England." How fantastic that sounded. A whole continent lay between me and the ocean. No one knows the gloom that was in my heart at the thought of that return journey. It is one thing to leave New York and travel steadily West knowing that every day brings you nearer to the Rocky Mountains, quite a different thing to leave the Rockies and to know that every day that passes is a day's march nearer New York. I had studied a map to see how I could circumvent Chicago and Pittsburg. The Tailfeathers were anxious. They knew what I felt about it. Chiefly, I think, they were sorry for me because I was going back to the White people. "Gangsters," Esto said they were, "gangsters! I'd be afraid to live among them." I broke away from them with a lump in my throat. Their last word was "Kokotosa," it was the last time I was to hear my Indian name.

All day I motored through what seemed to be a deserted land. The leaden sky hung low over the prairie and the rain pelted down. I felt desperately desolate, oppressed by the weather and by the journey before me.

I tried to cheer myself with the thought that, whereas on the outward-bound journey my work lay before me

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linked to a great uncertainty, now it all lay behind me. I had the satisfaction of feeling that I had accomplished my purpose.

In the evening I came to Butte, the centre of the Anaconda copper-mine district, a grim town in a grim waste, but here, too, I had a friend, another of those Western artists I had met at Browning. My visit to Elizabeth Lochrie is a conspicuous memory for two reasons. Firstly, because she nursed me for several days; I had a mild attack of 'flu, and I often wonder what would have happened if instead of visiting Elizabeth I had pursued my journey. Secondly, because in the house of Elizabeth I met a man who altered my plans! His name was Charlie Towne, a Bostonian, cosmopolitan and cultured who read out to me extracts from *The Flower of New England*! A strange type to find in a Western mining town, and I never remembered to ask him why he was there.

One night, in a low-down Saloon among the miners of the Anaconda Company (most of them had to hold on to a table to stand up), Charlie joined the band and sang popular songs. The Bostonian, turned *canaille*, was wildly applauded. He was an actor, with a touch of genius. It was Charlie who advised me (and this is why I mention him) to return by San Francisco and the Panama Canal. Having just come out of the Canadian snows, San Francisco seemed to me a very far-off world, but it was, in fact, a good deal nearer than New York. I hesitated only a second, and then said: "If you can arrange it for me I'll do it."

Charlie arranged it in about six minutes, or maybe seven and a half. He rung up the Steamship Company on the long-distance line, ascertained the sailing dates,

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reserved my cabin, ordered my ticket, cabled to London for money to meet me in San Francisco, reserved a room at the St. Francis Hotel, and secured my passage on the first steamer that left New York after my landing there. During those minutes I revelled in the sensation of being a perfectly helpless woman and having everything done for me. Everything was, in fact, done for me. Charlie Towne handed me a map and my schedule written out on paper. All I had to do was to drive my car for three days instead of ten. It was the 16th of October, and my ship sailed on the 23rd. I had time, therefore, to visit the Crows. Elizabeth Lochrie came with me.

It was a day's motor run from Butte to the little townlet of Hardin, which represents for the Crows what Browning does for the Blackfeet.

My letter of recommendation from Washington included Yellow-Tail, the Crow Agent. He was unfortunately absent. Elizabeth and I drifted into a Store, where we were given hot coffee and doughnuts and talked to the locals, who were mostly "breeds." There were a hundred things they wanted to advise and warn us about.

It was rather bewildering to find oneself so quickly in the midst of conflicting parties. There were friends and enemies of Yellow-Tail! I was not interested in the petty feuds and had no wish to take sides, being quite incompetent to judge. (I wondered how it would feel to stay for six weeks with a Crow family.) We were finally advised, in the absence of Yellow-Tail, to call upon his enemy and rival, Max Big-Man.

Max was living in the usual Indian shack, and received us in a very friendly way. I summed him up

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at once: a "show" Indian. He had been exploited rather like my Browning friends at Glacier Park. He was self-conscious and made speeches that sounded like a gramophone record, a gramophone that seemed never to run down. If one could succeed in switching him on to a subject that he had not learnt by heart, he could be quite interesting. A tall, handsome man, wearing an Indian bead-necklace from which hung a Cross. His Indian name is *Ish-Tah-Heah-Dehsh*, which means Grabs-The-Enemy's-Gun.

He spent the whole day with us, came in the car and directed us to places he thought we should see; and all the way he talked.

The Crows consider they were not conquered. They made a treaty with the Whites. It was the famous Chief Plenty-Coups who made the treaty, as a result of which he was allowed to select this Reservation, and he chose one of the best pieces of land and lived at peace with the White people. The Crows are not poor, all things being relative, and do not receive rations. They have good grazing land and are able to do a little agriculture as well. Their whole mental attitude is different to that of the Blackfeet. Because they were not conquered they consider they should be a free people and treated on an equality. The Blackfeet, of course, despise them for not having put up a stout fight. Peace without glory!

The Reservation consists of two million six hundred thousand acres, and there are approximately fourteen hundred so-called Crows left. Six or seven years ago there were *seven full-bloods*. The Crows are not dying out, nor have they intermarried with Whites, they have intermixed with several other tribes. Indians they remain, Crows they have ceased to be. In the language

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of the Crows their name is *Ab-Soar-o-Ke*, which Big-Man explained means "Pinnacle People" (living on high places). They were also called "Bird-People" because their war-whoop was like a bird's cry.

"But why," I insisted, "were you called Crows?"

Big-Man answered in his curious staccato way:

"White man ask name? Crow flew over, Indian made sign meaning he was a bird—White man understood Crow. Crow ever since."

I especially wanted to hear about the buffalo experiment that Mr. Bird had told me about at Browning.

Chief Big-Man would not admit its success.

"Buffalo he trespass," he said with a quaint French pronunciation, "he trespass on White man land. Old life and civilised life don't mix. To bring back old customs must have plenty space. We have to be isolated to get back to Nature life——"

I was not prepared blindly to accept Big-Man's judgment. Allowances had to be made for the fact that he was the rival and enemy of Yellow-Tail, and the buffalo were Yellow-Tail's experiment.

"Buffalo same as Indians," Big-Man chuckled. "They been fed once, they want to go on being fed. In winter buffalo has to be fed on hay!"

Wild buffalo fed on hay, the redivivus herd "trespassing"! May the spirits of dead warriors look leniently on these abortive attempts to revive the past!

I said I wanted to see the buffalo (I was hoping to get some photographs), so Big-Man went tiptoeing through the scrub. He thought he might be able to find one to satisfy me, one that was in the vicinity of the Agency three days ago! Elizabeth, peering out of the car window, was sure she saw it, but it was a twisted tree

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in the shadow when we got there. Big-Man was away a long time. We waited and waited. When he got back he said he had hoped to round it up and send it towards us. But it wasn't there.

Bird at Browning said the herd was three thousand head.

"Where are they, Big-Man?"

"Far away"—he made a sweeping hand-gesture.

We were on our way to the Custer battle-field. On an eminence, a stone cenotaph surrounded by a railing recorded the names of the dead. The plain was strewn with little groups of white crosses like a battle-field in France. The battle-field was full of undulations, hillocks, and valleys. It was easy to see how the Indians had lain hidden, and at the psychological moment poured forth, as it were, out of the earth.

General Custer had been told by his Scouts that the Sioux led by Sitting-Bull were there in full force, and not Sioux only but Cheyennes and Arapahos. He was warned that his troops were hopelessly outnumbered. But Custer, who was even then known as a "Glory Hunter," said that White men could not set out to give battle and retire without a blow. It was glorious, but it was foolish. From every quarter the Indians rushed upon them; from among the trees on the river-bank, from every valley and out of every creek, they poured in their thousands.

The 7th Regiment of Cavalry, with Custer at their head, retreated to a hill-top. As soon as the Indians had finished off the outlying troops who had tried to come to Custer's assistance they concentrated on the 7th Cavalry Regiment, surrounded the hill and, according to their

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habitual manœuvre, circled round and round in a spiral that grew smaller and closer as they got higher. General Custer formed his troops into a square. It is recorded that some of the soldiers, seeing there was no escape, shouted entreaties to the Red men to spare their lives and to take them prisoner. At the end of the day Custer, covered with wounds, stood alone among a regiment of corpses. Finally he too fell, and it is said that in recognition of a gallant enemy the Indians did not scalp him.

When I asked Chief Big-Man if the cenotaph represented the exact spot of "the massacre" he reproved me:

"Not a massacre—a fair fight. Both armed. Massacre only when one side armed."

The Custer battle was won by bows and arrows and tomahawks. Reno (the divorce town is named after him) was for a long time accused by the Whites of cowardice because he did not go to Custer's assistance. The Sioux say he kept his head and was a *fine* man! I believe history has whitewashed him since. It was interesting and impressive for anyone who had the imagination to people the scene. Sitting-Bull and his Braves after the action retreated North over the border, and found sanctuary in Alberta for two or three years. Curiously enough, my father, who in 1884 was in camp on Tongue River close to the Big Horn Mountains, learned that Sitting-Bull with four lodges was in camp not a quarter of a mile from the monument erected on the spot where Custer fell. My father went at once to the spot, and, in his own words: "There sure enough were the four lodges, the smoke curling out through their tepee poles. I tied up my horse and walked to the old warrior's tepee, a good deal flustered by my environment.

"I was about to meet the great protagonist of the

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'Custer Massacre,' the Indian whose name and deeds made the flesh of good boys and girls creep. I found the old Redskin squatting behind his camp fire, gnawing the boiled head of a small flat-faced dog. I 'How-how'd' a greeting and he grunted in return. There he was, there I was, desperately anxious to know any details of the Custer fight, but really as far from any such possibility as though the old savage were back again in remote Alberta. However, he did condescend so far as to walk me over the battle-field, I suppose inwardly as exultant as another Callimachus contemplating Marathon. I could, however, from his signs divine at least this much, that when the Indians fired the first shot from the dense belt of timber and brush on the river the sun was high in the heavens: that when the last shot was fired, and the last trooper killed, it was dipping below the horizon. Custer, I believe, and a small body made a rampart of dead horses on the crest of the hill. Possibly the General kept his last shot for himself, as he alone, when found, was not scalped. This incident is said to be capable of two explanations: that the failure to 'raise' so priceless a trophy was the unusual tribute to a very courageous foe; on the other hand, the scalp of one who dies by his own hand is held to be unlucky. . . ."

If an interpreter had been available, my father might have solved what must ever remain a mystery.

As we stood on that hill, where my father had stood with Sitting-Bull, I said to Big-Man:

"When the Romans conquered my country, they found savages painted blue; when the White men came to this land they found savages painted red. Some day your people will be assimilated as my people were——"

He interrupted me. "My people were never savages,"

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and proceeded to hold forth about Indian ideology. At the end he said: "It is good to fight for your people, and to die to protect your own."

By the side of the path a little bush marked the grave of a deserter. No one could ever have guessed there was a grave there, but the Indians knew. The man had been shot and buried there, a White man deserted by the Whites whom he had deserted. Big-Man said: "He was a good man, helped Indians and Whites to understand each other." He added that the Indians did not like to "bother the dead," and that was the reason why they had not built up a pile of stones to mark the grave.

On the return drive he told us a fantastic story relating to the habits of Crows.

It was customary for a young man to marry the girl he loved and then leave her. He must leave her, even if she had a child by him. This seemed another kind of subtle torture comparable to the Sun Dance torture, the one moral, the other physical. Big-Man argued:

"If a man can leave the wife he loves, that means he has strong heart. He can face danger."

"I don't see the sense of it," I said.

"If he isn't man enough to face it, he isn't man enough to face a battle," insisted Big-Man.

I thought he looked rather wistful as I asked:

"Do you know anyone who has ever done this thing?"

"I do."

"Do you mean it is still done?"

He tried to change the subject, but I was insistent.

"Max Big-Man—is it still done?"

He looked vacantly at the horizon.

"Yes—"

"Have *you* done it, Max Big-Man?"



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"Yes—"

I turned the knife in the wound.

"You still love her?"

"Yes."

"You never see her?"

"No—"

"Has she married again?"

"Yes."

Then I said that as there were no more enemies, no more dangers, no more battles, no more war-paths, what was the use of these endurance tests?

He answered:

"There should always be an enemy. When you haven't an enemy you aren't much of a man."

When we returned to his house at the end of the day he called his wife from the next room. She entered and stood like a soldier awaiting orders. He called his daughter; a handsome girl came in, and also stood blankly waiting for his orders. He waved towards the piano (the Crows are rich). "Play the Lullaby," he ordered in a quiet, matter-of-fact voice. Obediently the wife went to the piano, and the daughter picked up a doll in a papoose carrier. The mother played a composition of her own, and the daughter sang a lullaby in English. The mother's touch, the daughter's voice, their faces and the piano's tone, were all equally expressionless. When it was over they departed without word or smile, as mechanically as they had come. The son was called, a lad about sixteen. He too did as he was bid. Picking up a guitar, he sang a hymn (it was Sunday) about the Golden Throne to the tune of a Cowboy song.

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Elizabeth expressed heartfelt appreciation, she said all that I should have said, she counteracted everything that was written on my face.

Before he retired, I asked the boy if he could play the drum. He could not. The Missionaries had triumphed.

CHAPTER XXVIII

The End of the Journey

HARDIN remains clear in my memory although many a larger town has completely faded out. The main street at night was a kaleidoscopic variety-show. Indian men and women stood talking in groups, lit up by the shop-windows. They wore a variety of costume, but always the big hat and the knotted handkerchief. The women, happily, had not "advanced" beyond the shawl and kerchief stage, or those that had were so unremarkable that they did not seem to exist. I can still recall an Indian girl, wearing high white moccasins and a black shawl over her head. She had the face of a Madonna, the most beautiful Indian girl I ever saw. She was so inebriated she could not walk straight, but as she stood at the street corner accepting the cigarette that was proffered by a passing man she retained all her impassivity and dignity.

Cowboys, Ranchers, Indians jostled one another. The most popular shop was the pawnbroker's, which remained open as long as there was business, and there was plenty. I watched the girls and men bringing in their cherished possessions.

For any collector the place was a treasure-house. It was, in fact, not unlike a museum. The counter was in the form of a huge glass cupboard that extended the whole length of the very long store. It was stacked with dresses, suits, moccasins, belts, bead-work of every

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variety, some of it rare and valuable; war bonnets of eagle feathers, others of turkey feathers; Medicine-bundles, and so on—a pathetic collection. I had learnt the value of Indian work and was able to discriminate between good and bad. The prices were so reasonable it was a torture not to buy a quantity of things, but the homeward journey had begun and journey money could not be spared.

The next morning, I had the second puncture that I had had since I landed on the American continent. It happened very conveniently in front of the hotel. While it was being repaired a crowd of children collected; they were White children, not Red. I made a note of their questions:

“Where do you come from? Is it cold there? Do they roller skate? Have they bicycles? Are their shoes made like ours? (To Elizabeth) When she landed, did she look queer? Do they all wear those kind of hats? (A Russian fur cap.)”

Having to the best of our combined abilities placed England on the map, I ascertained from them—with the help of a Cow-puncher who joined the group, that the population of Hardin was 2000 and contained the following churches:

Roman Catholic; Baptist; Methodist; Four Square; Congregational; German Lutheran and German Congregational.

“And we’ve got Saloons too; come and have a drink,” said the Cow-puncher.

At Bozeman I parted with Elizabeth Lochrie and once more took to the road alone. Through West Yellowstone the snow was deep. I travelled due south, the air growing warmer every hour. On the second day I went

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through a desert that looked like the Sahara, and across the Sierra Nevada that was like the Atlas Mountains. On the third day I turned due west—through Sacramento and Reno. From 7000 feet I dropped down to 1000 feet on the west side of the Sierra into a land of oleander and roses, orange, olive, and cypress. I came to San Francisco a day ahead of my schedule, but we had grown unused to cities, the V. 8 and I, and going down a steep hill we had to stop suddenly on account of traffic lights. Maybe we stopped too abruptly; the engine stalled, the starter jammed, in the middle of the tram-lines where four streets met! A "cop" gave us a shove, and in answer to my bewildered query indicated the hotel half-way down the hill. If the V. 8 refused to start up, she was willing to glide down, and as nothing (mercifully) stood in our way, we slid into the parking-space before the hotel, like a ship that has hauled down sail comes alongside the jetty. It was the end of the journey . . . we were safe in port.

CHAPTER XXIX

Mea Culpa

THE reader who has no taste for politics has but to close the book on arrival at San Francisco and call it *Finis*.

For those who are seriously interested in the destinies of the American Indian I will reproduce (or rather quote) some of the material that was furnished to me by John Collier when I passed through Washington. Answers may be found to some of the many questions with which I am continually assailed.

What is happening to the Indians?

How is the United States treating them?

Can they survive?

The following is a National *Mea Culpa* with some plans for atonement.

No one pretends that the record of the past is not a dark one, officially this is admitted. Nor is it my intention to add fuel to an already lurid flame.

A few years back, the world was capable of being profoundly shocked. Since then, there has been a great war. To-day we are surrounded by collective horror such as the world has perhaps never before witnessed. In Europe, in Africa, in Asia, massacre proceeds in all its detailed cruelty. The world is growing inevitably hardened. What the White men did to the Red men a century back, they are now doing to the Abyssinian and to the Arab. They are even doing to each other, in Spain,

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what they have done to many others. It so happens that the Red man is infinitely picturesque, has coloured our imaginations, has been our childhood's friend; we have loved him, feared him, admired him, tried childishly to emulate him. He has been in turn the villain and the hero of our dreams. If the Red man fades out, something of ourselves fades out with him. Others may disappear, and although we are just as morally responsible we are not intimately concerned, it does not touch us, even though it should. But our Redskin brother is in all our hearts.

How is he, you ask? He is recovering from a staggering blow. He may yet live. There is definite concern about his future by those who hold his welfare in their hands.

I have heard much bitter criticism of John Collier, by those very Indians he is trying so hard to help. No one has yet explained to them that they have a friend. Since William Penn, the great Philadelphian Quaker, this thing has not happened. The Indian cannot yet believe it. They are still raw and sore, smarting from injustices, full of mistrust and unbelief. They should be told, people should explain to them, people who care and who know *how* to explain to an Indian and do not lose their patience because he is not minded in our way. Maybe their friend is only at the helm for a short voyage, we live in a period of perpetual restless change. No one can predict the future, I leave it to the experts to explain the present.

To begin with, I will quote "A Bird's-Eye-View of Indian Policy, Historic and Contemporary," as it was submitted to The Appropriation Committee of the House of Representatives on December 30th, 1935. I

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have deleted a lot, and still it is long. I have tried to reduce its length, but this would necessitate omissions that are of vital importance for our understanding. I am personally responsible for laying stress on passages which I consider worthy to be underlined.

The document is signed "John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs."

I

The new Indian policy, partly expressed in the *Indian Reorganization Act* of June 18, 1934, has three chief objectives:

Economic rehabilitation of the Indians, principally on the land.

Organization of the Indian tribes for managing their own affairs.

Civic and cultural freedom and opportunity for the Indians.

This policy, expressed in these objectives, goes back to the simple principle of *treating the Indians as normal human beings* capable of working out a normal adjustment to and satisfying life within the framework of American civilization, yet maintaining the best of their own culture and racial idiosyncrasies.

II

On the economic side, the *HISTORIC policy systematically destroyed the Indian estate and thereby the possibilities of Indian self-support, first by treaty violation and later by the legalized capture of Indian lands through the allotment system.*

Culturally, it sought to wipe out Indian ways of life

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and Indian modes of thought, utterly regardless of their significance, beauty, or adaptation to the intellectual and spiritual needs of the Indians.

On the civic side, it sought to destroy Indian social and political customs and institutions, replacing them not with some other normal type of human organizations but with a rigid and unyielding *bureaucratic despotism* in which the Indians themselves were expected to play none but a submissive role, and *against which they had no legal protection or appeal*.

These extremist policies—which were essentially militaristic policies that grew out of the Indian wars—did violence to the simple facts of human life and human nature. They thrust the Indians into an economic, spiritual, and social no-man's land, and reduced some of them to almost psychopathic resentment, hopelessness and apathy.

The conquest and subjugation of a continent by white civilization is a thing that sane men—including the Indians—will not quarrel with. What we are here concerned with was the process—the recent process—of *dispossessing the Indians of those remnants and fragments of land and resources guaranteed to them by treaty*.

That process was the main phase of Indian policy throughout the first three quarters of the nineteenth century. In literally hundreds of cases, white land-seekers persuaded Congress or the Indian Service to violate Indian treaties and to ignore Indian land titles. It was not only an immoral procedure; it was a costly one, even now far from being paid for. It was the main breeder of the costly and scandalous Indian wars—costly to the extent that in the 1870's it was computed to cost a million dollars to kill one Indian. The theory that the only good Indian was a dead one was indeed a financial luxury.

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The Indian wars were succeeded by innumerable Indian claims against the United States based on treaty violations. Probably no one has ever accurately computed the claims either paid or pending that grew largely out of treaty violations. Claims are now pending for specified amounts exceeding \$1,500,000,000.

These claims usually arise out of illegal taking of Indian lands or out of mismanagement of tribal funds or the expenditure of such funds without the consent of the tribe. Even granting that some of these claims may be found by the Court of Claims to be exaggerated, or that they may be in part disallowed, or diminished by offsets, it is clear that treaty violation, with its aftermath of war and claims, was a vicious and a financially costly policy, whose dark shadow still lies over the problem of Indian administration. But it was only one phase of dispossession; it was followed by a more subtle and on the whole a less honest phase: that of dispossession through land allotment.

The Treaty-Breaking Phase

The general Allotment Act of 1887 was ostensibly intended to lead the Indians into the individualistic property system of the white man and thereby, automatically, into the white man's civilization and economic life. Actually, and intentionally also, it was put into law as a mechanism whereby, under cover of legality, the Indians could be gradually divested of the lands inviolately secured to them through treaties and through valid grants.

On its face a purely economic measure, the allotment law actually was a weapon for cultural destruction as well. Allotment was intended as a tool to destroy community and family ownership by individualizing the

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land, and to destroy Indian community and family life by scattering the Indians on to their individual (never their family) allotments.

A colour of protection was thrown about the allotted Indians through the provision of a twenty-five-year trust period before the allottees could get absolute fee patent. The theory was that in these twenty-five years the Indian allottees would become hard-working and hard-boiled, propertied individual citizens. But this beneficent theory was not implemented in action. There has never existed and there does not fully exist today, an adequate juvenile or adult educational system to fit Indians to become farmers, stockmen, woods-workers, or rural workers of any type. No sufficient provision of capital, equipment, housing, or livestock, through credit or through the wise use of Indian tribal and individual monies, was made in all these past years to enable Indians to wrest their livelihood from the soil.

These statements do not imply that *nothing* was done along these lines; but the efforts were feeble, spasmodic, and tardy compared with the lusty pace at which Indian lands and capital funds were being dissipated across the past forty-eight years.

The Indians did not, in fact, successfully become individualized property owners. Their effective property sense was, and largely it remains, a tribal, group and family property sense. *As a result of the allotment system, during less than a half century, they have lost about 90,000,000 acres of their lands. That is two-thirds of all their land in area; four-fifths at least, in value.* They have lost it through the sale of their fee-patented allotments, through the sale by the Government of their inherited allotted lands, and through the cession to, or seizure by the Government, for settlement by whites, of the so-called "surplus" lands, namely, the lands that

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were supposedly not needed by the Indians after each member of the tribe had his allotment, *usually a meagre allotment of grazing land.*

By a process of natural selection, the whites saw to it that they got the best and richest of the Indians' lands. At least half *the remaining Indian landed estate consists of very low-grade grazing lands of the semi-desert type.*

The evils of allotment were not confined merely to the loss of land as recorded by diminishing total quantities of land. Allotment and subsequent alienation check-boarded many reservations to the extent of making the land unusable by Indians and forced its leasing to white cattlemen or farmers. Whatever excuse there may doubtfully have been for the allotment of good agricultural land, there was no justification whatever for the allotment of grazing and timber lands, which generally can be productively managed only in large blocks.

The unfeasible real estate situation caused by allotment has further been complicated by the fantastic heirship system which automatically has resulted from allotment. On the death of the original allottee, the allotment was partitioned among his heirs. If it could not be partitioned it must be sold or broken down into book-keeping equities distributed among heirs frequently numbering scores, even hundreds. In many cases, the only solution has been either to sell the land and partition the proceeds, or to lease the land to whites.

There are allotments with as many as two hundred heirs, thus requiring two hundred signatures for the leasing of a small parcel. Rental payments of a few miles each quarter year to Indians are carried on the books of the Indian Office. The leasing of allotments and of heirship equities on many reservations and other non-productive allotment operations, consumes as much

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as forty per cent. of the time of the entire Reservation official staff—a wholly unnecessary waste of money and energy in the unconstructive manipulation of a fantastic real estate structure. But far worse, the Indian owners have been turned by the system into a race of petty landlords living on pittance of rentals.

The Cure for Allotment Evils

The Indian Reorganization Act of June 18, 1934, strikes at this whole vicious system. As to those tribes accepting the Act (and already 176 tribes have accepted it) the further allotment of land is debarred. The remaining unentered ceded land is restored to the Indians on those reservations where such land still exists and where a public school is served thereby.

Merely blocking further losses, however, is not a complete solution of the Indian land problem. *Much of the land must be restored to tribal ownership and additional land must be provided.*

In tribal constitutions adopted pursuant to the Reorganization Act, provision is made for revesting allotted and heirship lands back in tribal ownership. The revestment is wholly voluntary. This revestment is especially needed in the case of grazing and timber lands, where tribal ownership is essential to good land management and to the use of the land by Indians instead of by whites. Moreover the Reorganization Act sets up a land purchase programme with a view to blocking up shredded reservations and ultimately to providing land for at least a part of the *one hundred thousand landless Indians of today*. The \$2,000,000 land purchase authorization of the Reorganization Act permits only a snail's pace when it is considered that the Indians need at least \$60,000,000 worth of additional land merely for a subsistence agri-

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culture, and another \$70,000,000 to come up to rural white living standards. Far greater land values have been taken from the Indians through the allotment system in the last forty years.

The new Indian policy therefore definitely terminates the destructive tendencies of the allotment system, though it cannot undo the vast economic and social disaster it wrought upon the Indians. The new policy seeks to reintegrate the shattered Indian estate and to make it usable and used by and for the Indians. It thus looks to creating a firm economic foundation for the permanent rehabilitation of Indians on the soil.

This new land policy is neither radical nor novel. It has points in common with the system of management of the great national forest system, successfully demonstrated as a system of common use for the past thirty years. It has much in common with the newly launched public domain grazing districts, which replace the broken-down policy of individualization through the homesteads of the past. But above all, it is patterned on the historic land ownership system of all the most prosperous and stable of the Indian tribes—precisely those which were *not* subjected to allotment, such as the Navajos, Pueblos, and Menominees, and which have made the greatest advancement in self-support.

Dissipation of Indian Trust Funds

Along with the dissipation of Indian land has gone the dissipation of vast sums of Indian monies derived from the sale of Indian lands and other resources and from claims against the United States for violation of treaty rights. During the past thirty-five years, a half billion dollars of such monies have been spent by the Indian Service and by Congress either to pay for the costs of

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Indian administration or in *per capita* distribution to Indians for daily livelihood.

The great bulk of this money has not been income in any honest meaning of the term, but has been capital. If only a fraction of it had been wisely invested in capital enterprises, such as housing, agriculture, range, live-stock, and timber and forestry work, in equipping Indians with farm tools, machinery and domestic live-stock, and in educating them in the elementary principles of land use and rural living, the bulk of the Indians could now be self-supporting and the costs of Indian administration could have been greatly reduced below what they are today.

This misapplication of Indian trust funds created a vicious circle. *It sucked up and devoured the capital goods whereby alone the Indians could have become self-supporting*, and thus it progressively intensified the needs of the Indians for "administration" *i.e.*, their need for doles, rations and general coddling.

The wastage of Indian resources and the failure to develop them for Indian use forced upon the Indian Service and upon the Indians the "beans and blanket" philosophy of administration. The remnants of this philosophy are persistent; they have deeply coloured Indian administration and Indian life. They must be uprooted, and they can only be uprooted through the creation of a sound Indian economy, based fundamentally on the use of the land and the creation of the capital goods necessary to use the land.

The record of the Government as the guardian of Indian property is a thoroughly bad record, and it forces on the Government the moral obligation to make at least a partial restitution. The *Indian Reorganization Act* takes some steps in the direction of restitution. The constitution of a tribe accepting the Act vests in the tribe

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the right "to prevent the sale, distribution, lease, or incumbrance of tribal lands, interests in lands, or other tribal assets, without the consent of the tribe."

Though this provision merely by itself does not prevent the future dissipation of tribal monies, it does at least give to the tribes a veto over the unwise expenditures by the Indian Service, and paves the way for co-operation between the tribes and the Government for the genuinely productive investment of tribal funds. The organization of Indian corporations for economic enterprises will be a further stimulus to productive investment.

An Agricultural Credit System for Indians

As an administrative policy, the Indian Service proposes to do everything possible to prevent the further dissipation of Indian capital funds in *per capita* payments or in Indian administration, and to devote these funds to the creation of permanent means of Indian self-support. In the long run, such productive investments will cumulatively reduce the costs and needs of Indian administration as it has been conceived in the past, because in the long run it is unnecessary to "administer" people who can achieve self-support.

A further step toward restitution is taken through the credit section of the Reorganization Act, which authorizes the appropriation of \$10,000,000 as a revolving loan fund to promote the economic development of Indian tribes and their members. The fund will prove to be too small, but it is a beginning. The credit system thus created may well turn out to be a better system than white agricultural credit, because repayment of loans will be secured not by the mortgage system *per se* but by the making of careful farm management plans and by an advisory follow-up service which will keep the plans



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operating; above all, by the use of the group principle for the insuring of a thrifty use and a faithful repayment of loans. Indian service experience already has proved that Indians, so guided and organized, are good credit risks, and can put their capital to work and repay it.

Civic and Social Organization of the Indians

Another striking contrast between the old Indian policy and the new lies in the approach to the human element of the problem. The Indian problem through the past half century became seemingly hopeless. *The hopelessness, however, did not arise from the character and quality of Indians as human beings, but from the false basic principles from which historic Indian administration has derived.* With some few exceptions, like the Navajos and the Pueblos, *Indian administration has not merely dissipated the economic sub-structure of Indian life. It has disintegrated the Indians politically, socially, and spiritually.*

This disintegration came, inevitably, in part from economic frustration. It came also from a pervasive, though often unacknowledged, will to suppress and destroy everything that was natural, native, and unique in Indian customs and social organization, coupled with the failure to substitute any other type or organization through which Indians could function intelligently on their own problems. *It was essentially a crude and cruel point of view based on the attitude that the Indians at their worst were dangerous savages and at their best were immeasurably inferior to whites.*

Often these social assets of the Indian were destroyed through ignorance and lack of sympathetic understanding; often they were deliberately destroyed. The policy was in striking contrast with the government of primitive

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peoples in some other parts of the world (Java, for example, and parts of British East Africa), where administrators take cognizance of and make use of the existing social structures of these native people, and where the work is in the hands of men trained into understanding of the native culture and sensitive to native modes of thought.

In contrast to such enlightened administration, it is highly significant that the Bureau of American Ethnology, which was founded sixty odd years ago to create a scientific basis of Indian administration, has never until a year ago been allowed to participate in the making of policies for Indian administration. Now the Indian Service is receiving the active help of this Bureau, and of anthropologists from other institutions, in order that new policies may be accommodated to the aptitudes and modes of life of the tribes.

The Indian in his own land has been virtually a man without a country. Theoretically and legally an American citizen, he has witnessed the forced disintegration of his own tribal and social structures, has been in large measure debarred from any participation in the civic life of white communities, and has been *paternally governed by an absolutist bureaucratic administration.* The community life of an intensely social people was further broken up by the allotment system, which tended to scatter Indian families on isolated homesteads.

When it is remembered that the basis of individual and family self-support has been progressively destroyed for most Indians; when in addition it is remembered that opportunities for social, civic, and community life have been largely destroyed; it is not surprising that most of the Indians as groups have become the victims of a profound psychosis, which has shattered their courage, hope and energy.

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The rooting-out process penetrated likewise into the deeper spiritual strata of Indian culture. The Indian languages were systematically suppressed in the Indian schools; the religious ceremonies, the poetry, music, and traditions were discouraged or suppressed; the precious and beautiful ancient arts and crafts were allowed to decline and in many cases completely to disappear. Proselytizing through compulsion, in violation of the constitutional guarantee of freedom of religious conscience, in alliance with missionaries, the Indian schools were illegally used for the practically forced proselytism of Indian children, regardless of the consent of their parents.

Such a concept of "administration" inevitably froze into institutionalism—the institutionalism of the boarding school, *where Indian children were removed from their own people and environment and forced into the mould of an alien race*; of hospitals, which treated disease but not its underlying causes of poverty, squalor, and psychosis; of highly specialized and compartmented technical "services" operated without Indian participation except as suspicious beneficiaries of alien paternalistic forces; of a highly centralized, absentee administration from Washington.

The new Indian policy, through the Reorganization Act and otherwise, seeks to reinstate the Indians as normally functioning units, individual and group, into the life of the world. It permits the adoption of tribal constitutions, which when approved by the Secretary of the Interior and ratified by the tribe cannot be arbitrarily revoked or altered. It provides further for the chartering of Indian corporations, compounded to promote economic enterprises and to enter into contracts with counties and states whereby they may receive the local public welfare services accorded to other American

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citizens. These charters are safeguarded through being made irrevocable except by act of Congress.

These constitutions and charters will give the Indians an assured and increasing part in the management of their own affairs and the direction of their own lives. In the past, such feeble organizations as were permitted to the Indians existed by administrative sufferance only. Now, the Indians have a definite legal basis for civic organization, comparable to that of white communities. With such organization they can achieve genuine citizenship through participating in the local life of their communities. *For the first time, a definite check has been put on the irresponsible bureaucratic powers of Indian administration.* The main function of the Indian Service now definitely shifts from that of *despotic management to that of co-operative advice and technical assistance.* Institutionalism is being replaced by normal, healthy, organic community activity. The over-centralization of administration in Washington, though deeply entrenched, must be replaced by the concept of local administration in which the Indians share. We actually and specifically are moving in this direction.

The response of the Indians to this opportunity for home rule has been enthusiastic, even overwhelming. That response was first indicated by the revolutionary step of submitting the proposed draft of the Reorganization Act to the Indians themselves, so that their objections and suggestions could be taken into account in the final draft. And the Act itself, even when passed, was not forced upon the Indians. Its adoption was made optional. Up to December 31, 1935, elections on adoption or rejection have been held by 263 tribes, of which 176 accepted the Act, 75 rejected it, and 12 elections are in doubt. The enthusiasm of the Indians for home rule is indicated by the fact that on some reservations practically one hundred

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per cent. of the eligible voters, men and women, turned out to vote; on all the reservations which have voted, an average of 63 per cent. turned out, which is far above the usual turn-out of white voters in a Presidential election. Up to December 31, 1935, 21 tribal constitutions had been ratified, and 5 had been rejected, and were being worked-over for resubmission; and a number of charters of incorporation were at various stages toward submission for ratification.

The Right of Indian Culture to Live

On the purely cultural side, only sheer fanaticism would decide the further destruction of Indian languages, crafts, poetry, music, ritual, philosophy and religion. These possessions have a significance and a beauty which grew patiently through endless generations of a people immersed in the life of nature, filled with imaginative and ethical insight into the core of being. To destroy them would be comparable to destroying the rich cultural heritage of the Aryan races—its music and poetry, its religion and philosophy, its temples and monuments. Yet through generations the Government did deliberately seek to destroy the Indian cultural heritage; and only because the roots of it lay so deep in the Indian soul, and only because age-old, instinctive modes of thought and expression are so much less destructible than individual life itself, has the Indian culture stubbornly persisted.

The new Indian policy seeks to preserve these unique cultural values through the Indian schools and otherwise. *Through the recently enacted Indian Arts and Crafts Act*, which creates a permanent Indian Arts Commission, the Government now is setting out to preserve, enrich, and protect from factory-made imitations the rapidly disappearing and unique Indian crafts. Their long-

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abrogated constitutional rights of religious liberty have been restored to the Indians. But while protecting the Indian culture from violent up-rooting, the new policy seeks also to give the Indians the full advantage of modern education and of science, and thus fit them for modern life.

Indian Rehabilitation

It is worth repeating and re-emphasizing that the core of any successful policy must continue to be the establishment of Indian self-support on the land. This does not mean that Indians could or should be denied opportunities on other vocational lines, but it does mean that the vast majority of Indians already live on the land, remote from urban communities, and that any wholesale industrialization is unfeasible even if it were abstractly desirable.

It already has been pointed out that the loss of Indian lands has vastly decreased the possibility of self-support on the land, that the lack of credit has hampered it also, and that *Indian education has not, in general, equipped Indians to make their livelihood from the land.*

Indian schools have largely concentrated either on the conventional subject-matter of white schools or on vocational education for specialized trades primarily adapted to urban industrial work. The Indian Agricultural Extension Service has struggled, with inadequate personnel, to advance agricultural and livestock methods, and has conclusively demonstrated that with such help Indians can work out their own economic salvation.

Now a new attack, over and above that provided by the Reorganization Act, is about to be launched on this fundamental problem. \$2,000,000 of emergency funds have been made available by the President to the Indian Service, partly for direct relief, but mostly for rural

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rehabilitation. With these funds, *when they are released by the Comptroller-General*, it is proposed to concentrate on a number of demonstrational rehabilitation projects, in which groups of qualified Indian families will be launched on small-scale farming, stock-raising, and other rural industries.

Coupled with this, the Indian Service now has, for the first time in its history, through the co-operation of the Soil Conservation Service of the Department of Agriculture, adequate help to begin making systematic, integral, long-range plans on a number of reservations, for economic and social rehabilitation as a factor in the saving of the soil. Included in this planning will be the re-orientation of Indian education to the needs of soil conservation and conservation land use. Substantial progress in this direction is already being made at the new day schools and community centres of Navajo reservation and among the Pueblos elsewhere.

Closely connected with the rehabilitation programme are the Emergency Conservation work and the Soil Conservation programme on Indian Reservations. The Emergency Conservation Work—has made enormous strides in the betterment of the Indian estate—through water development fencing, range and forest improvement, truck trails, erosion control, and similar work.

The Soil Conservation Service, during the past two years, has made great headway against the critical erosion and over-grazing problem on the Navajo Reservation, and it is initiating similar work among the New Mexico Pueblos and on the Wind River Reservation of Wyoming—work which will probably be extended later to still other *eroded* reservations. Probably half of the whole area of Indian land is badly run down through *overgrazing*, erosion, and the *overcutting* of timber. The Indian Reorganization Act makes mandatory the per-

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manent good management of these lands, in order to stop the depletion of their natural resources. The Game Co-ordination Act of 1934 likewise makes mandatory the permanent wise management of the wild life resources of the Indian Reservations. In this item we have made only the slightest beginning as yet.

In a nutshell, the new land policy may be summed up as: prevention of further land loss, increase in land holdings, reintegration of tribal holdings, conservation and upbuilding of the soil and its products, and use of the soil and its products by and for the Indians.

The linkage between Indian rehabilitation and Indian organization is readily apparent. The civic and corporate organization of the Indians will give them modern political and business mechanisms wherein they can canalize and direct their own energies toward their own salvation. And for many years the main stress must be in the economic fields. *The all-pervading fact of Indian life is dire poverty—a poverty which, expressing itself in squalid housing, malnutrition, and apathy, is largely accountable for a death-rate among the Indians nearly twice that of the rest of our population including the negroes.*

The Indian "Problem" is not an insoluble problem. It was insoluble so long as Indian administration, consciously or unconsciously, *was bent on destroying Indian resources and Indian morale, on removing from their lives those springs of hope and energy which lead men to struggle upward. The Indians are intelligent, sensitive, proud and essentially normal human beings, temporarily deflected from normal progress by unintelligent and unintelligible forces with which they could not cope either collectively or individually.*

The essence of the new Indian policy is to restore the Indians to mental, physical, social, and economic health;

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and to guide them, in friendly fashion, towards liberating their rich and abundant energies for their own salvation and *for their own unique contribution to the civilization of America.*

SUMMARY: Historic Policy and Present Policy.

The historic policy: That Indian property must pass to whites; that Indian organization must be repressed and prevented; that Indian family life must be dismembered; that Indian cultures must be killed; and that Indians as a race must die.

The present policy: That Indian property must not pass to whites; that Indian organization must be encouraged and assisted; that Indian family life must be respected and reinforced; that Indian culture must be appreciated, used, and brought into the stream of American culture as a whole; and that the Indian as a race must not die, but must grow and live.

JOHN COLLIER,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

After reading that report, which explains the nature of the Indian Reorganisation Act of 1934, it is worth while to read the report of March 1937 on the efforts in Congress to destroy this same Act.

It must be recalled that Senator Wheeler voted to make this Act law. He made a speech on the floor of the Senate on June 6, 1934, explaining the bill and *urging its adoption* (Congressional Record 11460-76), and yet before the Act was two years old he was leading a body with intent to destroy it. To-day, Senator

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Wheeler's name is being flung into passionate discussions. On the Blackfoot Reservation I heard the continuous repetition on varying keys of "Wheeler! Wheeler! Wheeler. . . !" People tried to explain to me, tried to make me understand. They interrupted one another, pushed one another aside and shouted one another down with such success that I understood nothing whatever. Since reading the Congress reports in the calm isolation of a steamship cruise, light has dawned. It is worth while to read the following by John Collier, if for no other reason than because it serves to illustrate the heart-breaking efforts of a sincere individual that justice may be administered:

SIX EFFORTS IN CONGRESS TO DESTROY THE INDIAN REORGANISATION ACT

WASHINGTON D.C.,

March 4, 1937.

The Indian Reorganisation Act, as a body of authorities with supporting appropriations, is not yet two years old.

It was made effective for themselves by 183 tribes, through majority votes at secret-ballot elections. Then, last year, it was amended to embrace the Esquimos and Indians who are half the population of Alaska. And its essential provisions, supplemented by further enactments alike in kind, were extended to the Oklahoma tribes except the Osages. So the Act has become the "organic law" of eighty per cent. of Indian life.

Not carelessly was the Act adopted by Congress in 1934, but after hearings which continued for months,

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after nation-wide publicity, and after study and debate by congresses of Indians in many parts of the Indian country.

In its main structures the Act is a simple one. It declares and provides that Indian land losses must stop. It requires that timber, grass, soil and water on Indian lands must be conserved. It starts the revesting of landless Indians with land for subsistence. It provides for the advanced schooling of Indians. It gives to Indians a preference in their own Indian Service employment. It establishes a credit fund and system for Indian agriculture and industry. It gives to the tribes a moderate amount of local self-government. It gives to the tribes a veto-power over the leasing and disposal of their natural resources and over the expenditure of their moneys held in government trust, and an advisory status with respect to Federal appropriations for Indian benefit. Finally, it gives to organized tribes the right to go into Court to defend their own civil and property rights.

Comprehensively, the Act looks and builds forward to a growing Indian life of future years. It makes possible liberty and responsibility within Federal aid and protection. It implements the Constitutional rights of Indians—implements their citizenship.

Appended herewith is a statement given to the Associated Press on March 3rd. Readers of that statement will understand that the expected effort to abolish the Indian Reorganisation Act has begun. To that statement, there is nothing to be added now.

Of course an attempt to abolish the Indian Reorganisation Act was expected. It was certain to come, from two wholly distinct and unaffiliated groups mentioned below.

Indian property rights have not been protected until now. Huge as have been the inroads on Indian property

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of every class ¹ there even now remains an Indian estate of nearly eighty thousand square miles. Great spaces of Indian range-land still are leased to white lessees; Indian timber is still being cut principally by white operators; much of the best Indian farmland still is leased to whites. Did anyone expect that the interests adversely concerned with so huge a property stake would yield instantly and supinely and would *not* strike back?

But there is another group, who do not want Indian property diverted, who have battled and will battle to protect Indian property rights, yet who dislike the Reorganization Act because they think they find in it a romantic, even an alien element. This group contains active friends of the Indian cause; but those parts of the Act which establish or reinforce Indian self-determination, in the whole range of matters from use of property to enjoyment of culture, profoundly offend the members of this group. They do not believe in this part of the Act; they do not like it. Yet to the Indians it is an essential part of the Act—indeed, to scores of tribes it is the very life of the Act. And from the standpoint of practical, operative success, these less tangible features of the Act are indispensable. For it is true today, as it has been true since the dawn of the world, that “without a vision, a people perisheth.” And the right of the Indians to *group self-determination*, to the pursuit of

¹ Since 1887, through land allotment usually forced, nearly 90,000,000 Indian acres have passed to white ownership. Of the allotted lands still owned by Indians, fully half have been placed in so impracticable a condition from the Indian-use standpoint that they have to be leased to whites. Five hundred million dollars of Indian tribal trust funds have been dissipated. Huge inroads have been made into the Indian-owned forest and oil-fields. The carrying capacity of the residual Indian range has been cut in half through soil wastage due to uncontrolled grazing. Indian claims, to date, of more than a billion and a half dollars have been piled against the Government through lawless acts by a Congress using its plenary power toward Indians, and of this total of claims, to date, less than twenty millions have been collected by the Indians.

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their own vision of the good, is so fundamental that it cannot be surrendered nor can it be segregated and walled-off from the material part; the Indians must assert this right even if it loses them some friends.

From this second group, as from the other group first-named, attack against the Indian Reorganization Act was bound to come.

And from both quarters, the attack was likely to be, as it is proving to be, a *wholesale* attack, not a discriminating one. The reason for this fact lies at the heart of the Reorganization Act itself. For the Act seeks to save and increase Indian property *through saving and increasing the self-activity of Indians*; and it holds out for Indians something more than, although including, personal material advantage to be enjoyed by individual Indians. It holds out a renewed group destiny—truly a group destiny, though realized within, and in harmony with the embracing commonwealth of America.

So the foreseen onslaught against the Indian Reorganization Act has arrived. It started in Nevada. There the Pyramid Lake Band, organized under the Act, announced that if the Government should delay in a certain necessary court action, the Band itself would invoke its powers under the Act *and would eject the squatters now occupying its lands*. The answer came in a bill, introduced January 6 by Senator McCarran, which if passed and signed would abolish the Reorganization Act for all of Nevada's Indians. Thereafter, Senator McCarran introduced a bill (January 15), which if passed and signed would transfer the Indian title to the whites, without Indian consent, and without compensation beyond a tiny instalment payment made some years ago.

Following Senator McCarran's bill, the onslaught developed on a wide front. On January 14, Senator Murray introduced a bill seeking to repeal the Reorgan-

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ization Act for all of Montana. Senator Chavez, on January 15, introduced a bill forbidding the Navajo tribe ever to take refuge in the Reorganization Act. On January 22, Representative McGroarty struck in behalf of the State of California; his bill would repeal the Act for California. On February 11, Representative O'Malley put in a bill to repeal that section of the Reorganization Act which gives preference to Indians for Indian Service employment. And on February 24, Senators Wheeler and Frazier introduced a bill to *destroy the Reorganization Act everywhere*.

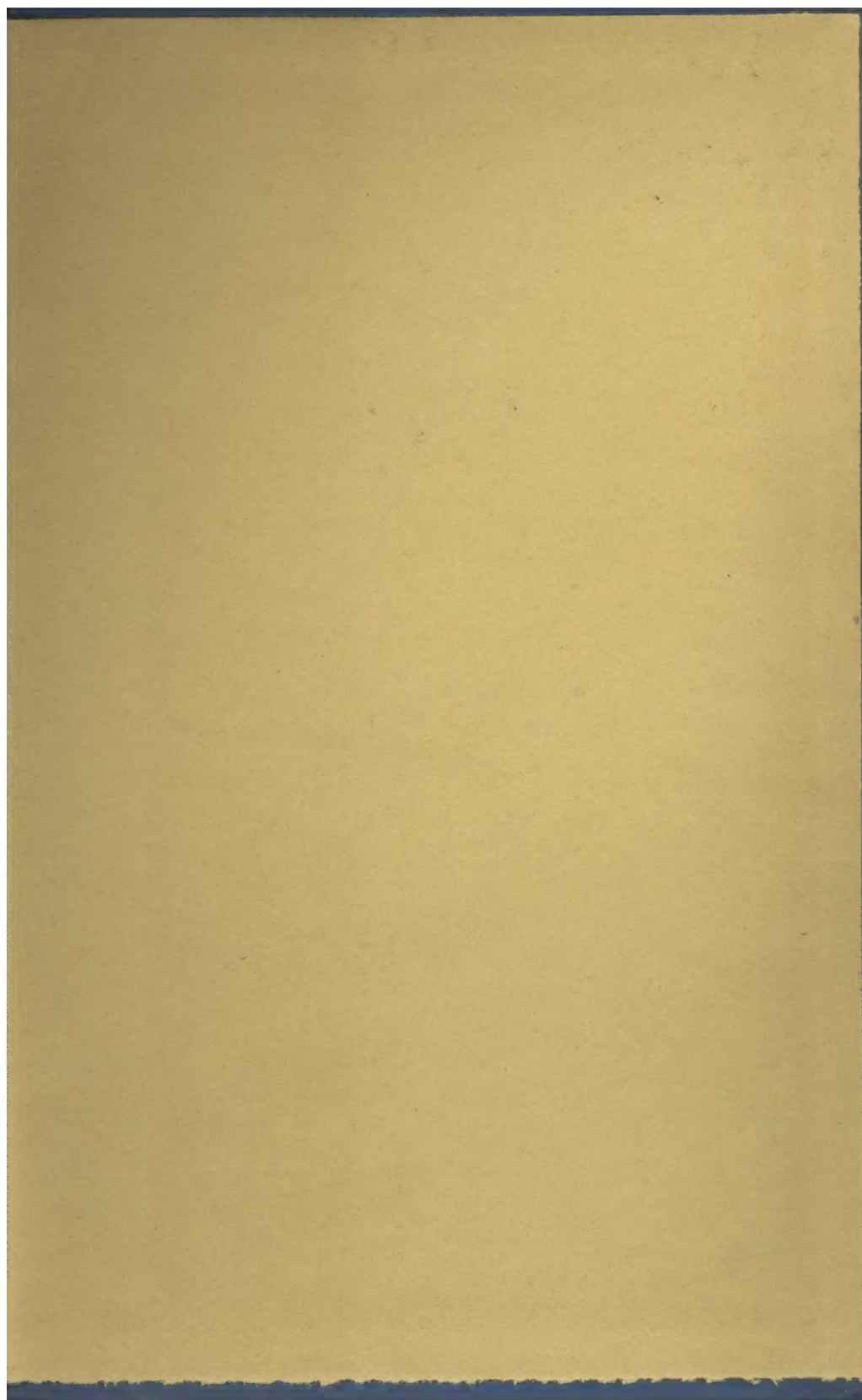
Will any or all of these onslaughts succeed? Prophecy is hazardous, but it is believed they will not. If the several bills should be supported through a searching criticism of the Act and of its administration, they will do good. There are some clumsy mechanical features in the Act which need to be simplified, and administration always is justly subject to criticism. *Were the Wheeler-Frazier Bill to become law, it would bring the beginning of a long Indian night.* Perhaps the last. Therefore, it is believed it will not become law. *Meantime, the onslaught will serve to remind the Indians that their cause is a battleground, now as long ago; an enduring labour, and a battleground.*

JOHN COLLIER,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

THE END

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